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No. CXCIII

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No. XVIII

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER

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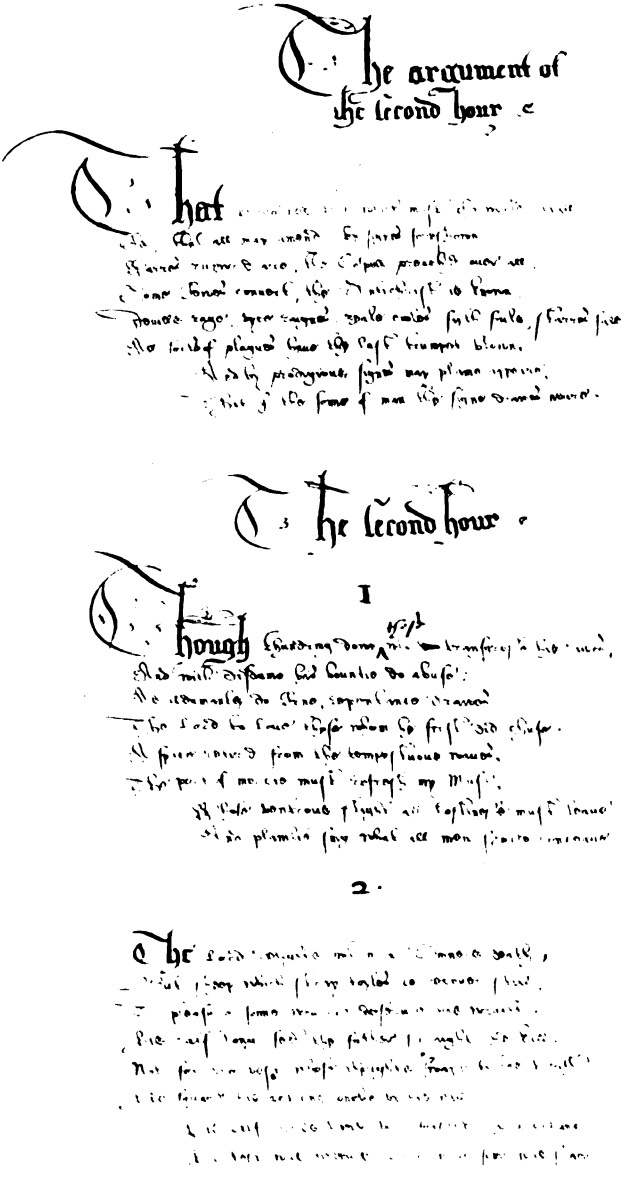
The argument of the second hour
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The second hour
I
Though
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The

Facsimile of a page of the manuscript copy of "Doomes-day" in the Library of the University of Edinburgh.

Frontispiece

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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER

Earl of Stirling

Edited by

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Volume the Second

THE NON-DRAMATIC WORKS

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY PRESS

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE	vii
INTRODUCTION	ix
BIBLIOGRAPHY	xxv
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS	liii
COMMENDATORY SONNET	1
DOOMES-DAY	5
A PARÆNESIS TO PRINCE HENRY	381
JONATHAN	407
AURORA	439
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS	533
NOTES	547

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PREFACE.

THE text of this volume was already in type in 1921, when we published Volume I. At that time we anticipated that not more than a year or two would be needed to complete the edition. But the nature of the editorial additions called for by our second volume has caused long delays, and involved repeated reconsideration of our original scheme. By far the most extensive of the poems to be edited was *Doomes-day*; and its eleven thousand lines are packed with direct and indirect allusions to the familiar or recondite matters which constituted the intellectual equipment of a cultured Scottish gentleman of Alexander's day. It seemed, therefore, more convenient and more proper to track these allusions by a desultory course of wide reading rather than by forthright hunting: and so the years have gone by.

Of all those who have helped us in the preparation of this volume, we owe a special debt of gratitude, which we are anxious to emphasise, to Professor Edward Bensly of the University of Wales. With a generosity that knows no bounds, he has from the first placed his amazing erudition at our disposal. The pith of a very large number of our annotations belongs to him, and there are not a few of Alexander's more recondite allusions which, without his assistance, we should probably never have succeeded in tracking down. In addition to supplying invaluable information in this way, he undertook the exacting labour of checking our commentary in proof.

We desire also to thank sincerely all others to whom we have

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had recourse in our difficulties. In particular, we would name Dr. H. Guppy of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, for placing at our disposal, with his habitual kindness, his wide bibliographical knowledge, and for a careful collation of several Alexander items; Mr. F. C. Nicholson of the Edinburgh University Library, Mr. William K. Dickson of the National Library of Scotland, Mr. R. Home of the Innerpeffray Library, and Mr. Leslie Bliss of the Henry Huntington Library, for much valuable information concerning the original editions in their keeping; Mr. F. Sutherland Ferguson, of the firm of Bernard Quaritch, for answering various questions relating to his special field; Mr. James L. Caw, of the National Gallery, Edinburgh, who gave us the benefit of his expert knowledge; Mr. A. M. Hinds and Mr. A. E. Popham, of the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, for similar services, and Mr. A. I. Ellis and Mr. F. G. Rendall, also of the British Museum; the Rev. W. C. Sydney, an old friend of one of the Editors, for willing co-operation in investigating certain details; Mrs. Kate Alexander of Bridge of Allan for the loan of books, and for communicating a rare copy in her possession of the 1607 edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*; Mr. D. Atkinson, of Manchester University, for continued help in directing us to likely classical sources; and, lastly, Mr. H. M. McKechnie, the secretary of the Manchester University Press, for his extreme courtesy and great patience during the many years that this edition has been on the stocks.

L. E. K.
H. B. C.

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INTRODUCTION.

We had originally intended to provide a substantial introduction to *Doomes-day*, tracing the course of the English religious epic in relation to the type practised on the Continent by Tasso, Du Bartas, Gamon, Murtola, and their like: *Aurora* was also to have had its separate introduction, again on the pattern of that to the dramatic works in our Volume I., and, in this case, following the history of the European sonnet-tradition in Scotland.

Two main reasons have dissuaded us from this. Some of the reviewers of our first volume questioned the wisdom of printing, in an edition of a minor practitioner, what in itself was a more or less comprehensive treatise on a wide aspect of literary history. The event has confirmed the conjecture hazarded by these reviewers—our two-hundred page essay on the Senecan Tradition in Europe lies buried as a preface in our Volume I. Although we are still of opinion that Alexander's particular position in the history of Elizabethan drama prompts and justifies some such attempt as is made in that essay, nevertheless it is now equally clear to us that no similar justification is provided by the poems included in the present volume. Alexander's non-dramatic verse is less directly dependent on the existence of a particular tradition than are his dramatic writings. Moreover, as a religious epic, *Doomes-day* is a less worthy example of its type than the literary tragedies are of theirs; and it lacks entirely the peculiarities of time and circumstance which lend particular significance to his tragedies in the evolution of their species. But some day the history of the religious epic of the Renaissance should be written, or, at least, that part of it which concerns the widespread influence of Du Bartas through Europe. One of its still unfinished chapters is that begun by Mr. H. Ashton

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in his *Du Bartas en Angleterre*; many additions could be made to this, and particularly to the Scottish section, in which would figure the labours of Thomas Hudson the translator, and of the Dutchman, Hadrian Damman, of whose adaptation, *Bartasias* (Edinburgh, R. Waldegrave, 1600), there is a MS. in the National Library of Scotland, dated 1596, and dedicated to King James by his "cliens devotissimus."

Artistically, *Aurora* is, without doubt, a finer product than *Doomes-day*. But beyond a claim for priority in respect of one or two of its metrical forms, it has no special historical importance, either in the development of the sonnet at large, or in the adoption of that form in Scottish literature. Besides, recent contributors to the publications of the Scottish Text Society—we have in mind the editions of Fowler, Stewart of Baldinnys, and Montgomerie—have sufficiently explored the somewhat stony path of the sonnet in Scotland.

If, then, the works included in this second volume have little in them to arouse any of the larger interests associated with poetry as a thing of art, there emerge from them at least two topics which are of some importance to scholarship.

In the first place, they afford by their allusions a clue to the reading, the "Belesenheit," of a typical cultured Scot of the Elizabethan age: in the second place, the linguist will find, in Alexander's revisions, a body of evidence on obscurer points of propriety in the contemporary standards of the King's English; and in the rhymes which Alexander regularly uses, he will see indications of the pronunciation in Alexander's circle of the current English of their day. But, unfortunately, there are serious limitations to the value of Alexander's works in the elucidation of even such problems as these. For one thing, his habitual manner of using information derived from reading is such that it is seldom possible to determine precisely what the immediate source was. His allusions are commonly prompted by memory, not adopted directly from a text under his eye. It is impossible, for instance, to be quite certain whether he read Greek or no, though he was certainly familiar with many Greek authors whose writings were accessible both in Greek and in Latin. Consequently, his works disclose the range of his knowledge rather than the catalogue of his library. Some particular favourites, of course, he had: Plutarch, Ovid,

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Lucan, St. Augustine, the early ecclesiastical historians, Du Bartas, and Foxe: he knew his Tasso, and the Pléiade; and there are at least signs, as our notes indicate, that in his later years a phrase or two of Shakespeare stuck in his mind. But to track his reading by his echo of a phrase is the least profitable line of inquiry: he does not filch striking expressions, mainly, it is to be feared, because he lacked the fine sense to recognise a memorable style when he met it. Thus it is useless to attempt to compile a list of the books he read; our notes will sufficiently show the main ground covered by his erudition.

His revisions and his rhymes, however, do repay more extensive treatment, and it seems best to confine our introduction to a survey of the linguistic information to be derived from his practice in revision and in rhyming, and to conclude with a general statement of Alexander's quiddity as a poet.

THE REVISIONS.

The revisions of the poems in this second volume are less important linguistically than are those in Volume I., because, in general, we are not allowed to watch Alexander revising the same text as frequently, nor at such significant moments as happened with the dramas. The *Darius* of Volume I., for instance, exists in its first version (A, 1603) as a palpably Anglo-Scottish text; it is then adapted to the English for its 1604–7 (DE) version; afterwards its language is fairly extensively revised for the 1616 (I) issue of the *Monarchicke Tragedies*; and, lastly, it is overhauled for the 1637 (J) collection, thus giving, in all, four variant texts between 1603 and 1637, and including two distinct moments of change in Alexander's literary habit—namely, the decision (between 1603 and 1604) to appeal to an English public by suppressing as many traces of Scots as possible, and, for the 1616 edition, the intention, in the light of such progress as he had made in his knowledge of English, to bring all he proposed to publish into line with the accepted linguistic standard of the day. In Volume II., none of the poems included have been so frequently revised. *Doomes-day* presents, for the first four books of it, three variant texts; the first edition, 1614 (C); the MS., 1613? (H); and the final, 1637 (J), version. But, as the differences between G and H are very

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slight, in effect we have only two distinct renderings and a variant or two to one of them. Fortunately, however, the two distinct ones indicate alterations made after the time when the *Monarchicke Tragedies* were overhauled for their 1616 edition, that is, after a point which marks one of Alexander's more apparent changes of literary habit.

We have variant texts of only one other poem in our second volume—the *Parænesis*—but their differences consist of nothing but late alterations to a poem written more than thirty years previously, so that they are useless for tracing minutely the periodic fluctuations of linguistic fashion. Further, except for the page of verse from the Bannatyne MS.,[1] there is nothing in the present volume to represent a phase of Alexander's writing as flagrantly Scottish as is the first *Darius*, and, moreover, the Bannatyne verses occur only in Scots, without anglicisation by later revision. *Aurora* might have furnished as much linguistic treasure-trove as *Darius*, save for Alexander's perverse decision to exclude it from his collected editions. It was written probably even earlier than *Darius*,[2] but, unlike *Darius*, it had been partially purged for an English audience before its first publication in 1604, and was never submitted to later revision. As it stands, its language exhibits one or two general and frequent marks of the Scots tongue, which Alexander was later to remove from his other poems; *e.g.* it regularly has *for to* before an infinitive, an idiom which Alexander had greatly favoured prior to the 1616 revision of the *Monarchicke Tragedies*, but which, for that occasion, he methodically rejected. No less frequently, it has *whiles* in the Scots way, a usage allowed to persist in the 1616 revision, but ruthlessly cut out of all the poems included in the final (1637) collection; so carefully, in fact, that, as alterations of the G H versions show (p. 107, l. 979, and p. 136, l. 805), his suspicions made him substitute "must a space" for the harmless and correct "must a while." Further, in *Aurora* will be found fairly commonly such recognisably Scots forms of the past tenses and participles of verbs as *cled* (p. 494, l. 53); *bursted* (p. 493, l. 35); *shew* (p. 527, l. 24); *song* (for *sang*, p. 540, l. 5).

The features of the 1604 (C) version of *A Parænesis* which Alexander removed from his final version are, occasionally, such

[1] See p. 546 of this volume.

[2] See Bibliography, p. xxvii, *n.* 3.

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as offend against his later notion of metrical rectitude, but, much more frequently, are grammatical or verbal signs of their Scots origin. For the sake of his metre, he cuts out extra syllables, either in the middle of a line (p. 381, l. 3), or at the end (p. 381, ll.15-16) —his rejection of these aids to metrical fluidity being, it may be noted, a feature of the difference between his dramatic writings of 1604 and of 1607.[1] He also excises with extreme thoroughness a flagrant characteristic of his earlier verse, his extensive reliance on quite unwarrantable elision—a habit of which he seeks to remove traces from his dramatic poems in the 1616 version.[2] Particularly significant of his reaction against such elision is his reshaping of a line (p. 402, l. 591), mainly to prevent such a venal instance as that of the vowel in *to* before an infinitive.

In regard to Scotticisms, his revision of *A Parænesis* exhibits the regular habits noted in the refashioning of earlier versions of the poems given in Volume I. Scots words, or Scots senses of words, disappear: *retires* (noun), l. 14; *looking*, l. 89 (in J, *marking*); *glaunc'd*, l. 362 (in J, *shin'd*); *suggested* (for " tempted "), l. 440; *wretch'd* (for " miserly "), l. 515; *commove*, l. 525: Scots spellings are normalised, *sixt*, l. 499 (in J, *sixth*): and grammatical forms are brought into line with English usage (*dares*, l. 651, becomes in J *dar'st*; *mought*, in l. 665, becomes *mayst*; *maniest* disappears from l. 376).

Of *Doomes-day*, as has been said, we have three versions of the first four *Hours*, and one version of the remainder. But differences between G and H are insignificant, and consideration may be limited to alterations made for the J version. To judge from his use of the Scotticism *for to* (with infinitive) in works up to, but not after, 1607, Alexander must have written both H and G between 1607 and 1614. The first extant text of *Doomes-day* is, therefore, much less tainted with Scotticisms than are the poems given in Volume I. But, substantially, the whole object of the revision for 1637 was to remove the Scotticisms which had not been recognised as such in 1614. Thus for the 1637 edition, the following words and phrases were considered improper because, apparently, they were not current English. [Where the J version is a verbal substitute, it is given in square brackets; where no sub-

[1] See Volume I. p. cxcvii.
[2] See Volume I. p. cxcix.

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stitute is given, the whole phrasing has been recast to effect the removal.]:—

p. 43, l. 45, *beguesse*; p. 45, l. 103, *fears* (trans. verb), [*frights*]; p. 46, l. 131, *brether* [*brethren*], (but p. 135, l. 786, G. H. *brethren*; J. *brothers*); p. 58, l. 470, *brangling*; p. 72, l. 854, *evanish* [*doe vanish*]; p. 80, l. 202, *noy* (noun) [*annoy* as verb]; p. 87, l. 395, *pufts* (noun) [*puffes*]; p. 91, l. 506, *wrack'd*; p. 92, l. 547, *flamming* (noun) [*stayning*—not, of course, an equivalent, but a safe variation]; p. 93, l. 567, *sodden* [*boil'd*]; p. 93, l. 568, *callour*; p. 95, l. 627, *combure*; p. 96, l. 651, *siege* (verb); p. 103, l. 851, *scance*; p. 128, l. 579, *covetice*; p. 137, l. 827, *waxe* [*grow*]; p. 139, l. 900, *joy* (verb) [*is glad*]; p. 140, l. 912, *bide*; p. 140, l. 929, *wonne* (*i.e.* dwell).

Sometimes, it is merely the spelling he anglicises: thus *palliouns* (p. 74, l. 29, *pavilions*); *murthred* (p. 130, l. 633, *murd'red*); *perfite* (p. 131, l. 649, G only, *perfect*); *Marber* (p. 135, l. 774, *Marble*); *twix* (p. 138, l. 869, *twixt*); *hundreth* (p. 140, l. 908, *hundred*). Allied to these are his change of *richesse* (p. 103, l. 865, and p. 131, l. 653) to *riches*. Further, in the early version, the verb *to hang* is spelt *hing* in all forms of it, and these are invariably changed to *hang* in the final version. The even more commonly occurring verb *to run* causes more difficulty, because Alexander frequently uses the infinitive or present tense in the rhyming feet of his lines. Generally speaking, his practice in all cases prior to the final revision is to spell *rin(ne)*, etc., and to alter this on revision to *run(ne)* (but p. 87, l. 398, G, has *runne*, H has *rinne*, and J *runne*). Sometimes he alters the spelling, but makes no accommodation for the rhyme scheme: thus p. 46, l. 132, a G H *rinne* is changed to *runne* in J, but still rhymes with *begin* and *sinne*; p. 96, l. 638, a G H *rin* becomes *runne* in J, and continues to rhyme with *in* and *winne*, as also on p. 106, l. 933. Very rarely, he retains the form *rinne* as the proper rhyme (*e.g.* p. 227, l. 831—a line in that section of the poem of which we have only the 1637 version). But, in general, changing *rin* to *run*, he makes the necessary accommodation for rhyme, and recasts the endings of the rhyming lines (*e.g.* p. 96, l. 655; p. 115, l. 223; p. 116, l. 252; p. 125, l. 485). Perhaps here, too, is the place to call attention to his suspicion of the word *depths*. It is of very frequent occurrence in the G H versions, but is always altered to *deep(e)s* in the J version. It is

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possible, however, though only remotely so, that the printer, and some confusion not easy to envisage in Alexander's handwriting, had something to do with the existence of *depths* in the early versions; for the only printed text of *Aurora* has *depth* in Son. 41, l. 2, where the obvious reading (adopted in our edition) is the adjective *deepe*.

English syntax frequently troubled Alexander, and a number of alterations for the final version simply regularise grammatical forms. He sometimes has difficulty with plurals of nouns, and only escapes from the *gooses* of p. 92, l. 531, G H, by turning them into *swans* in J. The verb is more troublesome. In 1637, he may correct a singular form used where the plural is required (p. 90, l. 470; p. 94, l. 595; p. 105, l. 897; p. 139, l. 898): or the second person singular needs regularising (p. 85, l. 345, G, *dare* [but H has *darst*], J, *dar'st*); p. 100, l. 769, G H, *did*, J, *did'st*; p. 120, l. 340, G H, *poyson'd*, J, *poison'st*; p. 120, l. 340, G H, *might*, J, *might'st*; p. 120, l. 345, G H, *did*, J, *did'st*.

Very striking are anomalies in the forms he uses for past tenses and participles. He habitually uses weak forms of what are now recognised as strong verbs. These, however, as a rule persist in the final version. Very rarely, *e.g.* p. 116, l. 246, G H, *bursted*, J, *doth burst*; and p. 142, l. 11, H, *driv'd*, J, *driv'n*, he is suspicious of the weak form. But usually he allows *com'd*, *freez'd* (p. 94, l. 589; p. 300, l. 269), *driv'd*, *catch'd*, *shin'd*, *striv'd*, *chus'd*, *spitted* (p. 322, l. 19), *bended* (p. 376, l. 787), to survive the final revision. In one instance, perhaps for the rhyme, he even has *leav'd* (for *left*, p. 236, l. 152). On the other hand, he regularly has *shew* for *showed*. Perhaps, as isolated grammatical anomalies, may be mentioned *more* (p. 119, l. 312), as an adjective (for " greater ") in all versions; and *defrauded* (p. 112, l. 410, G H), where there is confusion between the direct and indirect objects following.

The usefulness of the foregoing details may perhaps be enhanced by noting here Scotticisms remaining in the final version, presumably because they had not been recognised as such: p. 10, l. 123, *remording*; p. 23, l. 478, etc., *discharg'd*; p. 51, l. 275, *regener'd*; p. 59, l. 512, *denounce*; p. 113, l. 145, etc., *compeere*; p. 113, l. 715, *extorc'd*; p. 216, l. 481, *wretches*; p. 240, l. 292, *vaguing*; p. 346, l. 790, *conforme*; p. 354, l. 88, *flourish* (noun).

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Scots spellings which persist are *salmond* (p. 94, l. 583); *talke* (=take, p. 94, l. 591); *weet* (wet, p. 324, l. 108); and syntactical Scotticisms, *nor* for "than," and *conforme* as an adverb (p. 346, l. 740).

RHYMES.

Possibly the evidence of the extensive Scots element in Alexander's use of English, disclosed by the foregoing lists, invalidates the use of his rhymes as signs of current English pronunciation. Clearly some of his rhymes can never have been more than Scots rhymes; *e.g.* the unaltered rhymes with a *rin* which has become *run* (see above); the curious *neglects* and *breks* (p. 97, l. 679), *deck, reject, effect* (p. 148, l. 178), *betray, stray, have* (p. 207, l. 178), although elsewhere he rhymes *have* with *grave* (p. 107, l. 959), with *save* and *receive* (p. 135, l. 786), and with *rave* (p. 223, l. 689); and perhaps also *sold, would, controul'd* (p. 179, l. 257); and *would, told, extol'd* (p. 315, l. 745). Maybe, too, a poet capable of rhyming *gaines* with *names* (p. 153, l. 343), and *darts* with *heart* and *part* (p. 184, l. 402), puts himself out of court as a witness to precise identities in sound. Yet the last two instances are the only two quite visibly incorrect rhymes in the whole volume, and there is only one stanza in which an irregular rhyme pattern is overlooked (p. 167, ll. 797-8). Moreover, the fact that, with all his extensive changes to purge his text of Scotticisms, Alexander very seldom revises his rhymes, leads one to suppose that most of them must have been pretty near to rhymes in the accepted English speech of his day—or, at least, in some allowable form of it.

Naturally the rhymes he uses bring more evidence of changes since his day in the pronunciation of vowels than in that of consonants. But some of the rhymes he commonly uses point to such changes in the pronunciation of final *s*: thus *once* he rhymes with *bones, grones* (p. 116, l. 242) and *stones* (p. 117, l. 274); *entise* with *prise* and *emprise* (p. 123, l. 426); *twice* with *disguise* and *rise* (p. 136, l. 793), *thrice* with *rise* (p. 137, l. 847); *else* with *tels* and *cels* (p. 136, l. 794). For what they are worth as indications of the pronunciation of vowels, we append in a note representative examples of Alexander's rhymes.[1]

[1] *grave, have; sav'd, deceiv'd; bate, meate, eate; conceive, save; conceive, leave, grave; state, great, conceit; leave, rave; save, have, receive; grace, place, peace;*

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ALEXANDER AS POET.

Judged by bulk, Alexander's most considerable achievements are in dramatic and in narrative poetry; but the extent of his lyrical production is scarcely to be measured by the eighty-odd pages of his sonnet sequence, *Aurora*, since the dramatic type he adopts for his tragedies preserves in its choruses a large scope for lyrical or pseudo-lyrical writing. Probably his tragedies must be taken as his best work; they are so at least in this sense, that, whilst they afford opportunity for a greater variety of those qualities which give him whatever merit he may have as a poet, at the same time they protect him from his least tolerable propensities. Yet, in the upshot, it is to *Aurora* more than to any other of his single pieces that one turns for the least equivocal vindication of Alexander's repute amongst his more lasting contemporaries. His rejection of it from his collected works may have been prompted, not by artistic prudence, but by a purely personal desire to hide what it darkly reveals of his private life. It is hard, however, to resist the feeling that he cut it out on literary grounds as mere amorous trifling, and in so doing displayed a perverseness of critical judgment which largely explains his predilection for *Doomes-day* as his *magnum opus*.

This is not to claim for *Aurora* a place of supremacy amongst Elizabethan sonnet-cycles. But, despite the convention which

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guard, spar'd, shar'd; were, care, there; here, there; farre, warre, are; heart, convert, part; hate, eate, state; names, streames, dreames; nam'd, dream'd, disclaim'd; claim'd, fram'd, dream'd; aimes, beams, dreames; beares, eares, weares; beares, teares (sb.), *fears; beasts, tastes, wastes; beasts, tasts, feasts; taste, cast, last; last, waste, blast; past chast(e), cast; taste, digest; detaste, arrest, rest; breasts, priests; priest, rest, best; besiege, rage, age; age, badge, rage; faith, wrath, death; breath, death, wrath; breake, speake, weake; steept, kept, slept; match, hatch, watch; afraid, said, dismaid; said, paid; take, make, backe; back, make, wrack; change, revenge, strange; venge, change, strange; leade* (vb.), *dead, made; made, head; peece* (*i.e.* piece), *Greece; heaven, se(a)ven, eaven* (even); *given, heaven, even; give, strive; contrives, gives; striv'd, reviv'd, liv'd; live, strive, drive; live, strive, forgive; once, bones, grones; abroad, rod, God; crost, most, lost; grosse, crosse, drosse; cost, most; lode, God, rod; gone, grone, Throne; gone, alone, bone; done, moone, soone; dote, denote, blot; both, froth, loath; devout, blot, dote; Lord, stor'd, devour'd; soon, undone; food, flood; brood, food, flood; bloud, brood, withstood; bloud, exclude; conclude, stood, good; includes, goods; above, move, prove; love, above, remove; lodge, judge, huge; grudge, judge, lodge; Rome, come, doome; forth, North, worth; wound, crown'd, bound; soule, howle; now, you, bow; boules, fowls, souls; much, such, avouch; turne, mourne; use, chuse, accuse.*

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bound the sonnet in form, in image, in sentiment, and even in phrase, there is in *Aurora* more spontaneity, more directness, and more urgency than in Alexander's other writings. He seems to have something to say out of his heart, and the strength of his need to say it suggests the appropriate way of giving it utterance. The expression sanctioned by an exacting tradition appears less as a borrowed code and more as a natural decorousness and a sentimental refinement determined by the peculiar exquisiteness of an immediate circumstance. Metrical variations in the midst of the sequence to give room to other lyric forms enhance this impression of cogency; and the sense of freshness they bring with them has even a tang of adventure in it when novelties like madrigals, sestinas, and songs rhyming as oddly as those of his fourth are found on the way. The very inexpertness of these metrical experiments detracts nothing from the sincerity they argue. Alexander never acquired remarkable dexterity in metrical subtleties; and one of the rare signs of his ability to recognise his own limitations is a reliance for the bulk of his non-dramatic verse on the stanza he had tried first of all, as early as 1604, in *A Parænesis*. If in the end a doubt should persist whether Alexander's best work is really to be found in his sonnets, it is because they are less rich in nicer discriminations of the ideal sentiment which is the peculiar province of the sonneteer. Alexander lacked the particular sensitiveness without which great excellence is only to be obtained for the sonnet by some such violent transmutation of its quality as Milton effected. Maybe Alexander's lyric gift is happiest when, as in the Choruses to his tragedies, its theme is human fallibility or perversity under the general burden of life, and when, therefore, its sentiments are echoes from the world's familiar moralists of all ages. But if this contemplative trend has added weight to the content of his Choruses, it has robbed them of every mark of originality. After his earliest work, it is impossible to find a personality behind his writings; in its stead, a very solemn person with a rigorously commonplace mind impresses himself heavily on the very face of all of them. Though *Doomes-day* informs us explicitly and lengthily what William Alexander thought about this, that, or the other aspect of man's fallen state, nowhere in its whole extent, except at rarest moments, as when he spares a line or two [1] to protest against judicial torture,

[1] See p. 294, ll. 59-60.

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is there anything arising palpably out of moving or perplexing encounters in the intimacy of his own spirit.

But before *Doomes-day* tempted him to use verse almost exclusively for terrorising sinners into penitence, he had written his tragedies. They are utterly devoid of characterisation; they lack all sense of dramatic situation and of theatrical moment. Yet even if their stories are not deployed as arresting incidents in a plot, at least they provide a positive theme in a specific circumstance. The theme is eminently congenial to a mind like his, and its austere commonplaces not only acquire variety from their attendant situations, they are at the same time held within appropriate bounds by the exigencies of the dramatic form.

In *Doomes-day* there are no such salutary limits to save Alexander from tedious prolixity and from his more portentous self. The general material of the poem is inert; it does not of itself fall into such lines as would unmistakably suggest to the poet the pattern of an organic structure. Of architecture, therefore, there is none beyond a simple framework, and into it Alexander packs the heavy mass of his opinions on sin and his tedious exhortations to take the orthodox way for circumventing the everlasting bonfire. Even narrative appears but episodically, and the poem is less the telling of a story than the marshalling of a procession. At a point here or there—the final destruction of one or other of God's creatures, for instance, or the dawning of the day of wrath itself—there is matter for effective description. But Alexander's imagination is not apt for such great occasions, and he merely weakens traditional renderings by drawing them more lengthily out. In the main, his refuge is to summon mankind from the present and the past, calling them forward according to their moral or immoral tribe, to hold them awhile for the proper lesson to be drawn, and then to dismiss them summarily to stand trial at the final judgment-seat. Even when the saint or sinner is brought forward in person and not merely numbered with his moral kin, it is to provide, not a dramatic portrait, but a particular anecdote or example, still further to drive home the exhortation. Yet it is only in this way, that is, by extensive use of allusion and of reference, that Alexander gives to his poem those objective elements, whether of person, of incident, or of picture, and those snatches from the pageantry of the past which are in large part the human interest of most narrative

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poetry. Up to a point, his method is effective; his allusions provide from the common stock of the world's experience a substitute for such imaginative sustenance as the better poet fetches from his own spirit; and that their contribution is something with a positive poetic worth becomes at once evident if *Doomes-day* be compared with *Jonathan*, in which Alexander relies mainly on much more direct narrative, and achieves a drab monotonous colourlessness.

The fundamental fault in Alexander's longer poems is that, having little to say and so much space for the saying of it, he is thrown back on tricks of style to vindicate the undertaking. For him, poetry is little but periphrases, phonetic jugglery, and metre. He dispenses with the more extravagant idiosyncrasies of diction which Du Bartas had made fashionable; lexicographical artifices like "flot-flotting," "jar-jarring," "howle-howling" never become a habit, and even more rare is the heaping up of a composite epithet, such as "the sight-confining-crystall-covered skies" (p. 357, l. 185). On the other hand, he sedulously searches for the word which, whilst it avoids describing the object, invests it with a factitious picturesqueness: "scaly squadrons," "finne-winged troups," "humid host," these are fishes; the sea is "Thetis bowre," "a liquid labyrinth"; and ships are "floating forests," "wooden towres." The motive for which a diction of this kind is chosen is no less apparent in Alexander's imagery, or in what little there is to be called imagery. He has small use for simile and metaphor as such; he prefers an indirect mode of fanciful or affected description, a conceit, in fact, but usually a flat or an incongruous one. Take, for example, his corruption of the image of Jacob's wrestling (p. 16, l. 296), whereby God is desecrated as a circus-conjurer, an artist in legerdemain. Or turn to his way of introducing the Eye (p. 238, l. 217 ff.) and the Ear (p. 329, l. 249 ff.) descriptively. It is not so much that one resents the fancifulness of the effort, but the very flatness of it. The effect is similar when he puts Avarice forward as "that glue of Soules" (p. 217, l. 525), though no doubt the passage of time has woven later associations round the word which occasions the ludicrousness here, as it certainly has round the word "puddings" in a line (p. 129, l. 607, G H) Alexander himself felt to be already suspicious: "From gored bellies, Puddings did gush out." Fancy has seldom fetched from so far a flatter conceit than his description of the fleet at Actium:

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" Pale Neptune once at Actium wondring saw
His Crystall walkes all as congeal'd in Tree "
(p. 124, ll. 475-76);

and the lure of mechanical antithesis can rarely have suggested a cruder conceit than his notion of drowning as the proper ending for a Turk:

" Since by their prophet charg'd all wyne to leaue
That they of watter might abundant haue "
(p. 126, ll. 527-28).

It is fair to add that only the manuscript has this version, the monstrosity being excised even from the first printed text.

As in diction and in image, so in phrase and sentence, Alexander's striving to avoid the natural is a mark of his style. He frequently resorts to awkward inversions of the common order of words; and he has a particular trick of cutting off two or three subjects from their respective verbs, or adjectives from their substantives, in order to lump the corresponding words together in indiscriminate composition, as in the Latin " versus correlativi ":

" Seale, viall, Trumpet, seaventh, opens, powres, sounds "
(p. 72, l. 857).

" Loe, painted, false, or stolne, face, minde, attires "
(p. 204, l. 101).

No doubt it is a device for securing impressiveness by a compactness which is merely phonetic, and in no wise substantial. That also must be the reason of his fondness for the monosyllabic valuation of such words as " act'd " (and the compression of the last two syllables of " convict'd," " addict'd," " inflict'd," etc.). So, too, for the normal possessive case of abstract nouns by prefixing " of," he frequently chooses a possessive form of the noun itself, " minds amazement," " wonders objects " (p. 85, l. 336, and p. 265, l. 86), and the consequent multiplication of sibilants is frequently cacophonous: the " s " is in fact a sound of which Alexander is too prodigal:

" He comes, he comes who all hearts secrets tryes "
(p. 74, l. 120).

But the stylistic device by which he is most often ensnared is the play on words. A disciple of Du Bartas could scarcely avoid it, and a filler of gaps in Sydney's *Arcadia* was doomed to it. He generally resolves it into a mere play on sounds, as he probably

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regarded the completer play on words, the pun, as out of keeping with his solemn purpose. Apparently, however, if a pun involves a knowledge of Latin, it has enough of acquired merit to justify its use: so " Ignatians, to inflict, not suffer fire " (p. 272, l. 335), " Tertullian, Tullian thrise indeed " (p. 274, l. 381), and maybe also " Asse " (p. 105, l. 907). But the echoing of identical or similar sounds through different words, or the repetition of words of similar sounds but of different meaning, is to Alexander the peculiar prerogative of poetic style. Instances are too frequent to need citation here.

In the foregoing paragraphs, the illustrations of Alexander's stylistic peculiarities have all been taken from *Doomes-day*. The quality of them might as easily have been indicated by drawing on the finally authenticated versions of any other of his writings; for though his mannerisms hardened a little with time, they can scarcely be said to change with it. Indeed, perhaps the most damnatory indictment against him as a poet is that hardly ever, in the plenitude of successive revisions, did he vary his text for the sake of improving what in the restricted sense is his poetic style. Sometimes he trims, without necessarily improving, his metre; more frequently, he tries to rid himself of merely prosodic stopgaps such as " as being "; but nineteen times out of twenty the revision is rather a phase of social obsequiousness than an act of poetic reconsideration. It is to hide the Scot rather than to show more of the poet. He will even go so far as to spoil a fine stroke, turn a novel conception into a mere truism, in order to make it English—" What high Conceit with curious Thoughts can scance " loses its better sense when turned to " What minde can think though thoughts the same entrance " (p. 103, l. 851).

It is hard to save a poet who is so persistent in destroying himself. Yet his very pertinacity in the attempt may persuade his critics to a more lenient consideration of his poetry on the grounds that it is written in a tongue alien from the poet's natural speech. They may even be induced to adopt Carlyle's plan of measuring the poet's worth in the light of the poet's own intention and of his peculiar notion concerning the nature of poetry. Alexander has left us his considered opinions on the proper mode of assessing poetic merit. " Language is but the Apparel of Poesy, which may give Beauty, but not Strength: and when I censure any Poet, I first

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dissolve the general Contexture of his Work in several Pieces, to see what Sinews it hath, and to mark what will remain behind, when that external Gorgeousness, consisting in the Choice or Placing of Words, as if it would bribe the Ear to corrupt the Judgment, is first removed, or at least only marshalled in its own Degree. I value Language as a Conduit, the variety thereof to several Shapes, and adorned Truth or witty Inventions that which it should deliver. I compare a Poem to a Garden, the disposing of the Parts of the one to the several Walks of the other: The Decorum kept in Descriptions, and representing of Persons, to the Proportions and Distances to be observed in such things as are planted therein, and the Variety of Invention to the Diversity of Flowers thereof; whereof Three Sorts do chiefly please me: A grave Sentence, by which the Judgment may be bettered; a witty Conceit, which doth harmoniously delight the Spirits; and a generous Rapture expressing Magnanimity, whereby the Mind may be inflamed for great Things. All the rest, for the most Part, is but a naked Narration or gross Staff to uphold the general Frame, yet the more apt, if well contrived and eloquently delivered, to angle vulgar Readers, who perchance can scarce conceive the other." [1] If language is but a conduit, there is none but must applaud the high seriousness which Alexander meant to be conveyed by it; and as for the poetic horticulture by which it was to be diversified, he was perhaps too expert rather than too casual in his own practice of the principles of the art as he conceived it. Unfortunately, it is " all the rest " as " but a naked Narration " which affronts the eye of posterity, and inclines it to consider his versifying as a " Piece of Poesy . . . which, wanting Life, [hath] nothing but Language." [2] It is best to fall back on the historical plea for reviving Alexander's memory by a new edition of his poetical works. On this plea alone, there can be no doubt that a Scottish Texts Society cannot ignore his claims, for amongst the band of Renaissance Scots whose works they have issued, only Drummond is obviously his superior in the poet's faculty.

[1] See his *Anacrisis*, dedicated (in 1634 ?) to Drummond, and reprinted from the 1711 edition of Drummond's *Works*, in J. E. Spingarn, *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, vol. i., Oxford, 1908, p. 182.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 181.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY.

THE following pages contain a description of the various editions of the poetical compositions of Sir William Alexander. A facsimile of the title-page, in reduced size, of all the original editions is reproduced under each item, except in the case of those editions which have served as the basis of our text. Of these the facsimiles, in the original size, will be found in the proper place in the body of the present work.

I (=A) DARIUS. Edinburgh, 1603.

4to (178-131 mm.), 40 leaves without foliation or pagination, 4 leaves unsigned. Signatures: a2, B-i 4, K2.

[Collation]: Leaf 1^a Title; leaf 1^b [Coat of Arms of James VI. (119-187 mm.), beneath which has been stamped the coat of arms of the Duke of Roxburghe]; leaf 2^a-leaf 2^b [Dedicatory epistle in verse to James VI.]; leaf 3^a-3^b "To the Reader"; leaf 4^a [A sonnet in praise of the author by J. Murray]; leaf 4^b [A sonnet by W. Quin, followed by a poem in Latin of four lines, being an anagram on the author's name]; $a1^a$-$a2^a$ "THE ARGVMENT"; $a2^b$ [Dramatis personae]; $B1^a$-$K2^b$ "The Tragedy of Darius."

Darius was the earliest of Alexander's compositions in verse to appear in print.[1] In an important apology 'To the Reader,' reproduced in full

[1] Alexander's earliest published work appears to have been the small anonymous prose tract on the mysterious Gowrie Conspiracy, issued in 1600, without any indication of the place of publication, by Robert Waldegrave; and of which copies are preserved in the British Museum and in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge—*A Short Discovrse of the Good Ends of the higher providence in the late attemptat against his Maiesties Person.* It will be found reproduced, from a copy then in his possession, by David Laing, in *Adversaria. Notices Illustrative of some of the Earlier Works printed for the Bannatyne Club.* Edinburgh, 1867. From its style, David Laing conjectured that this 'Short Discourse' must have been the earliest publication of Sir William Alexander, or rather of Mr. William Alexander of Menstrie, as he was then. David Laing's conjecture is confirmed by the entry, under the heading 'Sir William Alexander,' in the original printed catalogue of the books presented to the University of Edinburgh by Drummond of Hawthornden in 1627, of an item, long since lost

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Facsimile of title-page (in reduced size) and collation, according to the copy in the National Library of Scotland (formerly the Advocates' Library), Edinburgh.

THE TRAGEDIE OF DARIVS.

By VVilliam Alexander of *Menſtrie*

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit vtile dulci.

EDINBVRGH

Printed by Robert VValde-graue
Printer to the Kings Maieſtie. 1603.

Cum Privilegio Regio.

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and discussed in the Introduction to our Vol. I., the author describes *Darius* as 'the first essay of my rude and unskilfull Muse in a Tragicall Poeme'; and the language in which it is written as 'mixt of the English and Scottish dialects.' It was issued by the well-known Edinburgh printer, Robert Waldegrave,[1] and was one of the last books printed by him before his departure from Scotland and his settling again in London. Copies of this edition of *Darius* are very scarce. Five copies only are known [2]—one in the British Museum, another in the Bodleian Library, a third in the National Library of Scotland, and a fourth in the H. E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, California. The fifth forms part of the private collection of the late Mr. W. A. White of New York.

II (=B) AVRORA. London, 1604.

For facsimile of the title-page see Vol. II. p. 439 of the present work. Collation according to the copy in the John Rylands Library, Manchester.

4to (170-116 mm.), 48 leaves without foliation or pagination. Signatures: A-M4, of which M4 (blank) is missing.

[Collation]: $A1^a$ Title (verso blank); $A2^a$-$A2^b$ [Dedication] "To THE RIGHT HO- | NORABLE AND VERTVOVS | Lady, the Lady *Agnes* Dowglas | *Countesse of Argyle*." | ; $A3^a$-$M3^b$ "AVRORA."; $M3^b$ blank.

Although *Aurora* was not printed till a year after *Darius*, there can be no doubt that it was composed, for the most part [3] at all events, much

unfortunately, entitled "A Relation of the Conspiracie of Gowrie. M.S." This evidence seems to leave little doubt that the 'Short Discourse' and the MS. mentioned in the Drummond catalogue are one and the same work; and that the author is Alexander. It may be added that Alexander was a friend of Sir Thomas Erskine, one of the actors on the King's side in the Gowrie Conspiracy, and that a few years afterwards he was to be allied by marriage to the Erskine family.

[1] For an account of Robert Waldegrave, see Dickson and Edmond, *Annals of Scottish Printing* (Cambridge, 1890), pp. 394-404; and (more concisely) H. G. Aldis, *A List of Books printed in Scotland before 1700* (Edinburgh, 1904), pp. 122-3; and R. B. McKerrow, *Dictionary of Printers and Booksellers* (London, 1910), pp. 277-9.

[2] See A. W. Pollard and G. R. Redgrave, *A Short-Title Catalogue of Books printed in England, Scotland, and Ireland . . .* London, 1926.

[3] If the Rev. Charles Rogers (see p. vii of vol. i. of his *The Earl of Stirling's Register of Royal Letters, relative to the Affairs of Scotland and Nova Scotia from 1615-1635*. Edinburgh, 1885) is right in placing the union of Alexander with Janet, daughter of Sir William Erskine, "sometime prior to 1603," the whole of *Aurora*, even the pieces at the end referring clearly to the marriage as a recent event, would appear to have been written before *Darius* (1603), though *Aurora* was not published until 1604. The 'Epithalamium' by Walter Quin (printed on p. 444 of our Vol. I.), shows that Alexander was known as a poet at the time of his marriage, but the description of Alexander's

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before the date of its publication, and before *Darius*. The sub-title alone, which describes *Aurora* as "containing the first fancies of the Authors youth," is in itself sufficient proof. But there is also internal evidence, equally conclusive, in the poems themselves, such as the lines in the opening sonnet, in which Alexander makes apology for publishing these "trifling toyes of an unripe age," which, if we are to believe him, would never have seen the light, "had not others otherwise advis'd." Other allusions in the poems allow us to assign the composition of the majority of the pieces, without any hesitation, to Alexander's travel years on the continent with Archibald, seventh earl of Argyll, his neighbour at Castle Campbell, sometime during the closing years of the sixteenth century. Apart from the apostrophes to the Loire (Sonnet XXXVI) and to the Po (Sonnet LIII), which may not unreasonably be put down to the poet's fancy, the reference in the first lines of Sonnet LVI is unmistakable:

> Lo, now reviving my disast'rous stile,
> I prosecute the tenour of my fate,
> And follow forth at danger's highest rate,
> In forraine realmes my fortune for a while.

In spite of the fact that the majority of the pieces in *Aurora* were written in Alexander's youth, a comparison of the language with that of *Darius* "mixt of the English and Scottish dialects," leads one to believe that he must have touched them up a good deal, ridding them no doubt of not a few provincialisms, before presenting them to a London public.

Pollard and Redgrave (*op. cit.* No. 337) mention six copies of *Aurora* —two in the British Museum, another in the Huntington Library, and one each in the collections of Sir R. L. Harmsworth, Mr. J. L. Clawson, and the late Mr. W. A. White. It should be noted that the Huntington copy and one of the British Museum copies are bound with *A Paræsis* and *The Monarchick Tragedies* of 1604. To these must be added the copies in the Bodleian, the John Rylands Library, Manchester, the Signet Library, Edinburgh, and that in the possession of Mr. Thomas James Wise.[1] Other copies not mentioned by Pollard and Redgrave include a copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris (YK42), also combined with *A Paræsis* and the 1604 *Monarchick Tragedies*; and three further

Muse, in the sonnet, also written for the marriage (vol. i. p. 445), as "flying aloft like an Eagle," seems more appropriate to the author of *Darius* than of *Aurora*. Probably the most feasible conjecture is that Alexander's marriage took place in 1603, that practically the whole of *Aurora* had been written some years before, that *Darius* was written at about the time of his marriage, and that *Aurora* was revised and an addition or two made to it just before publication in 1604.

[1] See *The Ashley Library. A Catalogue of Printed Books, Manuscripts and Autograph Letters Collected by Thomas James Wise*, vol. i. London, 1922.

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copies bound with *A Parænesis* and the 1607 issue of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*—one in the National Library of Scotland (lacking the blank leaf M4 at the end), another (imperfect) in the public free library at Innerpeffray [1] near Crieff, and a third, described fully under E, belonging to Mrs. Kate Alexander of Bridge of Allan, daughter-in-law of the late Sir James E. Alexander, a distant descendant of our poet.

III (=C) A PARÆNESIS TO THE PRINCE. London, 1604.

4to (188-134 mm.), 13 leaves without foliation or pagination. Signatures: A-C4, D1.

[Collation]: $A1^{a}$ Title (verso blank); $A2^{a}$-$D1^{a}$ "A PARÆNESIS | to the Prince." | ; $D1^{b}$ blank.

A Parænesis was reproduced by Alexander in the definitive edition of his collected poetical works, *Recreations with the Muses* (1637), with some unimportant variations, and the addition of a sonnet dedicating it to Prince Charles, eldest son of Charles I. It is reprinted (without the variant readings) in G. Eyre-Todd, *Scottish Poetry of the Seventeenth Century*. London and Edinburgh, no date.

Pollard and Redgrave (*op. cit.* No. 346) enumerate five copies of *A Parænesis*—one in the British Museum, another in the Bodleian, a third in the Huntington Library, and one each in the private collections of Sir H. L. Harmsworth and Mr. J. L. Clawson. This, however, is a very incomplete list. Apart from the six copies mentioned in the previous article (B), the Huntington Library contains a copy bound with *The Monarchicke Tragedies* of 1607, but without *Aurora*. Separate copies of *A Parænesis* are to be found in the same library (which makes three copies for that collection), in the Rylands Library, Manchester (a perfect and very fine specimen), the library of the University of Edinburgh, the Signet Library and the National Library of Scotland in the same town; and yet another forms part of the collection belonging to Mr. Thomas James Wise.

IV (=D) THE MONARCHICK TRAGEDIES. London, 1604.

4to (130-182 mm.), 157 leaves, without foliation or pagination. Signatures: A^{4}, a^{2}, B-M^{4}, N^{2}, A-C^{4}, D^{2}, A-I^{4}, M^{4}, A-K^{3}, L^{2}.

[Collation]: 2 leaves blank; title (verso blank); $A3^{a\text{ and }b}$ and following leaf $^{a\ A\ b}$ [dedicatory poem, 13 stanzas of 8 lines each, headed

[1] The Innerpeffray Library was founded in 1680 by David Drummond, the third Lord Madertie, as a free public library. It is probably the earliest of its kind in Scotland and contains a number of valuable books.

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Facsimile of title-page (in reduced size) and collation, according to the copy in the John Rylands Library, Manchester.

A

PARAENESIS

to the Prince

By WILLIAM ALEXANDER
of Menstrie.

LONDON,
Printed by RICHARD FIELD for
EDVVARD BLOVNT.
1604.

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"To His Sacred | Maiestie"]; ai[a] [Sonnet headed "*To the Author of the Monarchicke Tragedies.*" By Robert Ayton.]; a1[b]-a2[a] "The Argument"; a2[b] [Dramatis personae]; B1[a]-N2[a] "The | Tragedie | of Crœsus | ; N2[b] blank. | A1[a] Title: *A* | Parænesis | to the Prince | *By* William Alexander | of Menstrie. | [Ornament: border enclosing anchor, grasped by hand descending from a cloudy mass; left-hand side Ancho, right-hand side Ra Spei] *London,* | Printed by Richard Field for | Edward Blovnt. | 1604 | (verso blank); A2[a]-D1[a] A Parænesis | to the Prince. | ; D1[b] blank. A1[a] Title: Avrora. | Containing the first fancies of the | *Authors youth,* | William Alexander of Menstrie. | [Ornament: anchor as above.] *London,* | Printed by Richard Field | for *Edward Blount.* | 1604. | (verso blank); A2[a & b] [Prose dedication headed "To the Right Ho- | norable and vertvovs | Lady, the Lady Agnes Dowglas | *Countesse of Argyle.*"] ; A3-M3[a] "Avrora"; M3[b] blank. A1[a] Title: The | Tragedie | *of Darius.* | By William Alexander | *of Menstrie.* | *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.* | [Ornament conventional] | London | *Printed by* G. Elde *for* Edward | Blount. 1604. | (verso blank); A2[a] [Sonnet by Io. Murray, headed "In praise of the Author, and | *his Poeme.*" | A Sonnet. | ; A2[b] [Sonnet W. Quin; followed by 4 lines in Latin, headed "Eiusdem in nomen Authoris | Gulielmus Alexander, | *Anagramma.* | I. Largus melle exvnda. | Tetrasticon"]; A3[a]-A4[a] "The Argument"; A4[a] [Dramatis personae] headed "The persons names that speake." | ; B1[a]-K3[a] The Tragedie of | Darius. | ; K4 missing; L1[a & b] [Poem of 7 stanzas of 6 lines each, entitled "*Some verses written to his Maiestie by the Author at the* | *time of his Maiesties first entrie into England.*"]; L2[a & b] [Poem of 10 stanzas of 4 lines each, entitled "*Some verses written shortly thereafter by reason of an* | *Inundation of* Douen, *a water neere unto the Authors house, whereupon his Maiestie was sometimes* | *wont to Hawke.*"]

In the address 'To the Reader' prefixed to *Darius* (1603), Alexander had promised, should this first essay of his tragical Muse prove acceptable, "to bring foorth hereafter frute of the same kinde." He was true to his word; and the year after he published the first edition of *The Monarchick Tragedies*, consisting of *Darius*, purged of its more glaring Scotticisms, and an additional tragedy, entitled *Crœsus*. Copies of this the first edition of *The Monarchick Tragedies* are very rare. Pollard and Redgrave (*op. cit.*, No. 343) mention only the copies in the British Museum and in the Huntington Library. Besides these there is a copy in the collection of the late Mr. W. A. White, and we have come across a fourth in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. In all copies, with the exception of the White copy, *A Parænesis* and *Aurora*, as will be seen from the collation, are bound in with the two tragedies. The British Museum copy has been wrongly rebound in recent times, in such a way that *Crœsus* is separated from *Darius*, as will be seen from the collation, by the inter-

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Facsimile of title-page (in reduced size) and collation, according to the copy in the British Museum.

THE MONARCHICK TRAGEDIES.

By *William Alexander of Menstrie.*

Printed at London by V. S.
for Edward Blount.

1604

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calation of *A Parænesis* and of *Aurora*. The inclusion under one cover of all Alexander's hitherto published poetical compositions does not seem to be due to the caprice of later owners, especially as in some copies the binding is such as would be used in his day. It appears rather to indicate a resolve on Alexander's part to put out at that date a collective edition of all his poetical writings. This surmise becomes almost a certainty in the light of the following entry, dated the last day of April 1604, in the Registers of the Company of Stationers:[1] "Edward Blunt. Entered for his Copy by order of Court A booke Called *The Workes of* William Alexander of Menstrie, conteyninge *The Monarchick Tragedies*, *Paranethis* (sic) *to the Prince*, and *Aurora*." Further, the mention of 'Menstries Workes' in the list of books read in 1611 by William Drummond of Hawthornden would appear to afford corroborative evidence to the same effect.[2] Apart from the *Darius* forming part of *The Monarchick Tragedies* of 1604, there exist also several separate copies of *Darius* bearing the same date—in the Bodleian, John Rylands and Huntington libraries, in the British Museum, and in the collections of Mr. J. L. Clawson and Mr. Thomas James Wise.

Some bibliographers[3] have supposed that, from the first, these had a separate existence, apart from *The Monarchick Tragedies* of 1604—that a second edition of *Darius* (the first having appeared in 1603) was issued independently in 1604, and then reissued in the same year together with the tragedy of *Crœsus*, under the title *The Monarchick Tragedies*. This supposition is confirmed by the fact that some of the copies of the separate 1604 *Darius* which we have not been able to examine present a few typographical peculiarities and readings differing from those of the *Darius* forming part of the *Monarchick Tragedies* of the same year. They are in all probability advance copies, printed for presentation to friends, a practice not unusual at the time and favoured, we know, by Alexander's friend, William Drummond of Hawthornden.

[1] See E. Arber, *A Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London*, London, 1876, vol. iii.

[2] See David Laing, *A Brief Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts in the Possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, in *Archæologia Scotica*, iv. p. 75.

[3] See Seymour de Ricci, *The Book Collector's Guide* (under "Alexander"), Philadelphia and New York, 1921; and the Catalogue of the Ashley Library, vol. i. p. 4. Cf. also the catalogue of the Bodleian Library, which describes the Oxford copy of the separate *Darius* of 1604 as a "second edition."

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V (=E). THE MONARCHICKE TRAGEDIES; CRŒSUS, DARIUS, THE ALEXANDRÆAN, IULIUS CÆSAR. London, 1607.

Facsimile of title-page (in reduced size) and collation, according to the copy in the National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh.

THE

MONARCHICKE TRAGEDIES;

Crœsus,
Darius,
The Alexandræan,
Iulius Cæsar.

Newly enlarged

By *William Alexander*, Gentleman of the Princes priuie Chamber.

Carmine dij superi placantur, carmine manes.

LONDON

Printed by VALENTINE SIMMES for ED: BLOVNT.
1607.

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4to. (174-123 mm.), 203 leaves without foliation or pagination. Signatures: A4, a2, B-M4, N2, A-K4, A-Z4, Aa-Dd4, Ee2, L2.

[Collation]: A1[a] Title (verso blank); A2 wanting; A3[a]-A4[b] [Dedicatory poem to James I.]; a1[a] [Sonnet to the author by Robert Ayton.]; a1[a]-a2[a] "The Argument"; a2[b] [Dramatis personae.]; B1[a]-N2[a] "The TRAGEDIE of Crœsus." | ; A1[a] Title: "THE | TRAGEDIE | OF DARIVS | . . . 1604." | ; (verso blank); A2[a] [Sonnet in praise of the author by J. Murray.]; A2[b] [A sonnet, followed by a poem of four lines in Latin by W. Quin]; A3[a]-A4[a] "THE ARGVMENT"; A4[b] [Dramatis personae]; B1[a]-K3[b] "THE TRAGEDY OF | DARIVS"; K4 blank; Ai blank; A2[a] Title: "THE | ALEXANDREAN | TRAGEDIE. | . . . 1607." | ; A3[a]-A4[a] "The Argument"; A4[b] [Dramatis personae.]; B1[a]-P1[a] "THE Alexandræan Tragedie." | ; P1[b] blank; P2[a] Title: "THE | TRAGEDIE | OF | IVLIVS CÆSAR. | . . . 1607." | ; (verso blank); P3[a]-P3[b] "The Argument."; P4[a] blank; P4[b] [Dramatis personae.]; Qi[a]-Eei[b] "THE | Tragedie of *Cæsar*." | ; Ee2 blank; Li[a]-Li[b] [A poem of seven stanzas of six lines each to King James I. on his first coming to England.]; L2[a]-L2[b] [Another poem to King James of ten verses of four lines each, occasioned by the flooding of the River Doven].

This edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies* is a mere reissue, with a different title-page, of the sheets of the 1604 edition, 'newly enlarged' by the addition of *The Alexandræan* and *Julius Cæsar*. It is described in the British Museum catalogue as 'a made-up copy from various editions,' which is equivalent to assuming the existence of an independent edition of one or two of the two new tragedies, *The Alexandræan* and *Julius Cæsar*. The statement of W. Carew Hazlitt in his *Hand-book*, repeated by Dr. Grosart in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and by other writers on Sir William Alexander, that there was a separate edition of *The Alexandræan*, published in 1605, has no foundation and is probably due to the fact that, in this edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, *The Alexandræan* has its own title-page, dated 1607 and not 1605, as has also *Julius Cæsar*; and that there exist several separate copies of these two tragedies (and one of *Crœsus*) which were detached from this edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, at a later date and doubtless for commercial purposes.

Pollard and Redgrave (*op. cit.* No. 344) enumerate five copies of this edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*—one in the British Museum and the Bodleian respectively, a third in the Huntington Library (bound with *A Paræneſis*), a fourth in the J. L. Clawson collection, and a fifth in that of the late Mr. W. A. White. Their statement with regard to the White copy is faulty: all the Catalogue notes are two detached copies of *The Alexandræan* and of *Julius Cæsar*.[1] The same applies to the

[1] Cf. *Catalogue of Early English Books, chiefly of the Elizabethan Period. Collected*

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Bodleian, which in addition contains a separate copy of *Cræsus* with the title-page wanting, as in *The Monarchicke Tragedies* of 1607—which is a further proof that it is a detached copy. It may be added that the Huntington Library also possesses separate copies of *The Alexandræan* and of *Julius Cæsar*.

Apart from those recorded by Pollard and Redgrave, there are three copies of this edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies* bound with *A Paræsis* and *Aurora*, as already noted, and a separate copy in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the Signet Library at Edinburgh, in the last of which the leaf A1 (blank) of *The Alexandræan Tragedy* is wanting, as is also the blank leaf Ee2.

To these must be added a valuable copy, unique as far as we are aware, belonging to Mrs. Kate Alexander of Red House, Bridge of Allan (to whom we owe our thanks for allowing us to examine it), which seems to deserve a detailed description and collation. The binding is of contemporary reddish-brown calf with a semé of small eight-lobed roses in gold, and embossed ornaments on a gold ground in the four corners. In the centre is stamped the badge of the Prince of Wales (a plume of three ostrich feathers and below a crown with the words 'ICH DIEN' underneath). Both covers are identical and on the back there are larger roses in gold inset in small squares in six different panels, but no title indicating the contents of the book. Two holes have been bored on the outer edge of each cover through which is passed a scarlet-and-white silk cord to fasten the book. This appears to have been done at a later date, judging from the state of preservation of the silk cord. A comparison with other books similarly bound in the British Museum leaves no doubt that this volume formed part of the library of Henry, Prince of Wales, who died in November 1612.[1] It was probably presented to him by Sir William Alexander, one of the gentlemen of the Prince's Privy Chamber.

The collation which follows shows that in this copy also *A Paræsis* and *Aurora* are bound in with the four tragedies, and further, that *The Alexandræan* and *Julius Cæsar* were merely added in front of *The Monarchick Tragedies* of 1604 (the latter retaining their title-page), so that (as in the Huntington copy, for example) the order of the four tragedies is alphabetical and not as on the general title-page. *The Alexandræan*, coming immediately after the general title-page, has no title-page of its own. There is a special title-page to *Julius Cæsar* and

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by William Augustus White and catalogued by Henrietta C. Bartlett, New York, 1926, p. 2 (under "Alexander").

[1] On the library of Henry, Prince of Wales, and the style of bindings used for his books, see Cyril Davenport, *Heraldic Book Stamps*, London, 1909.

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to *Darius*, but not to *Crœsus*, as *Crœsus* follows immediately after the title-page of the 1604 *Monarchick Tragedies*. The signatures are continuous throughout for *The Alexandræan* and *Julius Cæsar*, whereas *Crœsus* and *Darius* both have a separate set of signatures.

THE MONARCHICKE TRAGEDIES; Crœsus, | Darius, | The Alexandræan, | Iulius Cæsar. | Newly enlarged | By *William Alexander*, Gentleman | of the Princes priuie | Chamber. | *Carmine dij superi placantur, carmine manes.* | [small ornament] LONDON | Printed by VALENTINE SIMMES for | ED: BLOVNT. | 1607. |

4to (130-182 mm.), 269 leaves without foliation or pagination, of which the first and the last are not contemporary, having apparently been added when the binding was consolidated at a later date. Signatures: A-Z4, Aa-Dd4, Ee2, A4, a2, B-M4, N2, A-K4, L2, A-C4, D1, A-M4. The fourth leaf of each series is without any signature, except A4, G4, and K4 in *Darius*. M3 in *Aurora* is also unsigned. On a leaf facing the title-page has been inserted, at a later date, the portrait of Alexander, then Earl of Stirling, by William Marshall, prefixed to some editions of his *Recreations with the Muses* (1637).

[Collation]: Leaf A1 (blank, except for some notes in a modern hand); leaf A2 Title (verso blank); A3a-A4a "The Argument."; A4b [Dramatis personae] [ornament]; B1a-P1a "THE Alexandræan Tragedie." P1b (blank); leaf P2 Title: THE | TRAGEDIE | OF | IULIUS CÆSAR. | By *William Alexander*, Gentleman | of the Princes priuie | Chamber. | *Carmine dij superi placantur, carmine manes.* | [small ornament conventional] LONDON | Printed by VALENTINE SIMMES for | ED: BLOVNT. | 1607. | (verso blank); P3a-P3b "The Argument." P4a (blank); P4b "The Actors Names." Q1a-Ee b "THE Tragedie of *Cæsar*." (blank leaf unsigned); leaf A blank; leaf A2 Title: THE | MONARCHICK | TRAGEDIES. | By *William Alexander* | of Menstrie. [ornament] Printed at London by V. S. *for Edward Blount.* 1604. (verso blank); A3a-A4b [a poem of 13 stanzas, each of 8 lines, addressed] "To HIS SACRED | Maiestie." aja [sonnet to the author by Robert Ayton]; ajb-aija "The Argument"; aijb [Dramatis personae]; B1a-N2a [ornament consisting of cherubs, dolphins, rabbits, and fishes] THE | TRAGEDIE | of Crœsus; N2 blank; leaf A1 Title [ornament consisting of cherubs, dolphins, rabbits, and fishes] THE | TRAGEDIE | OF DARIVS, | by William Alexander | *of Menstrie.* Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci [small ornament conventional] London | *Printed by* G. Elde for Edward | Blount. 1604. | (verso blank); A2a "A SONNET" [signed] "Io. Mvrray" [entitled] "In praise of the Author, and *his Poeme.*" A2b *A Sonnet* [signed] "W. Quin." [followed by 4 lines in Latin entitled] "Eiusdem in nomen Authoris | GVLIELMVS ALEXANDER, | *Anagramma.* | I, LARGVS MELLE EXVUNDA. | Tetrasticon. | A3a-A4a "The Argument." [ornament]; A4b [Dramatis personae]; B1a-K3b THE TRAGEDIE OF | *Darivs.* | ; (leaf K4 blank); L1a-L1b [poem of

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7 stanzas of 6 lines each, entitled] "*Some verses written to his Maiestie by the Authour at the time of his Maiesties first entrie into England.*" [two ornaments]; L2ª-L2ᵇ [poem of 10 stanzas of 4 lines each, entitled] "*Some verses written shortly thereafter by reason of an Inundation of* Douen, *a water neere vnto the Authors house, whereupon his Maiestie was sometimes wont to Hawke.*" Leaf A1 Title [ornament] A | PARÆNESIS | to the Prince | *By* William Alexander | *of Menstrie.* [ornament] LONDON, | Printed by RICHARD FIELD for | EDVVARD BLOVNT. | 1604. | (verso blank); A2ª-D1ª "A PARÆNESIS | to the Prince." (D1ᵇ blank followed by a blank leaf.) Leaf A1 Title: [small ornament conventional] AVRORA. | Containing the first fancies of the | *Authors youth,* | VVilliam Alexander of Menstrie. | [ornament] LONDON, | Printed by RICHARD FIELD | for *Edward Blount.* | 1604. | (verso blank); A2ª-A2ᵇ [prose dedication headed] "TO THE RIGHT HO- | NORABLE AND VERTVOVS | Lady, the Lady Agnes Dowglas | *Countesse of Argyle.*" [signed] "William Alexander." [ornament]; A3-M3ª "AVRORA." (M3ᵇ blank.) Next follow two other leaves (genuine), after which come two leaves of more modern paper, added when the book was mended.

The fact that in this copy of *The Monarchicke Tragedies* of 1607, as well as in that belonging to the National Library of Scotland, *A Paræsis* and *Aurora* are bound together with the four plays, points to Sir William Alexander's intention once more (we have seen that he had done so three years previously) to issue a collected edition of his poetical works up to date.

VI (=F). AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRIE. Edinburgh, 1612.

4to (186-131 mm.), 4 leaves without foliation or pagination. Signature: A4.

[Collation]: A1ª Title (verso blank); A2ª-A3ᵇ "AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE | HENRIE." | ; A4ª [a poem of ten lines addressed by the author to King James, followed by one of fourteen lines entitled "A short view of the state of man."]; A4ᵇ blank.

This edition of Alexander's lament on the death of Prince Henry (Nov. 6, 1612) was followed, the year after, by a second edition, of which the title-page is reproduced on p. 525 of this volume, identical with that of the previous year, with the exception of the date on the title-page, and the dropping out of the catch-word 'For' on the verso of A2. The two editions were probably printed from the same type-setting, though possibly not at the same time, and the absence of the catch-word in the edition of 1613 was no doubt due to its slipping out accidentally in the process of making the forms ready for the printer.

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Facsimile of title-page (in reduced size) and collation, according to the copy in the National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh.

AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRIE.

By Sr *William Alexander* of MENSTRIE, Gentleman of his Priuie Chamber.

EDINBVRGH.

Printed by Andro Hart, and are to *be ſolde at his ſhop, on the North-ſide of the* high ſtreet, a little beneath the Croſſe. [1612.]

With Licence.

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Both editions of the "Elegy" are of excessive rarity. A unique copy of the first edition is preserved in the National Library of Scotland;[1] and the only known copies of the second edition are in the same library and in the British Museum. In the original printed catalogue[2] of the books presented in 1627 by Drummond of Hawthornden to the University of Edinburgh, "An Elegie upon the death of Henrie, Prince of Wales, Edinburgh, 1613," is mentioned among other Alexander items. This copy of the 1613 edition of the "Elegy" can be shown to have disappeared from the University library a very long time ago. In the earlier MS. catalogues of the library, prepared in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, there is an entry, under "Alexander," for the "Elegy"; but in the later, large, four-volume catalogue, which must have been made, so the Librarian informs us, towards the close of the eighteenth century, there is no mention of the "Elegy," neither is there in the much larger catalogue started probably in the middle of last century and used till the publication of the present printed catalogue. Thus it is not a little surprising, in view of these facts, to find so careful and expert a bibliographer as the late J. P. Edmond, at that time Librarian of the Signet Library in Edinburgh, crediting the library of the University of Edinburgh with possessing a copy of the second edition of the "Elegy"—in a paper read to the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society in 1901 and printed five years later in the Publications of that society.[3] The explanation, we think, is that Edmond's paper was not published till after his death, and that the affirmation concerning the existence in the University library of a copy of the second edition of the "Elegy" must not be attributed to him, but is one of the 'additions' made by a less competent person to his MS. before it was sent to the printers.[4]

[1] On no authority, David Irving (*The History of Scottish Poetry*, ed. 1861, p. 531) credits the library of the University of Edinburgh with possessing a copy of the first edition of the "Elegy." Irving is probably repeating John Nichols, *The Progresses, Procession: and Magnificent Festivities of James I. . . .* London, 1828.

[2] *Auctarium Bibliothecæ Edinburgenæ, sive Catalogus Librorum quos Gulielmus Drummond ab Hawthornden Bibliothecæ D.D.Q.Anno* 1627. *Edinburgi. Excudebant Haeredes Andreae Hart*, 1627.

[3] *Elegies and other Tracts issued on the Death of Henry Prince of Wales 1612*, vol. vi. pp. 141-158 of the *Publications of the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society.*

[4] In a note prefixed to Edmond's paper we read the significant passage: "The introductory portion is printed from Mr. Edmond's manuscript as read to the Society. In the bibliographical list a few emendations and additions have been made." We must regard as another of the 'additions' in Edmond's printed paper the further statement that the library of Edinburgh University contains a copy of the 1613 edition of *Mausoleum* (another of the books presented by Drummond of Hawthornden), though that book also can be shown to have disappeared long since from that collection.

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VII (=G) DOOMES-DAY, OR, THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IVDGEMENT. Edinburgh, 1614.

Facsimile of title-page (in reduced size) and collation, according to the copy in the John Rylands Library, Manchester.

DOOMES-DAY,
OR,
THE GREAT
DAY OF THE LORDS
IVDGEMENT.

BY

S^r. WILLIAM ALEXANDER

KNIGHT

Printed by ANDRO HART, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop on the North-ſide of the high Street, a litle beneath the Croſſe.

ANNO DOM. 1614.

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4to (176-133 mm.), 63 leaves without foliation or pagination. Signatures: A3, A-P4.

[Collation]: $A1^a$ Title (verso blank); $A2^a$-$A2^b$ [Dedication] "To THE RIGHT | NOBLE ROBERT | Earle of *Somerset*, Viscount *Ro-* | *chester*" . . .; $A3^a$ [A Sonnet] "To Sr. W. A." [signed] "WILLIAM DRVMMOND"; $A3^b$ blank; $A1^a$-$P4^b$ "DOOMES-DAY, OR THE GREAT DAY OF the Lords Iudgement." [To the end of the Fourth Hour, St. 117, ending] FINIS.

This is the first form of the author's most ambitious production, consisting of four books or 'Hours,' which were extended to twelve, making a poem of some eleven thousand lines, in its final form such as it appeared in *Recreations with the Muses* (1637). Though not issued till 1614 by the Edinburgh printer Andro Hart, *Doomesday* had long been on the stocks and had circulated either in manuscript or in proofs before it was printed. *Doomesday* is inscribed by the poet Drummond among the books read by him in the year 1613.[1] A further proof that the Laird of Hawthornden had seen *Doomesday* before it was given out to the public is afforded by the following passage from a letter of his to some unknown friend, which is at the same time an interesting record of the first meeting of the two poets: "As to my long stay in these parts," he says, "ye shall impute it to so sociable a company, from whom I am even loth to depart, than to a wilful neglect of promised coming to you. Fortune this last day was so favourable as by plain blindness to acquaint with that most excellent spirit and rarerest gem of our North, S. W. A.; for coming near his house, I had almost been a Christian father to one of his children. He accepted me so kindly, and made me so good an entertainment (which, whatsomever, with him I could not have thought but good), that I cannot well show. Tables removed, after Homer's fashion well satiate, he honoured me so much as to show me his books and papers. This much I will say, and perchance not without reason dare say: he hath done more in one *day* than Tasso did all his *life* and Bartas in his two *weeks*, though both one and the other be most praiseworthy. I esteemed of him, before I was acquaint with him, because of his works; but I protest henceforth I will esteem of his works because of his own good, courteous, meek disposition."[2] The "papers" of Alexander's which he

[1] We find practically nothing within the poem to indicate the date of composition. Possibly the phrasing of l. 349 (p. 85, see note), drawing on the A.V. of the Bible, means that the bulk of the poem as we have it was written after 1611; but Alexander's habit of tinkering makes such deductions hazardous.

[2] This letter (of which we have modernized the spelling) is among those printed by David Laing from the Hawthornden MSS. (*Arch. Scot.* iv. pp. 83-4). Though undated, it must, from what we have said above, have been written before *Doomesday*

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showed to Drummond can have been none other than the manuscript or proof-sheets of *Doomesday*, for which Drummond furnished a commendatory sonnet shortly after when *Doomesday* was first printed. The obvious allusion to the *Sepmaines* of the French Huguenot poet Du Bartas leaves no doubt on that point.

Pollard and Redgrave (*op. cit.* No. 338) enumerate five copies of this edition of *Doomesday*—one in the British Museum, the Scottish National Library, and Winchester College respectively; a fourth in the Huntington collection, and a fifth in that of the late W. A. White. It may be mentioned that the British Museum has two copies, of which one is imperfect in that the two leaves following the title-page are lacking. To these must be added a copy in the library of Mr. Thomas James Wise, another in the John Rylands Library, Manchester (wanting the first leaf), and a third in the Signet Library, Edinburgh.

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was first published. This raises the question of the exact date of the first meeting of the two poets, which is generally assigned to the year 1614. Various circumstances, however, seem to indicate that the date should be put back by at least a year or two. In the first edition of Drummond's *Teares on the Death of Meliades*, called forth by the death of Prince Henry, and published in 1613, or even possibly at the end of 1612, there is an allusion to Sir William Alexander under the familiar pastoral name of "Alexis" (an appellation first applied by Alexander to himself in his *Aurora*, 1604), which clearly suggests personal acquaintance, as does also the commendatory sonnet furnished by Alexander for Drummond's lament. Moreover, there is extant (*Arch. Scot.* iv. p. 84) a letter from Drummond to Alexander, referring not only to their recent meeting, but, in unmistakable terms, to the recent death of Prince Henry (Nov. 1612). From all this, it does not seem unwarrantable to conclude that the two poets first met at the end of 1612, probably at a time when they were both negotiating with the Edinburgh printer Andro Hart: Alexander for the publication of his *Elegie on the Death of Prince Henrie*, and Drummond for that of *Teares on the Death of Meliades*.

The late David Masson, it should be stated (see the note, p. 43 of his *Drummond of Hawthornden*. London, 1873), does express some little doubt as to the date 1614 for the first meeting of Alexander and Drummond of Hawthornden; but, after making a few good points against the year 1614, he adds: "The reason for fixing on 1614 is that in Drummond's letter about the meeting he calls Alexander distinctly *Sir* W. A., and Alexander, if I may trust the usual authorities, had not that promotion till 1614." Whatever may have been Masson's authorities, a glance at the title-pages of Alexander's poetical compositions would have been sufficient in itself to convince him that Alexander was knighted before 1614; he is designated as *Sr* William Alexander on the title-page of *An Elegie on the Death of Prince Henrie*, but not yet on that of *The Monarchicke Tragedies* of 1607. As a matter of fact he was knighted by 1609, and is so styled in a charter dated the 25th of May of that year (*Reg. Mag. Sig.*, lib. i. 185, fol. 134). All other writers on Alexander, it may be added, accept without question the year 1614 as the date of the first meeting of the two poets, except W. C. Ward in the Introductory Memoir to his edition of *The Poems of William Drummond of Hawthornden* (London, 1894). Ward thinks it was probably in the year 1612 that Drummond became personally acquainted with Alexander; but he gives no reasons for his choice.

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W. Carew Hazlitt[1] mentions a London edition of 1614 "with a new title-page only." We have been unable to trace this, and doubt whether it ever existed. The only London edition we know is that of the first two books of *Doomesday* issued in 1720 with the following title-page, and an editor's preface signed 'A. Johnstoun':

> Doom's Day: | or, the | Last Judgment. | A | Poem. | Written by the Right Honourable | William, Earl of Stirline. | [ornament; basket of flowers and fruit] *London*: | Printed for *E. Curll* next the *Temple* Coffee House in *Fleet* | *Street*; and Sold by *C. Rivington* at the *Bible* and *Crown* | in St. *Paul's* Church Yard, *J. Brotherton* at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*, and *T. Jauncy* at the *Angel* without *Temple Bar* | M.DCC.XX. *Price* 1s.

It is perhaps worth noting that the first 'Hour' of Alexander's *Doomesday* is reprinted, with a French verse translation opposite, at the end of John Wodroeph's *The Spared Houres of a Souldier in his travells or The true Marrowe of the French tongue*. This curious and comprehensive grammar (the work of a Scot probably, or at all events of a man with strong Scottish sympathies) was first published at Dort, near Rotterdam, in 1623, with a dedication to the Prince of Wales. A second edition appeared in London, two years later. Wodroeph states that his original intention was to translate the whole of *Doomesday*, but that he was compelled to abandon the project after the first 'Hour,' "finding the style so excellent and so high, and also somewhat harsh, to agree with French verse."[2]

VIII (=H) MANUSCRIPT COPY OF "DOOMES-DAY" IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

For facsimile, see frontispiece to this volume.

8vo, 63 leaves, plus 7 flyleaves (modern). In 8 gatherings of 8, the first gathering wanting one leaf.

The manuscript is written in secretary hand on paper. There are four stanzas of eight lines each to a page, and the text breaks off at the end of the second stanza of the "Fifth Hour." The second leaf, that bearing the dedication, has been cut on the outside and inside edge and pasted on to a guard, very probably the wanting blank leaf of the first gathering, cut for the purpose. The MS. is bound in a contemporary binding of white vellum, gold tooled, but showing evidence of having been recently repaired.

[1] *Hand-Book to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain.* London, 1867, p. 578.

[2] For a detailed account of Wodroeph's grammar, see pp. 248-256 of Miss K. Lambley's *The Teaching and Cultivation of the French Language in England during Tudor and Stuart Times.* Manchester University Press, 1920.

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The Royal Arms are stamped outside on both boards, and the binder's title along the back runs as follows: "Alexander's Doomsday. M.S." On the verso of the first leaf is the note of the deed of gift of the volume to the University of Edinburgh, by William Drummond of Hawthornden, in his own hand: 'Giuen to the Colledge of | King James in Edenbrough | 1624 | by W.D.' |

[Collation]: Leaf 1^a blank; leaf 1^b note by Drummond of Hawthornden, as detailed above; leaf 2^a "To the right honorable | Robert Viscount Rochester | knight of the most noble order of the | Garter and one of his Majesties | most honorable previe councell." | [a dedicatory epistle of 21 lines, signed] "To serue your honour William alexander." | ; leaf 2^b blank; leaf 3^a-63^a "Doomesday | or | The Great day of the Lords Judgement | by | Sir williame alexander | knight" | . . . [ending (leaf 63^a) on the eighth line of the second stanza of the "Fifth Hour"] "All naked Judg'd as they at first were made."

Although this version carries the text some lines beyond the printed G. version, one piece of evidence makes it certain that the manuscript was written before G. was printed.[1] From the facsimile we give it will be noticed that the MS. is not in the handwriting of Drummond or

[1] The G. version is dedicated to Robert, Earle of Somerset, etc. (see our text, p. 5 at foot, and our note *ad loc.*). In the H. version, the dedication is to Robert, Viscount Rochester, etc. Robert Carr was created Earl of Somerset on Nov. 3, 1613, and treasurer of Scotland on Dec. 22, 1613; he had been created Viscount Rochester on Mar. 25, 1611. The dedication to H. was therefore written between March 1611 and Nov. 1613. The H. version does not differ very materially from the G. edition; though it clearly proves that when G. was printed, Alexander had already continued his poem beyond the point at which the printed version stops (H. has two stanzas at the end of the Fourth Hour, and the first twenty lines of the Fifth Hour, which are not found in G. (which stops at the Fourth), but which are substantially adopted in the final version J.). Perhaps it was Rochester's new honour which prompted Alexander to publish an unfinished poem and dedicate it to the great favourite. Possibly his decision to print G. was a hasty one. He printed it with many traces of his own native dialect: but the 1616 edition of the *Monarchicke Tragedies* (see our Vol. I. pp. excvii. ff.) makes it clear that at all events in 1615 Alexander was rigorously purging his MS. of every taint of Scotticism. There are only two material differences between the G. and H. versions. H. has an independent version of stanzas 62 and 65 (pp. 497 and 523): in each case, the G. version is easily explicable as a more or less hasty revision. The "christian captains" of st. 62 (see our note *ad loc.*) seem to be due to a momentary but confused association with Lepanto; in revision, the confusion was removed, and a place was found in st. 65 not only to refer to Lepanto more appropriately, but at the same time to introduce a compliment to James, which is not in the H. version (see our note, *ad loc.*). It may be added that there are verbal differences between G. and H., and although one or two of these (*e.g.* p. 85, l. 345, and p. 93, l. 561) give an H. version which might look like an authoritative revision of G., since they are of such sort as Alexander regularly made on revision, they have no weight whatever against the evidence already given for the priority of H., and must be set down to accident or indifference.

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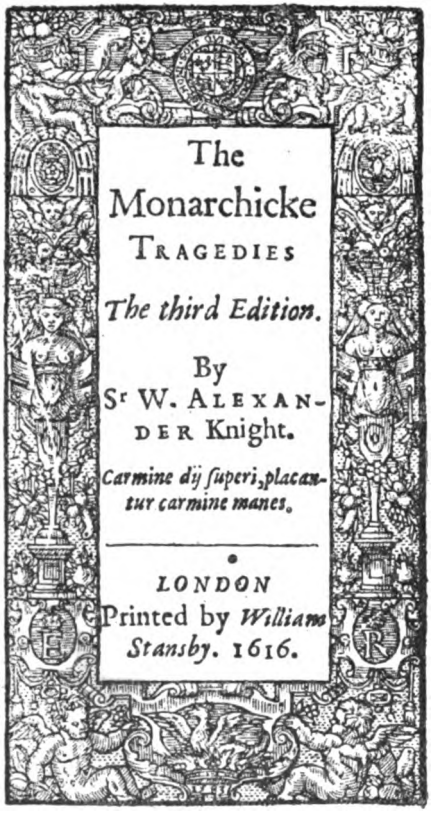
of Alexander.[1] There are a few interpolations here and there, some of which may be in Drummond's hand; but it is very difficult to decide, as there is scarcely enough from which to judge.

IX (=I) THE MONARCHICKE TRAGEDIES. London, 1616.

Facsimile of title-page in exact size and collation, according to the copy in the John Rylands Library, Manchester.


The
Monarchicke
TRAGEDIES
The third Edition.
By
Sr W. ALEXAN-
DER Knight.
Carmine dij ſuperi, placan-
tur carmine manes.
LONDON
Printed by *William*
Stansby. 1616.

[1] A facsimile (consisting of twenty lines and signature) of Alexander's handwriting s given facing p. 93 of David Laing's *Royal Letters, Charters, and Tracts, relating to the Colonization of New Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1621–38 (Bannatyne Club), and is reproduced facing p. xlvii of our edition; a facsimile of the handwriting of Drummond faces the title-page of vol. i. of L. E. Kastner, *The Poetical Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden*, Manchester and Edinburgh, 1913. Examples of Alexander's hand-

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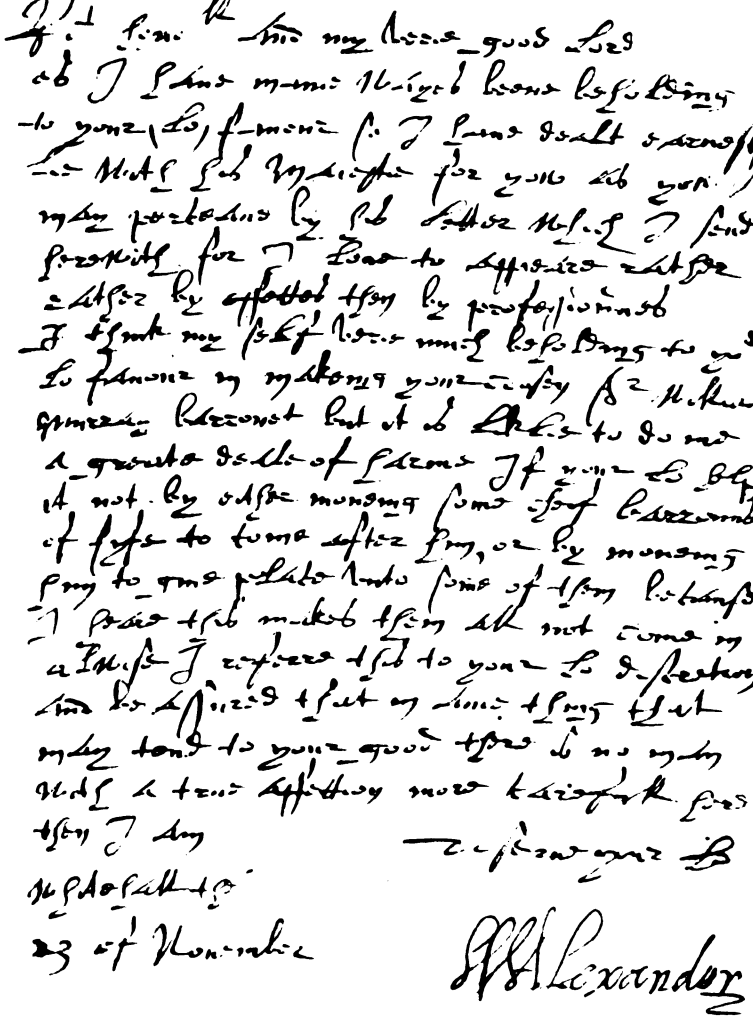
page 93.

Sir William Alexander
to my Lord Viscount of Stormonth.



Facsimile of Sir William Alexander's Handwriting.

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16mo (124-72 mm.), 174 leaves without foliation or pagination. Signatures: A7 (the missing leaf of this gather may have been A7 or A8, but was probably blank, as nothing of the known preliminary matter is missing), B-X8, Y7 (Y8 may have been blank, and is missing).

[Collation]: $A1^a$ Title (verso blank); $A2^a$-$A3^b$ "To his Sacred Maiestie."; $A4^a$ "*To the Author of the Monarchicke* | TRAGEDIES." | [signed] "*S. Robert Ayton*"; $A4^b$ "Al Potentissimo Rè della Gran Brettagna." [signed] "IL CAV. MARINO."; $A5^a$-$A6^b$ "THE ARGVMENT."; $A7^a$ "*The persons names who speake.*"; $A7^b$ blank; $B1^a$-$F7^b$ "THE TRAGEDIE OF CRŒSUS."; $F8^a$ Title: "THE | TRAGEDY | OF | DARIVS." . . . "1616."; $F8^b$ blank; $G1^a$ "In praise of the Authour, *and his Poeme.*" [Signed] "IO MVRRAY."; $G1^b$ "A SONNET" [Signed] "*W. Quin.*" [followed by] "*Eiusdem in nomen Authoris* | Gulielmus Alexander, | *Anagramma*"; $G2^a$-$G2^b$ "THE ARGVMENT"; $G3^a$ blank; $G3^b$ "*The persons names that speake*"; $G4^a$-$L1^b$ "THE TRAGEDIE OF DARIVS."; $L2^a$ Title: "THE ALEXANDRÆAN TRAGEDIE." . . . "1616"; $L2^b$ blank; $L3^a$-$L3^b$ "THE ARGVMENT."; $L4^a$ "In laudem Authoris." [A poem of four lines signed] "R. W."; $L4^b$ "*The persons names who speake.*"; $I.5^a$-$R2^a$ "THE ALEXANDRÆAN TRAGEDIE."; $R2^b$ blank; $R3^a$ Title: "THE TRAGEDY OF IVLIVS CÆSAR." . . . "1616."; $R3^b$ blank; $R4^a$-$R4^b$ "THE ARGVMENT."; $R5^a$ "*The persons names who speake.*"; $R5^b$-$Y7^a$ "THE TRAGEDY OF CÆSAR."; $Y7^b$ blank. In some copies the title of 'The Alexandræan Tragedie' (on $L2^a$) has a mask-ornament, in others a printer's device, as in this.

It will be noticed from the collation that both *The Alexandræan* and *Julius Cæsar* have a separate title-page, though the register is continuous throughout. As we have pointed out in the Introduction of our Vol. I., all four tragedies in this edition were submitted to an extensive revision, both as regards style and metre.

Pollard and Redgrave (*op. cit.* No. 345) note four copies—one in the Huntington collection, a second in the British Museum (they omit stating that the British Museum has two copies), a third in the Bodleian, and a fourth in the library of the University of Cambridge. There are additional copies in the John Rylands Library, Manchester, in the National Library of Scotland, and in the library of the University of Glasgow, the last imperfect. Some copies (that in the John Rylands Library, for example) have a portrait (for which see p. l) facing the title-page.

writing are not easy to come by. The Dulwich College has a manuscript copy of the sonnet printed in this volume (p. 544): its first editor, J. P. Collier, stated that it was in Alexander's hand, and the statement is accepted by the distinguished palæographer, Sir G. F. Warner, who catalogued the Dulwich MSS. Mr. W. W. Greg has recently examined the MS., to include it in Pt. II. of his *English Literary Autographs*: he finds that the hand is not very similar to the Laing document mentioned above; nevertheless he concludes that the signature certainly is Alexander's, and that the sonnet is probably holograph.

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X (=J) RECREATIONS WITH THE MUSES. London, 1637.

For facsimile of title-page see Vol. I. p. 1 of the present work. Collation according to the copy in the John Rylands Library, Manchester.

2° or Folio (280-185 mm.), 2 parts in 1 volume. Pp. [10], 1-62, [2], 63-254 (254 is blank and unpaged), [4], 1-326. Signatures: A6-X6, Y8, [A2], B6-Z6, Aa6-Dd6, Ee8.

[Collation]: A1, probably blank, is wanting; $A2^a$ Title (verso blank); $A3^a$ "A Table of severall Poems contained in the ensuing Volume"; $A3^b$ blank; $A4^a$-$A5^a$ "To his Sacred Majestie"; $A5^b$ "*To the Author of the Monarchicke* | TRAGEDIES" [signed] "*S. Robert Ayton.*" [followed by] "*In praise of the Author, and his Tragedy of* DARIUS." [signed] "Io MURRAY."; $A6^a$-$A6^b$ "THE ARGUMENT." [followed by] "*The persons names who speake*"; $B1^a$-$Y8^b$ (pp. 1-253) "THE | TRAGEDY OF | CRŒSVS," | (pp. 1-62), "THE | TRAGEDY OF | DARIUS," | (pp. 63-110), "THE | ALEXANDRÆAN | TRAGEDIE," | (pp. 111-184), "THE | TRAGEDY OF | JULIVS CÆSAR" (pp. 185-253); $Y8^b$ blank. [Part 2] [$A1^a$] Title: "Dooms-day." . . . "1637." (verso blank); $A2^a$ [A sonnet signed] "William Drummond"; $A2^b$ blank; $B1^a$-$Bb4^a$ (pp. 1-282) "DOOMES-DAY." . . .; $Bb4^b$ (p. 284) [A sonnet] "To Prince CHARLES."; $Bb5^a$-$Dd1^a$ (pp. 285-301) "*A Paræneſis to Prince* HENRY"; $Dd1^b$ (p. 302) blank; $Dd2^a$ Title "IONATHAN: | AN HEROICKE POEME | INTENDED. *The first Booke.* BY VVILLIAM, | Earle of STERLINE." | [ornament] LONDON, | Printed by THOMAS HARPER. | 1637."; (verso blank); $Dd3^a$-$Ee7^b$ (pp. 305-326) "JONATHAN. . . ."; Ee8 probably blank, wanting.

After the publication in 1616 of the third edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, Alexander did not issue another poetical work till more than twenty years later. In a letter to his friend Drummond of Hawthornden, written in 1620, he gives the reason: "All my Works," he says, "are written over in one Book, ready for the Press, but I want leisure to print them."[1] Amid the pressure of public and private business, the opportunity did not present itself till the year 1637, when he published his collected poetical works under the title *Recreations with the Muses*, after having carefully revised them once more. *Doomesday*, as we have already noticed, was enlarged from four to twelve "Hours," and a new but unfinished "heroic poem," *Jonathan*, was added. On the other hand, *Aurora* was excluded as unworthy of the Earl's matured powers and no doubt also because of its record of youthful experiences, as was likewise *An Elegie on the Death of Prince Henrie*, which had by now lost all interest and was, moreover, one of his weakest compositions.

[1] Printed on p. 151 of the folio edition of *The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden*, Edinburgh, 1711.

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Copies of *Recreations with the Muses* are much more numerous than those of Alexander's other writings in verse. Pollard and Redgrave (*op. cit.* No. 347) list seven copies. We know of at least a dozen, of which some are on large paper and a few contain the engraved portrait of the author by William Marshall, discussed below.

After 1637 no complete edition of the poetical works appeared till the publication in 1870–72 by an anonymous writer (Robert Alison) of the following edition:

The Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, &c. Now First Collected and Edited, With Memoir and Notes, 3 vols., 8vo. Glasgow, 1870–72.

Restricted to 350 copies (of which 20 on large paper), this edition may now be said to be almost inaccessible to the general reader. It satisfies none of the requirements of a critical edition and is thus quite unsatisfactory to the student: the text is unreliable; the editorial comments are practically valueless, while the textual apparatus—if a few variants chosen at haphazard may be so called—is purposeless. The bibliographical notes are little better.

The nearest approach to a complete edition, between 1637 and 1870, was made by Chalmers in the fifth volume of *Works of the English Poets* (London, 1810), which, however, omits the plays, save the choruses.

Lastly, it may be noted that a MS. copy of the two pieces first appended by Alexander to the 1604 edition of *The Monarchick Tragedies* and reproduced on pp. 535-38 of our Vol. II., is said by W. Carew Hazlitt (*Hand-Book*, p. 578) to have been in the Chetham Library, Manchester, at the time he wrote (1867). It is not there now; and there is no evidence as to how it disappeared from that library.

NOTE ON THE PORTRAITS.

The earliest portrait of Sir William Alexander is the engraving, representing him in the prime of manhood, prefixed to a few copies of the third edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, London, 1616. As it has never been reproduced, as far as we are aware, we give a print of it below.

The initials "S. W. A.", as well as the paternal motto "Avt Spero avt Sperno"[1] on the oval border, prove conclusively that this engraving is a genuine portrait of Sir William Alexander; and the

[1] This motto, combined with the Nova Scotia motto (*per mare per terras*), assumed subsequently, is inscribed, in an artistic and elaborate framed stone panel, over the arcade entrance to the Earl's town mansion in Stirling.

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date "1616" points distinctly to its having been prepared specifically for the third edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*. Although the portrait is unsigned, various circumstances warrant the conclusion

that it is the work of William Marshall, the contemporary engraver, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century. Allowing for the lapse of time separating the two portraits, it bears considerable resemblance to the print signed "Wilhel: Marshall sculpsit," prefixed

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to two or three[1] of the extant copies of the Earl's *Recreations with the Muses*, published in 1637. This engraving, of which there is a fine (unframed) impression in the Department of Prints and Drawings of the British Museum, is exceedingly rare in the original, and is generally considered one of Marshall's best performances.[2]

Marshall's engraving of the Earl of Stirling is chiefly known in the facsimile executed in 1795 by William Richardson of London for James Granger's *Biographical History of England*,[3] and will be found in that form facing the title-page of our Vol. I. As will be seen, it is surrounded by a ribbon or border bearing the inscription "Vera Effigies Gulielmi Comitis De Sterlin. Aetatis suae lvii"; and was probably ordered by the Earl to adorn a certain number of presentation copies of his *Recreations with the Muses*; and if so, it belongs to the year 1637. In any case, the description, in the inscription round the portrait, of Alexander as "Earl of Stirling" shows that Marshall's engraving was not executed before 1633, the year that Alexander was promoted to that dignity. Besides the two engravings described above, there exists an oil-painting of the Earl, now hanging in the Macfarlane Museum, Bridge of Allan, to which it was loaned in the early 'eighties by the late Sir James E. Alexander of Westerton, an indirect descendant of the Earl. It bears the date 1636. However, as the date is on the frame and not on the picture itself (the latter has no inscription of any kind), this may be a later addition. The painting is in bad condition and has been retouched in parts; but looks as if it were contemporary. It represents the Earl with dark brown almost black hair, dark brown beard and moustache, dark brown eyes telling strongly in the level sallow brown but palish complexion. As in the Marshall engraving, he is dressed in a close-fitting doublet, a full ruff about his neck, and the badge of his new order hanging at his breast. This oil is reproduced in photogravure in *Scottish Portraits* (Edinburgh, 1902) by Mr. James Caw of the National Gallery, Edinburgh, to whom a photograph of the painting was communicated some years ago by the

[1] One of these was till recently in the Britwell collection, and a second figures in the Hoe Catalogue.

[2] Marshall's engraving is described in W. Oldys, *The British Librarian*, London, 1738; F. M. O'Donoghue, *Catalogue of British Engraved Portraits*, London, 1901; and in Sir S. Colvin, *Early Engraving and Engravers in England*, London, 1905, which also gives an excellent account of Marshall's work generally.

[3] Richardson's facsimile is reproduced in T. Park's edition of Walpole's *A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, London, 1806; David Laing, *Royal Letters, Charters and Tracts . . .* Edinburgh, 1867; Edmund Slafter, *Sir William Alexander and American Colonization*, Boston, U.S.A., 1873; Charles Rogers, *Memorials of the Earl of Stirling . . .* Edinburgh, 1877; Justin Winsor, *Narrative and Critical History of America*, London, 1886.

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late Lt.-Colonel Edward Mayne Alexander, son of Sir James E. Alexander, and father of Captain Edward Murray Alexander of Red House, Bridge of Allan, whose property it now is. Mr. Caw thinks that the oil in question bears a marked resemblance to Marshall's engraving prefixed to *Recreations with the Muses*, and that the latter may very well have been taken from it. This view is shared by R. Menzies Fergusson in his book on *Alexander Hume and his Intimates* (Paisley and London, 1899), which also contains a print of the painting.[1]

[1] Those it may interest should consult J. S. Fleming, *Ancient Castles and Mansions of Stirling Nobility* (Paisley and London, 1902), for a full description, accompanied by numerous and excellent illustrations, of Menstrie House, Alexander's birthplace, situated in the quaint red-tiled village of Menstrie, five miles from Stirling; and of his town house in Stirling, the finest example of a Scottish nobleman's 'ludging' or town mansion extant in Scotland. Menstrie House, somewhat dilapidated, is now occupied by a dairyman! The town house, begun about 1630, serves as a military hospital, and has been much defaced by stupid government officials. Sir Ralph Abercromby, the hero of Aboukir, was born in Menstrie House, it may be recalled, his father, Alexander Abercromby of Tullibody, having acquired the estate in 1719.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page of the manuscript copy of *Doomes-day* . . . *Frontispiece*

Title-page *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603 . . . *Page* xxvi

Title-page *A Paræsis to the Prince*, 1604 . . . „ xxx

Title-page *The Monarchick Tragedies*, 1604 . . . „ xxxii

Title-page *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, 1607 . . . „ xxxiv

Title-page *An Elegie on the Death of Prince Henrie* [1612] „ xxxix

Title-page *Doomes-day, or, The Great Day of the Lords Iudgement*, 1614 . . . . . „ xli

Title-page *The Monarchicke Tragedies*, 1616 . . . „ xlvi

Facsimile of Sir William Alexander's Handwriting . *Facing page* xlvii

Portrait of Sir William Alexander, 1616 . . . *Page* l

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LIKE *Sophocles* (the hearers in a trance)
With *Crimson Cothurne*, on a stately Stage,
If thou march forth (where all with pomp doth glance)
To mone the *Monarchs* of the worlds first Age :
Or if like *Phœbus* thou thy Selfe advance ;
All bright with *sacred Flames*, known by Heavens Badge,
To make a *Day*, of Dayes which scornes the Rage :
Whilst, when they end, it, what should come, doth Scance.
Thy *Phœnix-Muse* still wing'd with *Wonders* flyes,
Praise of our *Brookes*, Staine to old *Pindus Springs*,
And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes
Can reach the *Spheare* where thou most sweetly sings.
Though string'd with *Starres*, Heavens, *Orpheus Harpe* enrolle,
More worthy Thine to blaze about the Pole.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

This sonnet first appeared in G.

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DOOMS-DAY,

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORDS IVDGEMENT.

BY

VVILLIAM
Earle of STERLINE.

LONDON,
Printed by THOMAS HARPER.
1637.

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The first HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

God by his workes demonstratively prov'd;
His providence (impugning Atheisme) urg'd;
The Divels from heaven, from Eden *man remov'd;*
Of guilty guests the world by water purg'd;
Who never sinn'd to dye for sinne behov'd;
Those who him scourg'd in Gods great wrath are scourg'd;
Some temporall plagues and fearefull judgements past,
Are cited here as figures of the last.

I

THOU of whose power (not reach'd by reasons height)
The Sea a drop, we th'Earth a mote may call:
And for whose Trophees, stately to the sight,
The azure Arke was rear'd (although too small)

The first edition (G) contains, immediately after the title-page, the following dedication to Rochester:

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE ROBERT | Earle of *Somerset*, Viscount *Ro* | *chester*, Baron of *Branspeth*, Lord high Trea- | surer of *Scotland*, Knight of the most Noble | *Order of the Garter, and one of his Maiesties* | most honourable priuie Councell | of both the Kingdomes.

That the World may haue some publicke testimonie of that priuat loue, which your Vertues long since had begotten with my thoughts (my Lord) this is a small sparke flowne from a great

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And from the lampe of whose most glorious light
The Sun (a sparke) weake, for weake eyes did fall,
Breath thou a heavenly fury in my brest :
I sing the Sabbath of eternall rest.

2

Though every where discern'd, no where confin'd,
O thou whose feet the clouds (as dust) afford,
Whose voyce the Thunder, and whose breath the winde,
Whose foot-stoole th'earth, seate heaven, works of thy word,
Guards, hosts of Angels moving by thy minde,
Whose weapons, famine, tempest, pest, and sword ;
My cloudy knowledge by thy wisedome cleare,
And by my weakenesse make thy power appeare.

3

Loe, ravish'd (Lord) with pleasure of thy love,
I feele my soule enflam'd with sacred fires,

Flame towardes you, whose glory is, that you only of all the subjects of this Isle haue the altar of your honour adorned with offrings from both the Nations in this kind, as if your Worth were the Center where both our affections should meete, making an vnion in mindes, a course both worthy of the credite of your place, and of your estimation with the World. Who more great with Augustus *then* Mecænas ? *none so great with the Muses. This subject may be thought by some of too melancholicke a Nature for your youth, and state, but yet is vnnecessary for neither, it may serue for that* Macedonians Page *who vsed euery Morning to call to him,* Philip thou must die, *though not so importunatly vrging, yet when looked on, it is a dumbe remembrer both of death, & judgement, of all that was in the World, & of what is likely to be when it ends : But long may you liue, your Fortune still striuing to equall your Worth, your Worth to exceed your Fortune, and the World to admire both, both being ripe before your yeares. This for the present is but [like vnripe fruits] an imperfect piece wrested from a minde many wayes distracted, & involued in doubtfull designes, the successe of some whereof, I hope hereafter hauing purchased me fame from the World (who for that effect will leaue me no way of worth within the compasse of my power vnattempted) may make me the more able to communicat it with another, for none can giue that he hath not himselfe, alwayes I purpose when my mind is more calme to end this Worke, but neuer that desire which I haue*

To serue your Honour,
S. WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

The dedication itself is preceded immediately by Drummond's sonnet.

17 GH. Though All in all defin'd, by nought confin'd 18 GH. for Dust 20 GH. Foot-stoole Earth

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Thy judgements, and thy mercies, whil'st I move,
To celebrate, my Muse with zeale aspires ;
Lord, by thy helpe this enterprise approve,
That successe so may second my desires.
Make Sathans race to tremble at my lines,
And thine rejoyce while as thy glory shines.

4

Ye blinded soules, who even in frailty trust,
By moments pleasures earning endlesse paine,
Whil'st charg'd with heavy chaines, vile slaves to lust,
Of earth, and earthly, till en-earth'd againe ;
Heare, hold, and weigh my words, for once ye must
The strange effects of what I tell, sustaine :
I goe to sing (or thunder) in your eares,
A heaven of comfort, or a hell of feares.

5

All my transported thoughts at randome flye,
And where to fixe, no solid ground can finde,
Whil'st silent wondring makes a setled eye,
What huge amazement hath o'rewhelm'd my minde ?
How some dare scorne (as if a fabulous lye)
That they should rise whom death to dust doth binde.
And like to beasts, a beastly life they leade,
Who nought attend save death when they are dead.

6

But yet what I admir'd, not strange doth seeme,
When as I heare (O heavens should such have breath ?)
That there be men (if men we may esteeme
Trunkes that are void of soules, soules void of faith,)

28 GH. To publish to the World my Spirit aspires 30 GH. That the Successe may second 35 GH. liuing Chaines 42 GH. As stray'd to search that which they can not find 44 GH. A huge Amazement clouded hath my Mind 46 GH. That Those should rise whom Death hath once declin'd 50 GH. (O Heauens that such should breath) 52 GH. Tronkes which

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Who all this world the worke of fortune deeme,
Not hoping mercy, nor yet fearing wrath,
There is no God, fooles in their hearts doe say,
Yet make their hearts their Gods, and them obey.

7

The stately heavens which glory doth array,
Are mirrours of Gods admirable might ;
There, whence forth spreads the night, forth springs the day
He fix'd the fountaines of this temporall light,
Where stately stars enstall'd, some stand, some stray,
All sparks of his great power (though small) yet bright.
By what none utter can, no, not conceive,
All of his greatnesse, shadowes may perceive.

8

What glorious lights through christall lanternes glance,
(As alwaies burning with their Makers love)
Spheares keepe one musicke, they one measure dance,
Like influence below, like course above,
And all by order led, not drawne by chance,
With majestie (as still in triumph) move.
And (liberall of their store) seeme shouting thus,
Looke up all soules, and gaze on God through us,

9

This pond'rous masse (though oft deform'd) still faire,
Great in our sight, yet then a Starre more small,
Is ballanc'd (as a mote) amid'st the ayre ;
None knowes what way, yet to no side doth fall,
And yearely springs, growes ripe, fades, falles, rich, bare ;
Mens mother first, still Mistresse, yet their thrall.
It centers heavens, heavens compasse it, both be
Bookes where Gods pow'r the ignorant may see.

57 GH. The glassie Heauens 64 GH. All of Gods Glory 71 GH. (prodigall of light) 76 GH. None knowes how hung 79 GH. both breed 80 GH. Bookes where of God the ignorant may reed

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10

What ebbes, flowes, swels, and sinks, who firme doth keep ?
Whil'st flouds from th'earth burst in abundance out,
As she her brood did wash, or for them weepe :
Who (having life) what dead things prove, dare doubt ;
Who first did found the Dungeons of the deepe ?
But one in all, o're all, above, about :
The flouds for our delight, first calme were set,
But storme and roare, since men did God forget.

11

Who parts the swelling spouts that sift the raine ?
Who reines the winds, the waters doth empale ?
Who frownes in stormes, then smiles in calmes againe,
And doth dispense the treasures of the haile ?
Whose bow doth bended in the clouds remaine ?
Whose darts (dread thunder-bolts) make men look pale ?
Even thus these things to shew his power aspire,
As shadowes doe the Sunne, as smoake doth fire.

12

God visibly invisible who raignes,
Soule of all soules, whose light each light directs,
All first did freely make, and still maintaines,
The greatest rules, the meanest not neglects ;
Fore-knowes the end of all that he ordaines,
His will each cause, each cause breeds fit effects,
Who did make all, all thus could onely leade,
None could make all, but who was never made.

13

Vile dogge, who wouldst the ground of truth o'rethrow,
Thy selfe to marke thy darkened judgement leade,

[81] GH. who constant keepes ? [82] GH. Which from the Earth burstes [83] GH. would wash, or for them weepes [84] GH. doe doubt [85] GH. Deepes [89] GH. which sift [91] GH. in Tempests, smiles in Calmes [93] GH. Whose Coach of Cloudes doth driu'd by Windes remaine [95] GH. Euen this to shew those workes themselues haue wonne [96] GH. As smoke doth fire, as shaddowes doe the Sunne [98] GH. light reflects [99] GH. All from confusion freed, and still retaines [100] GH. yet not the least neglects [101] GH. which he ordaines [105] GH. Vile Dog of Truth who would the ground ouerthrow [106] GH. Thou thee to marke

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For (if thy selfe) thou must thy Maker know,
Who all thy members providently made,
Thy feet tread th'earth (to be contemn'd) laid low,
To looke on heaven exalted was thy head.
That there thou might'st the stately Mansion see,
From whence thou art, where thou should'st seeke to be.

14

The world in Soules, Gods image cleare may see,
Though mirrours bruis'd when falne, sparks dim'd far flowne,
They in strict bounds, strict bonds, kept captive be,
Yet walke o're all this all, and know not known ;
Yea soare to heaven, as from their burden free,
And there see things which cannot well be showne.
None can conceive, all must admire his might,
Of whom each atome gives so great a light.

15

When troubled conscience reads accusing scroules,
Which witness'd are even by the breasts own brood ;
O what a terrour wounds remording soules,
Who poyson finde what seem'd a pleasant food !
A secret pow'r their wand'ring thoughts controules,
And (damning evill,) an authour proves of good.
Thus here some mindes a map of hell doe lend,
To shew what horrours damned soules attend.

16

To grant a God, the divell may make men wise,
Whose apparitions Atheists must upbraid,
Who borrowing bodies, doth himselfe disguise,
Lest some his uglinesse might make afraid :
Yet oft in monstrous formes doth roaring rise,
Till even (as charm'd) the charmer stands dismaid.

[109] GH. tread Earth [111] GH. thou might [113] GH. thou should [117] GH. whiles from their Fetters free [129] GH. the Deuill may men entyse [130] GH. By Magicke when conjur'd such to vpbrayd [131] GH. Horrour doth disguyse [133] GH. Whyles in more monstrous

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He bellowing forth abhominable lyes,
Bloud in his mouth, and terrour in his eyes

17

Who saves the world lest that it ruin'd be
By him whose thoughts (as arrowes) ayme at ill
Save one that rules the world by his decree ;
Who makes his power not equal with his will ?
Of which (not left to plague at pleasure free)
He (forc'd) affords a testimony still.
From every thing thus springs to God some praise,
Men, Angels, Divels, all must his glory raise.

18

Though trusting more, yet some transgresse as much
As those who unto God draw never neare :
For what the first not see, the last not touch,
Th'ones eyes are blinde, the others are not cleare :
Their mindes (false mirrours) frame a God, but such
As waters straight things crooked make appeare.
Their faith is never firme, their love not bright,
As Ankers without holds, fires without light.

19

Their judgements fond, by frailty all confinde,
Whose soule (as water) vanity devoures ;
Doe faine in God what in themselves they finde,
And by their weaknesse judge the pow'r of pow'rs ;
Then (the unbounded bounding by their minde)
Would staine heavens Garden with terrestriall flowres.
" Men still imagine others as they are,
" And measure all things by corruptions square.

20

They thinke that God, soft pleasure doth affect,
And jocund, lofty, lull'd in ease, as great,

[139] GH. who is more great, more good then he [140] GH. Power repugnant to his Will [141] GH. Of this with which oft Sathans words agree [148] GH. Ones Eyes [149] GH. figure God [153] GH. being confin'd

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Doth scorne, contemne, or at the least neglect
Mans fickle, abject, and laborious state,
That he disdaines to guerdon, or correct
Mans good or euill, as free from love, or hate.
That when th'earth is his prospect from the skies,
As men on beasts, on men he casts his eyes.

21

No, high in heaven from whence he bindes, and frees,
He in voluptuous ease not wallowing lyes ;
What was, what is, what shall be, all he sees,
Weighs every worke, each heart in secret tryes,
Doth all record, then daily by degrees
Gives, or abstracts his grace, cause, end, both spies.
His contemplation farre transcends our reach,
Yet what fits us to know, his word doth teach.

22

Then to confirme what was affirm'd before,
That no God is, or God doth not regard,
Who doe blaspheme (say fooles) or who adore,
This oft due vengeance wants, and that reward,
Then godly men the wicked prosper more,
Who seeme at freedome, and the others snar'd.
Such (as they thinke) feele paine, and dreame but joy.
Whil'st they what can be wish'd, doe all enjoy.

23

The Sunne in all like comfort doth infuse,
The raine to all by equall portions parts,
Heavens treasures all alike both have, and use,
Which God to all (as lov'd alike) imparts ;
Each mindes free state like passions doe abuse,
Each burd'nous body by like sicknesse smarts.
Thus all alive alike all fortunes try,
And as the bad, even so the best doe dye.

166 GH. euill Toyes free from Loue or Hate 167 GH. when Earth 173 GH. All Registers then filling first Decrees 182 GH. Who still presume, where they haue oft despair'd 188 GH. [as one to him] 190 GH. Each bodies Bondage

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24

O men most simple, and yet more then mad,
Whose foolish hearts sinne wholly hath subdu'd,
Whil'st good men now are griev'd, though you be glad,
They weake, (yet pure) you strong, (yet stain'd, and lew'd)
Huge are the oddes betwixt the best and bad,
Which darkely here, hence shall be cleerely view'd.
When of Gods wrath the winde sifts soules at last,
They shall abide, you vanish at a blast.

25

Gods benefits though like to both design'd,
Whil'st judgement doth upon weake sight depend,
Yet th'inward eyes a mighty difference finde,
To ballance them whil'st spirituall thoughts ascend,
The gift is one, but not the givers minde,
The use is one, but not the users end.
God so would clogge the one, the other raise,
Those take themselves to please, they him to praise.

26

The godly ill, the wicked good may have,
And both may be whil'st here, pleas'd, or annoy'd ;
But as they are, all make what they receive,
Not reall of it selfe, but as imployd ;
Those temporall treasures monuments doe leave,
As by a blessing, or a curse convoy'd.
But this is sure, what ever God doth send,
To good mens good, to evill mens evill doth tend.

27

God, soules to cure, doth divers Balmes apply,
Whil'st his intent the successe still doth crowne ;
Some are press'd downe, lest they should swell too high,
Some are rais'd high, lest that they should sinke downe :

[194] GH. Whose Soules your Hearts, whose Hearts Sinne hath subdu'd [201] GH. On outward Eyes whilst Iudgement doth depend [203] GH. The inward Eyes [204] GH. To ballance both [209] GH. The Good oft euill, the Euill oft good may haue [210] GH. And by the contrarie both may be cloyd [217] GH. God to cure Soules [218] GH. still the euent doth crowne

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Some must have wealth, their charity to try,
Some poverty, their patience to renowne.
" He who made all, knowes all, and as they neede
" Not as they wish, makes things with his succeed.

28

Since worldly things, God makes both sorts possesse,
Whose use in them a gratefulnesse should move :
Let us seeke greater things (though seeming lesse)
Which for one sort doe onely proper prove,
That heavenly grace, whose power none can expresse,
Whose fruits are vertue, zeale, faith, hope, and love.
" The godly may the wickeds treasures gaine,
" But theirs the wicked never can attaine.

29

Ah, why should soules for senselesse riches care !
They mercy neede, it is a way to wrath :
The first man he was made, the rest borne bare ;
Those floting treasures come, and goe with breath.
Not mortals goods, no, mortals evils they are,
Which (since but dead) can nothing give save death.
Their seed base care, their fruit is torturing paine,
A losse when found, oft lost, the loosers gaine.

30

The greatest good that by such wealth is sought,
Are flattering pleasures. which (whil'st fawning) stayne,
A smoake, a shadow, froth, a dreame, a thought,
Light, sliding, fraile, abusing, fond, all vaine ;
Which (whil'st they last, but shewes) to end soon brought,
Of bravest thoughts, the liberty restraine.
As of heavens beauties, clouds would make us doubt,
Through mists of mindes, the sprite peeps faintly out.

[226] GH. Ingratitude .or Gratefulnesse to moue [228] GH. Which to one sort doth [229] GH. That secret Grace [231] GH. The Wickeds Treasures Godley men may gaine [238] GH. (since being dead) can naught afford but [239] GH. burd'nous Paine [245] GH. Which shewes (when staying) soone dissolu'd in naught [246] GH. Do to the mind as Clouds to Skies remaine

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31

That King (of men admir'd, of God belov'd),
Whom such none did preceede, nor yet succeede,
Who wisedomes minion, vertues patterne prov'd,
Did shew what heighth of blisse this earth could breed,
Whose minde and fortune in like measure mov'd,
Whil'st wealth and wit striv'd which should most exceed,
Even he was cross'd alive, and scorn'd when dead,
By too much happinesse, unhappy made

32

Her store, franke nature prodigally spent,
To make that Prince more than a Prince esteem'd,
Whilst Art to emulate her mistresse bent,
Though borrowing strength from her, yet stronger seem'd,
He nothing lack'd, which might a minde content,
What once he wish'd, or but to wish was deem'd.
For, thoughts of thousands rested on his will,
Great fortunes finde obsequious followers still.

33

With God the Father, he who did conferre,
And of the Sonne plac'd for a figure stood,
He to Gods law did his vile lust preferre,
His lust as boundlesse as a raging floud ;
Who would have thought he could so grosly erre,
Even to serve Idols, scorne a God so good ?
" The strong in faith (when destitute of grace)
" Like men disarm'd, fall faintly from their place.

34

Gods way cannot be found, his course not knowne,
As hearts he did enlarge, or else restraine,
Some were made Saints, who Saints had once o'rethrowne,
Some once thought holy, turn'd to be prophane,

252 GH. He show'd 253 GH. equall Meruailes mou'd 255 GH. Yet he (when quicke) was cross'd 256 GH. By Happinesse too much 258 GH. more then 261 GH. He wanted naught 263 GH. For thousands Reason 266 GH. for a Paterne 271 GH. (when God abstracts his Grace) 274 GH. As Thoughts 276 GH. Some highly Holy

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To mocke mens judgement, justifie his owne,
Whil'st God by both did magnifi'd remaine.
Let none presume, nor yet all hope despise ;
When standing feare, when falne, still strive to rise.

35

Through hell to heaven since our Redeemer past,
Thinke that all pleasure purchas'd is with paine,
Though the first death, none shall the second taste,
Who are with God eternally to raigne ;
Chus'd, call'd, made holy, just and glorious last,
'Twixt heaven and earth they have a spirituall chaine,
Whose fastening faith, whose linkes are all of love,
Through clouds by Gods own hand stretch'd from above.

36

Let not the godly men affliction feare,
God wrestle may with some, but none o'rethrowes,
Who gives the burden, gives the strength to beare ;
And best reward the greatest service owes,
Those who would reape, they at the first must eare ;
Gods love, his faith, a good mans trouble showes.
" Those whom God tryes, he gives them power to stand,
He *Iacob* toss'd, and help'd, both by one hand.

37

Loe, since first chus'd ere made, much more ere prov'd,
Th'elected are not lost when as they stray,
And let none aske what so to doe God mov'd :
His will his word, his word our will should sway ;
He hated *Esau*, and he *Iacob* lov'd,
Hath not the Potter power to use the clay ?
And though his vessels could, why should they plead,
If to dishonour, or to honour made ?

[277] GH. magnifie his Owne [278] GH. glorified remaine [280] GH. Who stand, feare fals, who fall, expect to rise [283] GH. But though first Death [284] GH. Whom God predestinates with him to raigne [286] GH. them holds a spirituall Chaine [292] GH. And greatest Seruice greatest Guerdon owes [296] GH. tost, and stay'd [297] GH. Sine first being chus'd [298] GH. A Soule elected cannot lose though stray

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38

Some dare tempt God, presuming of his grace,
And proudly sinne, (as sav'd assur'd to be)
Nor care not much what course they doe imbrace,
Since nought (they say) can change Gods first decree :
No, none findes heaven, but heavenly wayes must trace :
The badge the bearer shewes, the fruits the tree.
Who doubt, doe good, as those who would deserve,
Who trust, be thankefull, both God better serve.

39

With gifts fit for their state, all are endu'd ;
Grace mercy still, wrath justice doth convoy ;
God cleares their sight of whom he will be view'd,
And blindes them here, whom hence he will destroy,
Those whom he did elect, them he renew'd,
Those whom he leaves, they sinne, and sinne with joy :
Such live like beasts, but worse (when dead) remaine,
Beasts dead, lose sense, death gives them sense with paine.

40

This froward race that to confusion runnes,
Through selfe-presumption, or distrust of God,
Shall once disgorge the surfet of their sinnes,
Whil'st what seems light, then proves a burd'nous lode,
With them in judgement once when God beginnes
To beat, to bruise them with an iron rod :
" Whil'st aiery pleasures, leaden anguish bring,
" Exhausted honey leaves a bitter sting.

41

Yet wicked men, whom foule affections blinde,
Darc say (O now that heaven not brimstone raynes !)
Let us alive have what contents the minde,
And dread (when dead) threats of imagin'd paines ;

309 GH. No, None find Heauen, but heauenly Wayes first trace 311 GH. Who Safetie doubt, do as you might deserue 317 GH. those he renewd 321 GH. rinnes 332 GH. brags of imagin'd Paines

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The debt we sweet, the interest easie finde,
At least the payment long deferr'd remaines :
Who shadowes feare whilst they the substance keepe,
But start at dreames, when they securely sleepe.

42

Ah filthy wretch, more high thy fancies lift,
(That doth encroach which thou would'st thus delay)
Then Eagle, arrow, Shippe, or winde, more swift,
(Match'd onely by it selfe) time posts away,
Straight of all soules, God shall the secrets sift,
And private thoughts, with publike shouts display.
Then when times glasse (not to be turn'd) is runne,
Their griefe still growes, whose joyes were scarce begun.

43

Whil'st rais'd in haste, when soules from him rebell,
By inundations of impetuous sinne,
The flouds of Gods deep indignation swell,
Till torments torrents furiously come in,
Damnations mirrours, models of the hell,
To shew what hence not ends, may here beginne.
Then let me sing some of Gods judgements past,
That who them heare, may tremble at the last.

44

That glorious angell bearer of the light,
The mornings eye, the Messenger of day,
Of all the Bands above esteem'd most bright,
(As is amongst the rest the month of May)
He whom those gifts should humbled have of right,
Did (swolne with pride) from him who gave them stray.
And sought (a traitour) to usurpe his seate,
Yea worse (if worse may be) did prove ingrate.

337 GH. thy Fancies higher lift 340 GH. slides away 348 GH. violently rinne
357 GH. should haue engadg'd of right

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45

Their starry tailes the pompous Peacocks spreade,
As of all birds the basenesse thus to prove,
So Lucifer who did hels legions leade,
Was with himselfe preposterously in love ;
But better Angels scorning such a head,
No flattering hope to leave their Lord could move.
" Those who grow proud, presuming of their state,
" They others doe contemne, them others hate.

46

The divell to all, an easie way affords,
That strife which one devis'd, all did conclude,
Their armour malice, blasphemy their swords,
Darts sharp'd by envy, onely aym'd at good :
They when they met, did need to use no words,
The thoughts of others, who soone understood.
By bodies grosse when they no hindrance have,
Pure sprites (at freedome) all things may conceive.

47

As where uncleannesse is, the Ravens repaire,
The spotted band swarm'd where he spu'd his gall,
Who fondly durst with God (foule foole) compare,
And his apostasie applauded all,
Then to usurpe heavens throne, did bend their care,
So hasting on the horrour of their fall,
Whose trayterous head made (like a whore that strayes,)
His flaming beauties prodigall of rayes.

361 GH. His starrie Taile the pompous Peacok streames 362 GH. the basenesse to disproue 363 GH. So *Lucifer* insulted in his Beames 364 GH. (As since *Narcissus*) with himselfe in loue 365 GH. And better Angels scorn'd (whilst drunk with dreames) 366 GH. If Enuy not, at least Disdaine to moue 369 GH. To Wickednesse the Wicked soone accords 372 GH. Their darts of Enuy 373 GH. And when they mette they vs'd not many Wordes 374 GH. Thoughts vtter most when they are vnderstood 376 GH. The Spirits (being pure) may others mindes perceaue 378 GH. spent his Gall

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48

Whil'st vainely puft up with preposterous aymes,
He even from God his treasure striv'd to steale,
The Angels good (those not deserving names)
With sacred ardour, boldly did appeale ;
Their eyes shot lightning, and their breath smoak'd flames,
As ravish'd with Gods love, burnt up with zeale.
All lifted up their flight, their voyce, their hands,
Then sang Gods praise, rebuk'd rebellious bands.

49

This mutiny a monstrous tumult bred,
The place of peace all plenish'd thus with armes ;
Bright *Michael* forth a glorious squadron led,
Which forc'd the fiends to apprehend their harmes,
The lights of heaven look'd pale, clouds (thundring) shed,
Winds (roaring trumpets) bellow'd loud alarmes :
Thinke what was fain'd to be at *Phlegra* bounds,
Of this a shadow, ecchoes but of sounds.

50

O damned dog, who in a happy state,
Could not thy selfe, would not have others bide :
Of sinne, death, hell, thou open didst the gate,
Ambitions bellowes, fountaine of all pride,
Who force in heaven, in Paradice deceit,
On earth us'd both, a traitour alwaies try'd.
O first the ground, still guilty of all evils,
Since whom God Angels made, thou mad'st them divels.

51

When them he view'd, whose power nought can expresse,
To whose least nod the greatest things are thrall,
Although his word, his looke, his thought, or lesse,
Might them have made dust, ayre, or what more small,

394 GH. being plenish'd thus 403 GH. Sinne, Death and Hell, thou opened first their gate

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Yet he (their pride though purpos'd to represse)
Grac'd by a blow, disdain'd to let them fall.
But them reserv'd for more opprobrious stripes,
As first of sinne, still of his judgement types.

52

Those scorned Rivals, God would judge, not fight,
And then themselves none else, more fit could finde,
Brands for his rage, (whil'st flaming at the height,)
To cleare their knowledge it with terrour shin'd ;
Whose guilty weakenesse match'd with his pure might,
Did at an instant vanish like a winde.
" Their conscience fir'd, who doe from God rebell,
" Hell first is plac'd in them, then they in hell.

53

That damned crue, God having spy'd a space,
First, lightning lookes, then thundred forth those words,
Baites for my wrath, that have abus'd my grace,
As once of light, of darkenesse now be Lords,
Where order is, since forfeiting your place,
Passe where confusion every thing affords.
And use your spight to pine, and to be pin'd,
Not Angels, no, doe evils as divels design'd.

54

If we great things with small things may compare,
Or with their Maker, things that have been made,
Marke when the Falcon fierce soares through the ayre,
The little feathered flockes fall downe as dead ;
As darkenesse flyes, heaven (like a Bride) lookes faire,
When *Phœbus* forth doth fiery Coursers leade,
Like some Bride-groome bent for his wedding place,
Or like a mighty man to runne his race.

416 GH. Iudgements 417 GH. scorned Riuals 422 GH. Did freeze with Horrour each amazed Mind 423 GH. kindled who from God rebell 427 GH. Woods for my Wrath 431 GH. by pyning, and being pyn'd 433 GH. If with Great things we Small things 435 GH. As when the Falcon

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55

Even so as lightning (flashing from the sky)
Doth dye as it descends, scarce seen when gone,
More fast then follow could a thought, or eye,
Heavens banish'd rebels fell downe every one ;
Then abject runnagates over all did flye,
As seeking desarts where to howle and moane.
O what a deadly storme did then begin,
When heaven rain'd divels to drown the world with sin !

56

That forge of fraud, evils centre, spheare of pride,
From blisse above, whom Gods owne breath had blowne ;
He, who his strength in heaven in vaine had try'd,
(As dogs bite stones for him who hath them throwne,)
Did hunt Gods image, when in *Adam* spy'd,
And (grudging at his State) despis'd his owne :
It never ended yet, which then began,
His hate to God, his envy unto man.

57

Ere tainted first with that most fatall crime,
Then *Adam* liv'd more blest then can be thought :
Babe, Infant, Childe, Youth, Man, all at one time,
Form'd in perfection, having need of nought,
To paradice preferr'd from abject slime,
A graine of th'earth to rule it all was brought.
With him whom to content, all did contend,
God walk'd, and talk'd, as a familiar friend.

58

Then of his pleasures to heape up the store,
God *Evah* did create with beauties rare,

[442] GH. Doth die as it descends, gone with a glance [444] GH. downe in a trance [446] GH. As seeking out some place to hide their Chance [453] GH. Gods Image did pursue in [454] GH. And did despite his state, despise his owne [456] GH. His Hate towards God [457] GH. twyse fatall [462] GH. of Earth [463] GH. Him to content whilst all things did contend [464] GH. talk'd with him as with his Friend [466] GH. God *Euah* form'd adorn'd with Beauties rare

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Such as no women had since ; none before,
Thinke what it is to be divinely faire,
And then imagine her a great deale more ;
She, principall, the rest but copies are.
No height of words can her perfections hit,
The worke was matchlesse, as the worke-mans wit.

59

The worlds first father what great joyes did fill,
Whil'st Prince of Paradice from trouble free,
The fairest creature entertain'd him still ;
No rivall was, he could not jealous be,
But wretched prov'd, in having all his will,
And yet discharg'd the tasting of one tree.
" Let one have all things good, abstract some toy,
" That want more grieves, then all he hath gives joy.

60

Through *Edens* garden, stately *Evah* stray'd,
Where beauteous flowers her beauties backe reglanc'd
By natures selfe, and not by art array'd,
Which pure (not blushing) boldly were advanc'd ;
With dangling haires the wanton Zephyres play'd,
And in rich rings their floting gold enhaunc'd.
All things concurr'd, which pleasure could incite,
So that she seem'd the centre of delight.

61

Then could she not well thinke, who now can tell
What banquetted her sight with objects rare ?
Birds striv'd for her whose songs should most excell,
The odoriferous flowres perfum'd the ayre :
Yet did her breath of all most sweetly smell,
Not then distemper'd with intemperate fare.
No mixtures strange, compos'd corrupting food,
All naturally was sweet, all simply good.

467 GH. Such as none since a Woman did decore 468 GH. perfectly faire 469 GH. imagine her, euen much, then more 470 GH. but Pictures are 473 GH. huge Ioyes 477 GH. Being onely wretch'd

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62

But ah! when she the apples faire did spy,
Which (since reserv'd) were thought to be the best;
Their fained pretiousnesse enflam'd to try,
Because discharg'd, she look'd where they did rest,
Luxuriously abandon'd to the eye,
Swolne, languishing (like them upon her brest.)
" Ah curiousnesse, first cause of all our ill,
" And yet the plague which most torments us still!

63

On them she (doubtfull) earnestly did gaze,
The hand oft times advanc'd, and oft drawne backe,
Whil'st Sathan cunningly her parts did praise,
And in a Serpent thus his course did take:
Your state is high, you may more high it raise,
And may (with ease) your selves immortall make.
This pretious fruit God you forbids to eate,
Lest (knowing good and evill) you match his state.

64

Those fatall fruits which poison'd were with sinne,
She (having tasted) made her husband prove;
What could not words of such a Sirene winne?
O woe to man, that woman thus can move!
He him to hide (his falls first marke) did rinne,
Whom knowledge now hath learn'd to loath, and love.
Death from that tree did shoot through shadowes darke,
His rest an apple, beauty was his marke.

65

Thus good and evill they learn'd to know by this,
But ah the good was gone, the evill to be:

499 GH. Their preciousnesse suppos'd 500 GH. By being discharg'd 502 GH. like those 506 GH. The Hand being oft aduanc'd 507 GH. Her State and Beautie entring thus to praise 508 GH. Whilst subtle Sathan in a Serpent spake 509 GH. higher 510 GH. (as Gods) 517 GH. first Course

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Thus monstrously when having done amisse,
They cloathing sought (of bondage a decree)
" Loe, the first fruits of mortals knowledge is,
" Their nakednesse, and hard estate to see :
" Thus curiousnesse to knowledge is the guide,
" And it to misery, all toiles when tryde.

66

Marke *Adams* answer when his Maker crav'd,
If that his will had beene by him transgress'd ;
The woman (Lord) whom I from thee receiv'd,
Did make me eate, as who my soule possess'd :
The woman said, the Serpent me deceiv'd :
Both burden'd others, none the fault confess'd.
Which custome still their faulty race doth use,
" All first doe runne to hide, next to excuse.

67

But he who tryes the reynes, and views the heart,
(As through the clouds) doth through fraile bodies see,
And is not mock'd by mens ridiculous art,
By which their crimes encreast, more odious be :
Who proudly sinne, they must submissely smart,
Loe, God craves count of what he did decree.
And those who joyn'd in sinne, are punish'd all,
All *Adams* partners crush'd were with his fall.

68

Thus God first damn'd the fountaine of deceit,
O most accurst of all the beasts which breed,
Still wallowing in the dust (a loathsome state)
Drawn on thy belly basely shalt thou feed ;
The woman thee, thou shalt the woman hate.
Which hatred still inherit shall her seed

523 GH. When They so monstrously had done amisse 524 GH. sought (poore Shift) from Shame to free 526 GH. and Miserie to see 532 GH. She made me eat 536 GH. do rinne 540 GH. Crimes made more 545 GH. God thus 548 GH. shall thou 549 GH. thou shall

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Whose fierce effects both mutually shall feele,
Whil'st he shall breake thy head, thou bruise his heele.

69

And woman weake, whose thought each fancy blowes,
I will encrease thy griefe, thy joyes restraine,
And since thy judgement doth depend on showes
Thou to thy husband subject shalt remaine :
And (bringing forth thy brood with bitter throwes,)
What was with pleasure sown, shalt reape with paine.
Those beauties now which mustred are with pride,
In withered wrinckles, ruinous Age shall hide.

70

Fond *Adam*, thou (obeying thus thy wife)
What I commanded violate that durst :
Cares shall exhaust thy dayes, paines end thy life,
Whil'st for thy cause the earth becomes accurst,
With thornes and thistles, guerdoning thy strife,
Who sweating for thy food, art like to burst.
And looke no more for rest, for toile thou must,
Till whence first com'd, thou be turn'd back to dust.

71

By Angels arm'd barr'd from the pleasant place,
When wretched *Adams* pilgrimage was past,
The tree of sinne o're-shadowing all his race,
They from their minds all love of God did cast,
Them to reclaime who did contemne his grace,
Who weary was with striving at the last,
And of the world a harvest made by raine,
Did straight resolve to try new seede againe.

72

Yet since that *Noah* uprightly had liv'd,
He and his race stood safe on horrours height,

556 GH. shall remaine 558 GH. shall reape 568 GH. Till whence thou came
575 GH. Of all the World 576 GH. He did resolue

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And when all creatures ruine was contriv'd,
Did live secure the forty-day-long night :
To make the world repent, that good man striv'd,
His swelling engine building in their sight.
" But with the wicked what can well succeed,
" In whom perswasions obstinacy breed.

73

Whil'st sin o're-flow'd the world, Gods wrath o're-flam'd,
Which when rais'd high, downe flouds of vengeance pours,
As *Noahs* preaching oft times had proclaim'd,
(Heavens threatning straight to drown the highest Towers:)
Clouds clustred darknesse, lightnings terrour stream'd,
And rumbling thunders usher'd ugly shoures ;
Whil'st ravenous tempests swallow'd up the light,
Day (dead for feare) brought forth abortive night.

74

From guests prophane that th'earth might be redeem'd,
The lights of heaven quench'd in their lanternes lay,
The cloudy conduits but one Cisterne seem'd,
Whil'st (save the waters) all things did decay :
The fire drown'd out, heavens all disolv'd were deem'd,
Ayre water grew, the earth as wash'd away :
By monstrous storms, whil'st all things were o're-turn'd,
Then (save Gods wrath) in all the world nought burn'd.

75

Men to the mountaines did for helpe repaire,
Whence them the waves did violently chase ;
In natures scorne, came scaly squadrons there,
The forrests guests inheriting their place :
By too much water, no, for lacke of ayre,
All were confounded in a little space.

580 GH. They liu'd secure 582 GH. His swelling Bulwarke battering 583 GH. nought can 585 GH. As the Worlds Sinnes ou'rflow'd 593 GH. that Earth 595 GH. The Azure Vaults

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" One creature needs all th'elements to live,
" But death to all one element can give.

76

That moving masse against the storme did strive,
Which all the creatures of the world contayn'd ;
As through the deepes it through the clouds did drive,
Not by the Compasse, nor the Rudder rayn'd :
No Port, no land was, where it could arrive,
Whil'st th'earth with waters levell all remain'd.
The waves (the world all else as hush'd) at once,
Roard forth a consort with mens dying grones.

77

But when o're all Gods breath did ruine blow,
The Arke with others sinne from death did save :
Him whom the raging flouds did not o'rethrow,
Who (of Gods judgements judge) did all perceive,
A little liquour did at last o'rethrow,
Which to his sonne to mocke occasion gave.
" Thus drunkennesse disdaineful scorne doth breed,
" A fertile vice which others still succeed.

78

As the first world did first by pride offend,
Whose burning rage to such a height did runne,
That it to quench, God did the waters bend :
O drunkennesse, the second worlds first sinne,
The course of vice that Element must end,
Which is oppos'd to that which did begin.
In every thing Gods justice we may spy,
" As flouds drown'd pride, flames drunkennesse must dry.

607 GH. The Elements with Anguish we enjoy 608 GH. All must nurse one, One thus may all destroy 609 GH. That vaulting Vault 611 GH. And whyls through Depthes, whyls through 615 GH. being hush'd 626 GH. did win 630 GH. oppos'd to it

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79

The peopled world soone left the Lord to feare,
And Sathan in their soules did raise his Throne ;
O what a burden nature, do'st thou beare,
Since that to sinne and live, seeme both but one !
Men *Babels* Towers against the starres did reare,
Since like deserving, fearing what was gone,
As though that God could but one plague command ;
(Ah fooles) what strength against his strength can stand ?

80

Whil'st fondly they proud weaknesse did bewray,
(Who can the deeps of his high judgements sound ?)
By making their owne tongues their hearts betray,
The Thund'rer straight those Titans did confound :
Here divers tongues the worke of men did stay,
Which afterwards the worke of God did ground.
" One meanes made Christians joyne, and Ethnicks jarre,
" Did helpe th'Apostles, *Babels* builders marre.

81

When purpos'd to dissolve quicke clouds of dust,
Gods wrath (as stubble) sinners doth devoure ;
That towne to sacke, which had not ten men just,
He brimstone rain'd (O most prodigious shoure !)
Their bodies burn'd, whose soules were burn'd with lust,
What fayre was, ugly, what was sweet, grew sowre.
Yet of that fire, *Lot* scap'd the great deluge,
" Gods holy Mountaine is a sure refuge.

82

I thinke not of the ruine of those states,
Which since but strangers to the ground of grace,

633 GH. When Men againe to fill the World did weare 634 GH. Straight in their Soules did Satan raise his Throne 644 GH. Those *Titans* straight the Thund'rer 647 GH. The Mind (not meanes) effectuall doth remaine 648 GH. What help'd Apostles, hindred the Prophane 657 GH. I recken not the ruine 658 GH. Which being but

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Were carried head-long with their owne conceits,
And even (though brightly) blindely ran their race :
Gods firme decrees, which fondly they call'd fates,
Did bound their glory in a little space.
Whil'st tempests huge toss'd their tumultuous mindes,
Like Reeds by Rivers wav'ring with all windes.

83

Such rais'd not for their good, but for Gods ends,
When bent his owne to punish, or support,
Doe (as his arrowes) hit but where he tends,
Else of themselves their power doth not import ;
His spotted flocke, when he to purge intends,
They are but tooles us'd in a servile sort,
To fanne or cleanse, such fannes or Besomes are,
Which afterwards he not in wrath doth spare.

84

Proud *Ashur* first did daunt all other soiles,
Till barbarous *Persia* did become her head ;
The Greekes did glory in the Persians spoiles,
Whose Prince at last, *Rome* did in triumph leade ;
Rome (ravishing the earth) bred bloudy broiles,
Yet was by whom she scorn'd a widdow made.
" The world a Tennis-court, the Rackets fates,
" Great Kings are bals, when God will tosse their states.

85

To them whom God to doe great things doth chuse,
He generous mindes, and noble thoughts imparts,
And doth in them all qualities infuse,
That are requir'd to act heroicke parts ;
Of matters base, then making others muse,
He breaks their sprites, and vilifies their hearts.
" As greatnesse still a gallant mind preceeds,
" A staggering courage, ruine still succeeds.

668 GH. nought import 669 GH. When he his spotted Flocke 671 GH. as Fannes, or Beesomes they 672 GH. Which when the Worke is done, are throwne away 688 GH. Fortunes fall succeeds

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86

Of *Greece* and *Rome*, the glory mounting high,
Did minds amaze, (made all the Muses song,)
On both the wings of worth, whil'st it did flye,
By valour rais'd, borne up on learning long ;
But (loe) both base in abject bondage lye,
Whose brood proves now as faint, as once thought strong.
That which their Empires (made their enemies spoiles,)
Their sprites seeme too transferr'd to forraine soiles.

87

For, nations once which strangers were to fame,
On whom (as Monsters) civill lands did gaze ;
Those who in scorne did them Barbarians name,
Doe now farre passe in all which merits praise:
Thus glories Throne is made the seate of shame,
Who were obscure, doe honour highest raise.
" Nought constant is below, no, not true worth,
" It melted South, and freezes in the North.

88

What heart not quakes to thinke what scroules record,
The vengeance huge inflicted oft below ?
Not onely Gentiles thus as then abhorr'd,
High indignation justly did o'rethrow ;
That heritage long labour'd by the Lord,
Which (as his portion) he would onely owe.
As loath'd for sinne, or for repentance lov'd,
Gods minion still, or slave to strangers prov'd.

89

By monstrous plagues, God did his power expresse
In *Nilus* bounds, which yet admir'd remaines,
The subtile Sorcerers forcing to confesse,
That his owne finger pointed out their paines ;

689 GH. The glancing Glory dazeled euery Eye 690 GH. Of *Greece* and *Rome* 691 GH. which forth did flie 693 GH. But now 700 GH. Do now surpasse 705 GH. where as it doth record 706 GH. whyles below 707 GH. thus being then abhorr'd 713 GH. Gods Minion whyles, a Strangers Slaue whyles prou'd

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The Seas retir'd, would not his will transgresse,
Till squadrons march'd upon their Virgin playnes.
He gloriously triumph'd o're *Pharaohs* hoast,
What *Israel* sav'd, that the *Egyptians* lost.

90

God made not wonders strange to *Iacobs* brood,
When their great journey boldly was begun,
Over them a cloud by day, by night fire stood,
A guide, a guard, a shadow and a sunne,
Rockes vomited a floud, heavens raind down food,
Canaan was miraculously wonne.
Their armes did Armies spoile, huge Gyants kill,
Weake blasts breach'd walls, the Sun (as charm'd) stood still.

91

But who can thinke and trust, trust, not admire,
That those ingrate to such a God could prove ;
Who oft had seen (above their owne desire)
His power by wonders, and by gifts his love ?
Yet they provok'd the holy one to ire,
And did the mightie indignation move.
Till as abhorr'd, the land did spue them forth,
And Euphrates did swallow Iordans worth.

92

That Realme the worlds first froth, and now the lees,
Of which for *Israel*, Angels hosts had slaine ;
The Lord transplanting men (as men doe trees)
It *Israel* made a captive to remaine :
The stately Temple nought from ruine frees,
Whose sacred vessels, Ethnicks did prophane.
Yet (when repenting) all turn'd backe by faith :
" Sole mortals teares doe quench th'immortals wrath.

721 GH. God Wonders made not 732 GH. By Wonders Power, by Benefits his Loue 736 GH. And *Iordans* Glory grac't *Euphrates* Worth 743 GH. Yet all turn'd back by a repenting Faith 744 GH. Teares quench the

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93

Of all the workes which God for us hath wrought,
None more to stray opinions course permits,
Then our salvation, offred, urg'd, not sought,
And curious natures course the truth worst hits :
What was contemn'd, a pretious treasure bought,
A mystery surmounting vulgar wits.
" The worker, not the worke must move our mindes :
" Celestial secrets, faith (not reason) findes.

94

O ! who could looke for glory from the dust ?
Or for a Saviour fettred in the grave ?
The power which wrought it, must give power to trust,
Else natures strength will but make wit to rave :
O justice mercifull, O mercy just !
He gave his best belov'd his foes to save.
And even to suffer, suffer did his Sonne,
" The victory over hell is hardly wonne.

95

The word was flesh, the God-head dwelt with men,
Invisible, yet subject to the sight,
He whom no bounds could bound, was bounded then,
Whil'st th'earthly darknesse clouded heavenly light :
Birds had their nests, and every beast a den,
Yet had he nought who did owe all of right.
No kinde of thing the wicked world could move,
Not wonders done below, words from above.

96

Those wonders then which sacred writs record,
Did some convert, a multitude amaze,
What did not Gods owne word doe by a word ?
Lame ranne, Deafe heard, Dumb spake, Divels fled, Dead raise,

[745] GH. And yet of all the Workes which God hath [748] GH. At which who highest aymes the Trueth [756] GH. This Iudgement else all Iudgements will deceaue [760] GH. He lost

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Of servants servant, whil'st of Lords the Lord,
Did seeke but his owne paine, mans good, Gods praise.
To marry heaven with earth whil'st he began,
God without Mother, without Father man.

97

Who never did begin, he would begin,
That lifes chiefe fountaine might of life be reav'd ;
The innocent would beare the weight of sinne,
That by his sufferings, sinners might be sav'd,
Yet that which God must give, and none can winne,
(Though offred freely) many not receiv'd.
Whil'st on a tree Christ gain'd (when tortur'd most)
What by a tree for pleasure *Adam* lost.

98

The worlds great Iudge was judg'd, and worldlings stood,
Even glories Glory, glorying to disgrace ;
They damn'd as evill, the Author of all good,
(Though death of death) who unto death gave place :
Ah, for our ransome offering up his bloud,
Great was the warre he had to make our peace !
The heire of heaven daign'd to descend to hell,
That in the heaven, hell-worthy men might dwell.

99

The Father saw the Sonne surcharg'd with woe,
Yet would to calme his griefe, no favour show ;
For man could not repay, nor God forgoe,
That debt which the first man did justly owe :
Christ (as a God) could not have suffered so,
Nor have as man prevail'd, but both below.
He men most grac'd, when men him most disgrac'd :
Iustice and mercy mutually imbrac'd.

775 GH. He first beganne 786 G. glorious Glory 790 GH. Huge was 795 GH. could not refound

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100

When God confirm'd with many fearefull wonder,
The great worke which was wrought for them he lov'd,
Heaven (clad with darknesse mourn'd,) th'earth sob'd asunder :
Thus creatures wanting sense, were highly mov'd,
Who should have had, had none, nor could not ponder,
What did import the anguish that he prov'd.
But of his torments strange which did abound,
Ah, mans ingratitude did deepest wound.

101

O ! wicked off-spring of a godly Sire,
Who saw the Saviour of the world arise,
That which your fathers did so oft desire,
Yet could not get that which you did despise :
Who mercy mock'd, prepare your selves for ire.
He lives, he lives, whose death you did devise.
His bloud (not spent in vaine) must wash, or drowne :
Those whom it doth not save, it shall sinke downe.

102

To rest on them and theirs, Iewes who did cry
For Christs contemned bloud, had what they sought ;
" Then bloud, no burden with more weight doth lye,
Even as they his, so was their o'rethrow wrought :
They by the Roman power did make him dye,
And them the Roman power to ruine brought :
Whil'st for their cause, God every thing had curst,
Romes mildest Emperour prov'd for them the worst.

103

Ierusalem the faire, *Iehovahs* love,
Repudiated by disdainefull wrath.
A bastard race did beare, whom nought could move ;
A vile adultresse violating faith ;

818 GH. whome it cannot cleanse

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Then did the worlds delight her terrour prove,
And harmes perform'd fore-told by sacred breath :
Nought rested where the stately City stood,
Save heapes of horrour rais'd of dust and bloud.

104

But (murd'ring Saints) in wickednesse grown bold,
That Town which long was drunk, last drown'd with bloud
That Town by which who bought the world was sold,
Sold with disgrace, beheld her scorned brood :
Them lov'd by God, men did in honour hold,
And loath'd by God, with them in horrour stood.
Then Iewes whom God high rais'd, and low doth bow,
What name more glorious once, more odious now ?

105

When of salvation, joyfull newes were spread,
With spirituall grace, all nations to bedew,
Whil'st famish'd soules that sacred Nectar fed,
The Lord strange judgements, millions made to view,
And those who first fierce persecutions bred,
A jealous God with vengeance did pursue.
The wrath that he against his servants beares,
Is kindled by their sinne, quench'd by their teares.

106

By him who first 'gainst Christ did ensignes pitch,
His Brother, Mother, Wife, and selfe was slaine ;
The great Apostate wounded in a ditch,
Did grant with griefe the Galileans raigne ;
Of him whose errours did whole Realmes bewitch,
The death most vile, did viler doctrine staine.
" A monstrous death doth monstrous lives attend,
" And what all is, is judged by the end.

847 GH. His Wrath against Themselues, against their Foes 848 GH. Is quensh'd, is kindled by his Seruants Woes

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107

He who made *Himens* torch drop bloud, and teares,
(The nation most humane, growne inhumane)
Did bloud (when dead) at mouth, nose, eyes, and eares,
As vomiting his surfet so againe :
In crime, and crowne like charge his brother beares ;
The bloudy band by mutuall blowes was slaine.
The King, the Duke, the Fryer, devis'd that ill,
The King the Duke, the Fryer the King did kill.

108

Whose sight is so eclips'd which now not sees,
In every Kingdome, Province, Towne and race,
On Princes, Subjects, men of all degrees,
What weighty judgements, sinners steppes doe trace ?
Which not the Crowne, more then the Cottage frees ?
The wicked man (sayes God) shall have no peace.
" A countenance calme may maske a stormy minde,
" But guiltinesse no perfect ease can finde.

109

Those temporall plagues are but small smoakes of ire,
To breach a breast which is not arm'd with faith,
And are when God due vengeance doth require,
Of indignation drops, weake sparkes of wrath ;
As lightning is to hels eternall fire,
Or to a tempest huge, a little breath.
So are all those of this which I proclaime,
A puffe, a glance, a shadow, or a dreame.

110

As weigh'd by God, still ballanc'd hangs this round,
Which sinne (grown heavy) now quite downward beares ;
Exhausted courage, horrour shall confound,
Till hopes high towers rest all o'reflow'd with feares :

858 GH. being Inhumaine 861 GH. Crowne his second fraught with Feares
881 GH. hings

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All shall together fall, as by one wound,
Not having time to flye, no, not for teares.
On day as night (as on the wearied sleepe)
Death steales on life, and judgements way doth sweep.

111

All clearely see who lifes short race doe rinne,
Though this last judgement they would not admit,
That fatall doome inflicted first for sinne,
Which (whil'st not look'd for) doth most certaine hit,
And of all soules the processe doth beginne ;
For straight when death arrests, the Iudge doth sit.
To beare this charge, all fortifie the minde,
" As death us leaves, so judgement shall us finde.

112

Death each man daily sees, but none fore-sees,
The wage of sinne, the Iubilee of cares,
First judgement threatned, base corruptions lees,
Inheritance that serves all *Adams* heires,
And marshalling (not partiall) all degrees,
The charge enjoyn'd for no respect that spares,
What agues, wounds, thoughts, pains, all breaching breath,
Are Heraulds, Serjeants, Vshers, posts of death.

113

Death dores to enter at, and darts to wound,
Hath as the heaven hath starres, or sea hath sands ;
What though not sicke, not stab'd, not choak'd, burnt, drown'd,
Age matchlesse enemy all at last commands ?
O what designes the Emperour pale doth bound,
Built of bare bones, whose arch triumphall stands !
Ah for ones errour, all the world hath wept,
The golden fruit, a leaden Dragon kept.

890 GH. The last Decree though being suspended yet 892 GH. Though not attended, doth not doubted hit 895 GH. For this first Charge 901 GH. Iust onely Equaller of all Degrees

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114

Then since sinnes hang-man, natures utter foe,
By whom true life is found, lifes shadow lost,
A thousand fancies interrupting so,
When least expected, doth importune most :
Haste, haste your recknings, all must pay, and goe,
Guests of the world, poore passengers that post,
" And let us strive (a change thus wisely made)
" To dye alive, that we may live when dead.

115

All thinke whil'st sound, what sicknesse may succeed,
How in the bed imprison'd ye may be,
When every object, loathsomnesse doth breed,
Within, without, that soule, or eyes can see,
To trembling nature, which still death doth dread,
Whil'st griefe paints horrour in a high degree,
The body in the bed, thoughts in it roule,
The conscience casting up a bitter scroule.

116

But when th'externall powers begin to faile,
That neither tongue can give, nor eares receive,
Friends (wretched comforters) retir'd to waile,
To agonize the soule alone doe leave,
Which Sathan straight with squadrons doth assaile,
Then bent to force whom first he did deceive ;
Who once entic'd, then to accuse beginnes,
To wakened soules upbraiding buried sinnes.

117

That fatal conflict which all flesh doth feare,
By helpes from heaven, which foughten out, and wonne,
Whil'st soules to heaven triumphing Angels beare,
This mortall race magnanimously runne :

[918] GH. Passengers who post [919] GH. being wyselie [926] GH. Griefe paints out Horrour [938] GH. Heauen being foughten, past, and wonne [939] GH. Whilst it to Heauen

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Of them that are to decke the highest sphere.
The soule shall shine more glorious then the Sunne.
Whil'st cloath'd with righteousnesse, a Priest, a King,
Hell where's thy victory, death where thy sting?

118

O! when to part, God doth the soule permit,
Rais'd from her shell, a pearle for Sion chus'd,
She recollects (accomplish'd ere she flit)
Her faculties amidst fraile flesh diffus'd;
As judgement, reason, memory, and wit,
Then all refin'd, no more to be abus'd.
And parts in triumph, free from earthly toiles,
Yet longs perchance to gather up her spoiles.

119

Let those great plagues (smoakes of our Makers ire)
Make all in time their inward state reforme,
Those plagues of which, loe, even to sing I tyre,
Ah, what doe those who beare their ugly forme!
Yet they but kindlings are of endlesse fire,
And little drops which doe foregoe a storme.
Look, look, with clouds heavens bosome now doth swell,
To blow the wicked to the lowest hell.

941 GH. As being ordain'd to decke 944 GH. Hell where thy Victorie 950 GH. Being all refyn'd 951 GH. Then parts 950 GH. else doth swell

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The second HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

That threatned time which must the world appall,
Is (that all may amend) by signes fore-showne,
Warres rumor'd are, the Gospell preach'd o're all,
Some Iewes convert, the Antichrist growes knowne :
Divels rage, vice raignes, zeale cooles, faith failes, stars fall,
All sorts of plagues have the last Trumpet blowne :
And by prodigious signes it may appeare,
That of the Sonne of man the signe drawes neare.

I

THOUGH thundring down those who transgresse his lawes,
And with disdaine his bounty do abuse :
As Adamants doe iron, repentance drawes
The Lord to love them whom he first did chuse ;
A space retir'd from the tempestuous waves,
The Port of mercy must refresh my Muse ;
Whose ventrous flight all loftinesse must leave,
And plainly sing what all men should conceive.

[4] GH. is known [7] GH. may plaine appeare

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2

The Lord delights not in a sinners death,
But sheepe which stray, toiles to recover still ;
To please a Sonne who had deserv'd his wrath,
His Calfe (long fed) the father straight did kill :
Not for the best whose thoughts (sway'd by his breath)
Had squar'd his actions onely to his will ;
His Calfe, Gods Lamb, were given the lost to gaine,
His best sonne griev'd, Gods onely Sonne was slaine.

3

Who can expresse, consider, or conceive,
Our Makers mercy, our Redeemers love,
Or of that sprite the power, which who receive,
By sacred ardour ravish'd are above ;
O ! to create, to sanctifie, to save,
Ingratitude to gratefulnesse may move :
Who weighs those works (else damned were his state)
Must (if no more) be griev'd to be ingrate.

4

First, ere by ends beginnings could be prov'd,
Whil'st time nor place, to limit nought attain'd.
All wholy holy, wholy to be lov'd,
God in himselfe, and all in him remain'd :
Whil'st both the Sunne, and spheare in which he mov'd,
That which contain'd, and that which was contain'd ;
Truth lightned light, all in perfection stood,
More high then thoughts can reach, all God, all good.

5

All this alone the Lord would not possesse,
But would have some who taste his goodnesse might,
Which (when bestow'd) in no degree growes lesse ;
What darker growes the Sunne by giving light ?

[23] GH. both feasted the Prophane [24] GH. His Best was grieu'd [32] GH. for being ingrate [43] GH. Which by being giuen in no Degree proues lesse

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Yet, not that grace o'reflow'd, as in excesse :
All was (of purpose) providently right.
His glories witnesses God men did raise,
That they might it admire, him serve, and praise.

6

When God in us no kinde of good could see,
Save that which his, we not our owne could call,
Great was his favour, making us to be
Even ere we were, much lesse deserv'd at all ;
What ? since in us affection must be free,
Who dare presume to make our Makers thrall ?
He first us freely made, when nought, of nought,
And (when sinnes slaves) with his own bloud us bought.

7

Though sometime some inspir'd by God, we see,
Do gratefull, yea, not meritorious deeds ;
The fruit, not root of mercies saving tree,
Which was Christs crosse whence all our rest proceeds ;
As owing most, they should most humble be,
To him whose grace in them such motions breeds.
From whom so good a minde, and means, they had,
Where others were abandon'd to be bad.

8

The Lord to those whose souls produce his seale,
Doth give good things, as who them justly owes,
Bound by his promise, pleaded with true zeale ;
Which all the arguments of wrath o'rethrows,
Whil'st they from it to mercy do appeale,
Which justifies all that repentance shows ;
God sinnes confess'd with griefe, with joy forgives,
That which faith humbly seeks, power freely gives.

45 GH. Not that his Blisse ou'rflow'd, no, not beguesse 50 GH. Save that which first was from Himselfe to fall 56 GH. When sold to Sinne 57 GH. Though Some sometime 58 GH. Doe gratefull, I, not 63 GH. for Good a Mind

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9

He who (when pilgrims) all their trouble sees,
The faithfull souls from danger doth secure ;
And them from fetters of corruption frees,
As griev'd that mortals should such griefe endure ;
But now for them (whom he to save decrees)
He shall true rest perpetually assure.
At that great Court which must determine all,
Even till Christ rise as Iudge, from *Adams* fall.

10

Their bloud which Tyrants (by evill Angels led)
Like worthlesse waters lavish'd on the dust,
From out the Altar cries, all that was shed,
From *Abel* till (and since) *Zachary* the just,
To see the wicked with confusion cled,
When judg'd by him in whom they would not trust.
" The sorrow of his Saints doth move God much :
" No sweeter incense then the sighs of such.

11

God is not slack as worldlings do suppose,
But onely patient, willing all to winne ;
Times consummation quickly shall disclose,
The period of mortality, and sinne,
And for the same his servants to dispose,
Else charg'd by signes the processe doth begin,
Signes which each day upbraid us with the last,
Few are to come, some present, many past.

12

What fatall warnings do that time presage,
A due attendance in the world to breed :
(Though oftner now) some us'd in every age,
And some more monstrous, straight the day preceed :

[76] GH. Grieu'd for the Grieues which Mortalls must endure [77] GH. (fulfilling first Decrees)

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Ah! flie the flames of that encroaching rage,
And arme against these terrors that succeed :
For whom the first not frights, the last confounds,
As whil'st the lightning shines, the Thunder wounds.

13

Whil'st threatning worldlings with the last deluge,
Old *Noah* scorne acquir'd, but never trust :
Though building in their sight his owne refuge,
So were the people blinde with pride and lust ;
And ere the coming of the generall Iudge,
To damne the bad, and justifie the just,
Even when the tokens come, which Christ advis'd,
As *Noahs* then, Christs words are now despis'd.

14

As lifes last day hath unto none beene showne,
That still (attending death) all might live right :
So that great Iudgements day is kept unknowne,
To make us watch, as Christ were still in sight ;
Like Virgins wise with oyle still of our owne,
That when the Bridegroome comes, we want not light.
" Live still as looking death should us surprise,
" And go to beds, and graves, as we would rise.

15

O what great wonder that so few are found,
Whom those strange signes make griev'd, or glad, appeare !
Though that day haste which should their souls confound,
Or from corruption make them ever cleare.
If holy *Ierome* thought he heard the sound
Of that great Trumpet thundring in his eare,
What jealous cares should in our brests be lodg'd,
Since greater sinners, nearer to be judg'd ?

103 GH. not feares 108 GH. drunke with 113 GH. Euen as the Lifes last Day to None was shown 126 GH. dread Trumpet

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16

When will to man, or rather man to will,
Was freely given, straight discord did begin :
Though brethren borne, th'one did the other kill,
Of those who first were made lifes race to runne.
Thus striving (as it seem'd) who did most ill,
The father fell, the sonne did sink in sinne.
Love *Adam* lost, but *Cain* did kindle wrath,
The author breeding, th'actor bringing death.

17

Thus at the first contentious worldlings jarr'd,
Of all the world when onely two were heires ;
And when that Nations were, then Nations warr'd,
Oft sowing hopes, and reaping but despaires ;
Base avarice, pride, and ambition marr'd
All concord first, and fram'd death divers snares :
" Though as a winde soone vanish doth our breath ;
" We furnish feathers for the wings of death.

18

Lo, as the sacred Register records,
Strife is (still boyling mortall mens desires)
The thing most fertile that the world affords,
Of which each little sparke may breed great fires.
Yet that portentuous warre which Christs owne words
Cites as a signe when judgement th'earth requires,
It is not that which vaine ambition bends,
By partiall passions rais'd for private ends.

19

Such was the warre which in each age was mov'd,
When by preposterous cares from rest restrain'd :
Bent to be more then men, men monsters prov'd,
Who (Lords of others) slaves themselves remain'd.

130 GH. then Discord 131 GH. Though Brether earst one did another kill 133 GH. to rinne 135 GH. *Cain* kindled 143 GH. soone blasted is our Breath 145 GH. Though as 156 GH. Whilst others Lords, who their owne Slaues remain'd

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For, whilest advancement vaine they fondly lov'd,
The devill their souls, whilest they but bodies gain'd ;
So with their owne disturbing every state,
They bought hels horrors at too high a rate.

20

Christ came below, that souls might be releev'd,
Not to breed peace, but worse then civill warres :
Broyls amongst brethren, scarce to be beleev'd ;
Even twixt the sonne and syre engendring jarres.
" God must be pleas'd who ever else be griev'd ;
" The Gospels growth no Tyrants malice marres.
As *Ægypts* burdens *Israels* strength did crowne,
" The truth most mounts when men would presse it downe.

21

Those warres that come before that fatall day,
End things begun, and endlesse things begin :
Are not us'd broils which States with steele array,
Whilest worldlings would but worldly treasures winne.
No, even Religion shall make peace decay :
And godlinesse be made the ground of sinne.
Then let the world expect no peace againe,
When sacred causes breed effects prophane.

22

Such warres have beene, some such are yet to be,
What must not once plague *Adams* cursed brood ?
Ah that the world so oft those flames did see,
Which zeale had kindled to be quench'd with bloud,
Whil'st disagreeing thoughts in deeds agree,
Some bent for Sprituall, some for Temporall good,
" Hels fire-brands rage, whil'st zeale doth weakly smoke,
" When policy puts on religions cloke.

163 GH. among 168 GH. mounts most 173 GH. must make 174 GH. appeare the Ground

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23

All Nations once the Gospels light shall see,
That ignorance no just excuse may breed,
Truth spreads in spite of persecution free :
The bloud of Martyrs is the Churches seed,
That it receiv'd, or they condemn'd may be,
All on the word their soules may sometime feed,
The Word by which all help, or harme must have,
" Those knowledge damnes, whom conscience cannot save.

24

When bent to mitigate his Fathers wrath,
Mans mortall veile the God-head did disguise,
The worlds Redeemer was engag'd to death,
And rais'd himself to shew how we should rise ;
Those twelve whose doctrine builded on his breath,
To beare his yoke all Nations did advise,
They terrours first, and then did comfort sound,
For, ere the Gospell heale, the Law must wound.

25

In simple men who servile trades had us'de,
(The wisest of the world are greatest fools)
The holy Ghost one truth, all tongues infus'de,
And made them teach who never knew the Schools ;
Yea, with more power the souls of men they brus'd,
Then Rhetorick could do with golden rules,
" The Sprite (when God the souls of men converts)
" Doth move the teachers tongues, the hearers hearts.

26

The South was first of Soveraigntie the seat,
From whence it springing, spread to neighbouring parts,
And then some States did strive how to be great,
By morall vertues, and by martiall arts,

[189] GH. That it contemn'd, or they [198] GH. did entyse [209] GH. As Temporall Power nere to the hottest Pole [210] GH. At first being sprung, then spred in other parts [211] GH. One State ou'r all did to the Starres extoll

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Till colder climats did controll that heat,
Both shewing stronger hands, and stouter hearts,
And whil'st each Prince was onely prais'd as strong,
The way to greatnesse, went by ruine long.

27

The light of heaven first in the East did shine,
Then ranne the course kept by the earthly light,
And did (as zeale in Realmes) rise, and decline,
Still giving day to some, to others night,
The faith of man yet toild it to refine,
And left no land till loath'd, not forc'd, no flight,
Christs light did still amongst the Gadarens shine,
Till to his presence they preferr'd their swine.

28

Where are these Churches seven, those lanterns seven,
Once *Asias* glory, grac'd by sacred scroules ?
With monsters now, as then with Martyrs even,
The Turke their bodies, Sathan rules their soules,
Lands then obscure are lifted up to heaven,
Whose souls like *Linxes* look, whilst theirs like Owles,
Those whom the word renown'd, are knowne no more,
Those know God best, who scarce knew men before.

29

The worlds chiefe state old *Rome* with glory gain'd,
Of which the losse her Nephews shame did seale,
The Gospels truth at *Rome* long taught remain'd ;
But now she would the same too much conceale,
Thus Temp'rall power, and Sprituall both *Rome* stain'd,
Growne cold in courage first, and last in zeale,
The Church first stood by toils, whil'st poore, still pure,
And straight whil'st rich then rent, fell when secure.

213 GH. did that Heat controll 215 GH. That Miserie Reliefe, Plagues following Sinne 216 GH. Slaues Libertie, Lords Bondage did beginne 221 GH. toyl'd it first to fyne 223 GH. The *Gadarens* in their Land did Christ confyne 235 GH. once taught 236 GH. Yet from that puritie her Heires appeale 240 GH. being rent

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30

From offring grace no storme the Word can stay,
Ere judgement come to those who will receive,
In this last age Time doth new worlds display ;
That Christ a Church over all the earth may have,
His righteousnesse shall barbarous Realmes array,
If their first love more civill Lands will leave,
America to *Europe* may succeed,
God may of stones raise up to *Abram* seed.

31

The Gospell clearly preach'd in every place,
To Lands of which our Fathers could not tell,
And when the Gentiles all are drawne to grace,
Which in the new *Ierusalem* should dwell,
Then shall the stubborne Iews that truth imbrace,
From which with such disdaine they did rebell ;
Who first the Law, shall last the Gospell have,
Christ whom he first did call, shall last receive.

32

When God would but be serv'd by *Iacobs* brood
(By his owne mercy, not their merits mov'd)
The Gentiles did what to their eyes seem'd good,
And, Sathans slaves, the works of darknesse lov'd :
They unto Idols offred up their bloud,
Yea (bow'd to Beasts) then beasts more beastly prov'd,
Those whom God did not chuse, a god did chuse,
And what they made, did for their maker use.

33

But when that onely soile too narrow seem'd,
To bound Gods glory, or to bound his grace ;
The Gentiles soules from Sathan he redeem'd,
And unto *Shems* did joyne of *Iaphets* race :

243 GH. Worlds bewray 247 GH. To *Europe* may *America* 249 GH. once being preach'd 255 GH. last shall

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The bastard bands as lawfull were esteem'd ;
The strangers entred in the childrens place.
Who had beene Infidels imbrac'd the faith,
Whil'st mercies Minions vessels were of wrath.

34

That chosen flock whom to himself he drew,
Who saw not *Iacobs* fault, nor *Israels* sinne :
When we regener'd, they degener'd grew ;
To lend us light their darknesse did begin.
Yea, worse then we when worst, Gods Saints they slew.
And when that his wine-yard they entred in,
They first his servants kil'd, and then his Sonne,
" Nought grows more fast then mischiefe when begun.

35

Sonnes of the second match whom Christ should crowne,
Ah brag not you as heritours of grace :
The naturall branches they were broken downe,
And we (wilde Olives) planted in their place.
Feare, feare, lest seas of sinnes our soules do drowne,
Shall he spare us who spar'd not *Abrams* race ?
As they for lack of faith, so may we fall ;
" What springs in some, is rooted in us all.

36

Till ours be full though *Israels* light lyes spent,
Our light shall once them to salvation leade ;
Is God like man that he should now repent,
That promise which to *Abrams* seed was made ?
For his great harvest ere that Christ be bent,
The Iews shall have a Church, and him their head,
Both Iews and Gentiles once, one Church shall prove.
We feare their Law, they shall our Gospell love.

271 GH. The Infidels grew glorious by their Faith 278 GH. Vine-yard they come to winne

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37

This signe it seemes might soone accomplish'd be,
Were not where now remaines that race of *Shems*,
The Gentiles dregges, and Idols which they see,
Makes them loath all, for what their law condemnes ;
To be baptisde yet some of them agree,
Whil'st them their mates, their mates the world contemnes ;
And why should we not seek to have them sav'd,
Since first from them salvation we receiv'd ?

38

When the Evangell most toil'd souls to winne,
Even then there was a falling from the faith :
The Antichrist his kingdome did begin
To poyson souls, yet ere the day of wrath
Once shall perditions Childe, that man of sinne
Be to the world reveal'd, a prey to death.
God may by Tyrants scourge his Church when griev'd,
Yet shall the scourge be scourg'd, the Church reliev'd.

39

The Antichrist should come with power and might,
By signes and wonders to delude the eyes :
Thus Sathan seemes an Angell oft of light,
That who the truth contemn'd, may trust in lyes :
And this with justice stands, even in Gods sight,
That he in darknesse fall, the light who flyes :
" And, oh ! this is the uttermost of ill,
" When God abandons worldlings to their will.

40

This adversary of Christs heavenly word,
Should straight himselfe extoll by Sathans wit,
Over all that is call'd God, or is ador'd ;
And of iniquity no meanes omit,

310 GH. reueal'd, and plagu'd to Death 313 GH. did come 315 GH. whyles of Light 320 GH. doth giue one ou'r to his own Will 322 GH. He should himselfe extol

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Though worthy of the world to be abhorr'd ;
He in the Church of God, as God, shall sit :
This hypocrite huge mischiefes borne to breed,
Should look like God, yet prove a devill indeed.

41

This mysterie of sinne which God doth hate,
Even in Pauls time began, and since endur'd :
Yet could not then be knowne, till from the gate,
That which then stop'd, was razde, and it assur'd ;
The *Romane* power was at that time so great,
That of lesse States the luster it obscur'd ;
The let which then remain'd, while as remov'd,
This Antichrist, the next aspirer prov'd.

42

That sprituall plague which poysons many Lands,
Is not the *Turke*, nor *Mahomet* his Saint ;
Nor none who Christ to crosse directly stands :
He whom the Sprite takes such great pains to paint,
It must be one who in the Church commands,
No foe confess'd, but a professor faint.
For if all did him know, none would him know,
A foe (thought friend) gives the most dangerous blow.

43

Ere that day come which should the just adorne,
And shall discover every secret thought,
The Antichrist whose badge whole Lands have borne ;
The Prophet false which lying wonders wrought :
The Beast with the blasphemous mouth and horne,
Shall be reveal'd, and to confusion brought.
" For causes hid though God a space spare some,
" Their judgements are more heavy when they come.

327 GH. Mischiefe 333 GH. The *Romane* Empire then it was so Greate 336 GH. being once remou'd 340 GH. Paine 344 GH. Fain'd Friends, false Foes may whom they will ou'rthrow

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44

Th'effronted whore prophetically showne
By holy *Iohn* in his mysterious scrouls,
Whom Kings and Nations to their shame should owne,
The devils chiefe Bawd adulterating souls ;
Though scandaliz'd, and to the world made knowne,
By mingling poyson with her pleasant Bouls,
Yet shall her cousening beauties courted be,
Till all at last her fall with horror see.

45

The part where that great whore her Court should hold,
Vile *Babylon*, abhominable Towne,
Where every thing, even souls of men are sold,
Low in the dust to lye, shall be brought downe :
Her nakednesse all Nations shall behold,
And hold that odious which had once renowne ;
But her discovery, and her ruines way,
Are hid till that due time the same display.

46

Flie faithfull Christians from that sea of sinne,
Who hate the Whore, and from the horned Beast,
Flie, flie in time, before their griefe begin,
Lest as their pleasures, so their plagues you taste ;
When as the Lambe the victory doth winne,
He of fat things will make his flock a feast.
This cloud dispers'd, the Sunne shall shine more bright,
Whil'st darknesse past endeeres the present light.

[353] GH. The shamelesse Whore who sits vpon seuen Hills [354] GH. Whose Sight lasciuious riotously roules [355] GH. Whose Wine doth make Kings drunke, snares thousands wills [357] GH. The Cup of Wrath that filthy Strumpet filles [358] GH. Whose boundlesse Lust no Law, no Time controules [359] GH. That stumbling Blocke by whom so many fell [360] GH. Shall once burne here, and euer in the Hell [361] GH. where now that Whore her Court doth hold [366] GH. And burne that Body which their Soules did drown [367] GH. Whore (as she sow'd) so shall she reepe huge Euills [368] GH. Of the Worlds Mistresse made a Den of Deuils [370] GH. Whore, and the two horned

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47

Now in the dangerous dayes of this last age,
When as he knowes Christ doth to come prepare,
The divell shall like a roaring Lyon rage,
Still catching soules with many a subtile snare,
Whil'st his fierce wrath, no mischiefe can asswage,
Some by presumption fall, some by despaire,
And if this time not shortened were, deceiv'd,
Gods chosen children hardly could be sav'd.

48

Some for a glorious use who once did serve,
As starres to th'eyes, cleare lights of soules esteem'd,
Loe (stumbling blockes) from their first course did swerve,
Not what they were, else were not what they seem'd,
And justly damn'd (lights foes) as they deserve,
From darknesse more shall never be redeem'd :
" Church-Angels all, all for examples use,
" So that their fall doth many thousands bruise.

49

Men so the world shall love, religion hate,
That all true zeale shall in contempt be brought,
The sprituall lights eclipse shall grow so great,
That lies the truth, truth shall a lye be thought :
Yet some shall weigh their workes at such a rate,
As they themselves, not Christ their soules had bought :
All just to seeme, not be, their wits shall wrest,
Not bent to edifie, but to contest.

50

Some signes are gone, which registred were found,
To rouze the world before that dreadfull blast ;
But, ah ! what all now see, and I must sound,
I wish they were to come, or else were past ;

[378] GH. that Christ to come prepares [380] GH. And to catch Soules shall set a thousand Snares [381] GH. He gainst Gods Saintes twise deadly Warres shall wage [382] GH. Whilst some Presumption tempts, and some Despaires [383] GH. If that this Time [387] GH. doe swerue [389] GH. Such justly damn'd [399] GH. their Thoughts shall bend [400] GH. to contend

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Those signes, those sinnes I sing, doe warne, shall wound
This Age, too ag'd, and worthy to be last.
It signes that shadow'd were, doth so designe,
I must historifie, and not divine.

51

That his should warie be, Christ gave advice,
Since thousands were to be seduc'd by lyes ;
The divell (whil'st all adore their owne device)
Doth taint mens hearts, or else upbraid their eyes,
The froth of vertue, and the dregs of vice,
Which onely last, the worlds last time implyes.
Not griev'd, no, not asham'd, of sinne some vaunt ;
Impiety doth so vaine mindes supplant.

52

Men with themselves so much in love remaine,
The poore within, without themselves adorne,
And (if not gorgeous) garments doe disdaine,
Though the first badge of bondage that was borne,
Yet pampred bodies, famish'd soules retaine,
Which seeke the shadow, and the substance scorne.
" Ere high advanc'd, all once must humble prove,
" Those first themselves must loath, whom God will love.

53

The greatest number now prophanely sweares,
And dare to brawle, or jest, name God in vaine,
Yet that heaven thunder, or th'earth burst, not feares,
Lest so they crush'd, or swallowed should remaine :
Some vomit forth (polluting purer eares)
Words which them first, and others after staine.
" A filthy tongue, and a blasphemous mouth,
" Of Sathans seed doe shew a mighty growth.

409 GH. The Deuils last charge to shunne Christ gaue aduyce 410 GH. Since all the World would be seduc'd 411 GH. He now 412 GH. Taints all mens Hearts, or else vpbraids 414 GH. last Period tryes 415 GH. So high a point Impietie doth winne 416 GH. Not grieu'd, no, not asham'd, men bragge of Sinne 418 GH. That Rich without, and poore within being worne 430 GH. That what them first, may others

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54

That avarice which the Apostle told,
When as the world declines, mens mindes should sway,
Doth rage so now, that even their God for gold,
Not onely men, men in our time betray ;
To Sathan some for gaine their soules have sold,
Whil'st what their hearts hold truth, their words gainesay.
" By ethnickes once those must condemn'd remaine,
" Who change religion, worldly things to gaine.

55

What age ere this so many children saw,
Who with their Parents (O unhappy strife)
Doe plead at law, though wronging natures law,
And helpe to haste their death, who gave them life ?
Now vertuous words to vitious deeds doe draw :
The love of God is rare, of pleasure rife :
" This darknesse shewes that it drawes neare the night,
" Sinne then must shortly fall, since at the height.

56

Then even the most of misery to make,
The soules of some which (alwaies ill) grow worse,
(All sense quite lost) in sinne such pleasure take,
That frozen mindes can melt in no remorse ;
No threatned terrours can their conscience wake,
Sinne hath so much, the sprite so little force.
" No physicke for the sicke, which live as sound,
" A sore past sense doth shew a deadly wound.

57

As such a burden it did burst to beare,
(Through horrour of our sinnes) the earth doth shake,
And shall it selfe ofttimes asunder teare,
Ere Christ his Iudgement manifest doth make ;

443 GH. Plead still at Law 448 GH. Sinne it must 450 GH. still being euill

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Or else I know not, if it quake for feare
Of that great fyre which should it shortly take ;
The living earth to move, dead earth doth move,
Yet earthly men then th'earth more earthly prove.

58

In forraine parts whose ruines fame renownes,
In indignation of her sinfull seed,
(As men should doe their eyes) the earth God drownes,
Which (that some captiv'd aire may straight be freede)
Doth vomit mountaines, and doth swallow Townes ;
The worlds foundation brandish'd, like a Reed,
Whil'st with pale hearts the panting people thinke,
That hell will ryse, or that the heaven will sinke.

59

One Earth-quake toss'd the Turkes imperiall head,
Dayes sensible, but violent some howers,
Till in that Towne a monstrous breach was made,
(As charg'd at once by all the damned powers)
I know not whether buried first, or dead,
Troupes seem'd to strive in falling with their Towers,
Whilst those who stoode long trembling did attend,
That all the world (at least themselves) should end.

60

Twixt *Rome* and *Naples* once (in envies eye)
What stately Townes did the worlds Conquerours found,
Which now wee not (noe, not their ruines) spie,
Since layde more low then levell with the ground ?
They with all theirs en-earth'd by Earth-quakes lye,
Whose stones (drawne down where darkenes doth abound)
Like *Sisiphus* perchance a number roules,
Else *Dis* builds dungeons for the damned soules.

462 GH. shortly sacke 465 GH. Whyles in some parts 468 GH. Which those to plague who the first cause did breede 470 GH. brangling lyke a Reede 479 GH. all trembling 481 GH. Twix 484 GH. Being laide

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61

Late neare those parts whose ruines men admire,
Where wealth superfluous Idle wonders wrought,
An earth-quake strange amazement did acquire,
A plaine conceav'd, and forth a mountaine brought,
Which divers dayes disgorged flames of fyre,
And stones whose substance was consum'd to nought ;
Hells fyre it seem'd which (as Gods wrath) did rise,
Growne great, flam'd forth, upbraiding sinners eyes.

62

Last in this land our eyes saw one of late,
Whose terrour from some mynds rests not remoov'd,
Then any else as strange, though not soe great,
Not violent, but universall prov'd,
As if of Natures course the threatned date,
All at one houre this kingdome trembling moov'd ;
The old State lothing, longing for a new,
Th'earth leapes for joy, as straight to have her due.

63

But ah who walkes, when rock'd is all this round,
Or stryves to stand though even the earth thus starts ?
Though God doth tosse this Ball till it rebound,
Who lest it part, from his corruption parts ?
Ah ! that the world soe sencelesse should be found,
Both heaven and earth doe shake, but not mens hearts ;
Since for his word the world disdaynes to bow,
Dumbe Creatures doe denounce Gods Iudgements now.

64

I thinke the earth by such strange throwes would tell,
How much she doth her present state despise ;
Or else all those who in her bowels dwell,
Doe rouze themselves, as ready now to ryse :

495 GH. Wrath still lights 496 GH. Sinners sights 504 GH. as ready to renew

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Her belly thus growne big doth seeme to swell,
As one whose travell soone should her surprise ;
And yet her broode she viper-like must free,
Whose course must end when theirs beginnes to be.

65

As God that day of doome strives to make knowne,
By monstrous signes which may amaze the mynde,
That judgement great by judgements is foreshowne,
Whil'st all the weapons of his wrath have shin'd,
That others may (whil'st some rest thus o'rethrowne)
Stand in the furnace of affliction fin'd ;
" For still the wretched most religious prove,
" And oft examples more then doctrine move.

66

The Sword of God shall once be drunke with bloode,
And surfet on the flesh of Thousands slaine
Of those who (following evill) doe flie from good,
And (scorning Christ) professe to be prophane,
From Gods wine-presse of wrath shall flowe a floode,
Which shall with blood their horses bridles staine ;
None may abide, nor yet can flie his sight,
When arm'd with vengeance God doth thundring fight.

67

When father-like God chastising his childe,
Plagu'd all the subjects for their Soveraignes crime,
What thousands then were from the world exil'd ?
Even in three dayes (so soon turnes flesh to slime)
The earth made waste, men had no more defil'd,
Had but one Angell warr'd a little time :
Since by Gods word, the world did made remaine,
Lesse then his look may ruine it againe.

[531] GH. do flee

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68

The pestilence of wrath chiefe weapon thought,
Which of all plagues, the plague is onely call'd,
As if all else (respecting it) were nought,
It hath so much the mindes of men appall'd ;
That wound by Gods own hand, seems onely wrought,
Whose mediate meanes scarce rest to reason thrall'd :
That which we not conceive, admire we must,
And in Gods power above our knowledge trust.

69

That poyson'd dart, whose strength none can gaine-stand,
God us'd but rarely (when enflam'd with wrath,)
And had it once been brandish'd in his hand,
All trembling stood (as 'twixt the jawes of death)
Then now it selfe, the fame more mov'd this land,
Of that great frenzy which infects the breath :
" A thing thought strange, by habite homely proves.
" What first all griefe, at last all sense removes.

70

Once in one age, few dayes, and in few parts,
The pest some people to repentance urg'd,
And did with terrour strike the strongest hearts,
Whil'st his Vineyard the heavens great husband purg'd,
The quiver of whose wrath did raine downe darts,
By which of late what kingdome was not scourg'd ?
So that men now not feare that whip of God,
Like boyes oft beaten, that contemne the rod.

71

Loe, in this stately Ile, admir'd so much,
What Province, no, what Towne hath not been pyn'd
By that abhorr'd disease, which strikes who touch,
Whil'st byles the body, madnesse swels the minde ?

553 GH. whose Power 554 GH. God rarely vs'd in time of greatest Wrath
555 GH. once but brangled 567 GH. more fear'd

Digitized by Google

Ah, of some Townes, the anguish hath been such,
That all, all hope of safety had resign'd :
Whil'st friends no comfort gave, no, no reliefe,
The sicknesse onely (not the death) bred griefe.

72

This raging ague bursts so ugly out,
Till men of those whom they love best, are dread ;
Whil'st danger all in everything doe doubt,
Men by the plague (made plagues) as plagues are fled,
And are with horrour compass'd round about,
When that contagion through the ayre is spread ;
The ayre which first our breath (abus'd) doth staine,
It poison'd so, but poisons us againe.

73

What thing more wretched can imagin'd be,
Then is a towne where once the pest abounds ?
There not one sense rests from some trouble free ;
Three doe infect, and two (though pure) beare wounds ;
Oft in one hole heapes throwne at once we see,
As where to bury fear'd for want of bounds :
Yea, whil'st in plaints they spend their plaguy breath,
Of all things that are fear'd, the least is death.

74

Death (whil'st no drugge this feavers force o'rethrowes)
Oft ere the patient the Physitian clames,
The ayre they draw their heate more high still blowes,
Till even what should refresh, then most enflames ;
Of damned soules the state their torment showes,
Who gnash their teeth as cold, whil'st fry'd with flames :
And 'twixt their paines this difference but comes in,
Death ends the one, the other doth beginne.

579 GH. Then Danger 586 GH. the Botch abounds 587 GH. some Burden 590 GH. Men fear'd Want 595 GH. Heate still higher 596 GH. thus most 598 GH. whilst Fire enflames 599 GH. And twix their Paines this difference only winnes 600 GH. but beginnes

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75

To plague those parts where Christs owne troups do dwell,
The Angell that destroyes hath most been bent,
That whom words could not move, wounds might compell,
Ere ruine come, in time now to repent,
By paine on earth, made thinke of paine in hell,
As this they flye, that that they may prevent.
" What can discourage those whom Christ doth love,
" To whom evill good, griefe joy, death life doth prove ?

76

Where we should alwaies strive the heaven to gaine,
By prayers, plaints, and charitable deeds,
To raise up earth on earth, our strength we straine,
So base a courage, worldly honour breeds ;
This doth provoke the darts of Gods disdaine,
By which of some the wounded conscience bleeds :
" All head-long runne to hell, whose way is even ;
" But by a narrow path, are drawn to heaven.

77.

Of vengeance now the store-house opened stands,
O what a weight of wrath the world (ah) beares !
Through terrour straight, why tremble not all lands,
When God in rage a throne of justice reares ?
And poures downe plagues whil'st brandishing his brands ;
The pest now past, straight famine breeds new feares.
" Still thinke that mischiefe never comes alone,
" Who worse presage the present lesse bemone.

78

Since that the world doth loath celestiall food,
That spirituall Manna which soules Nectar proves,
By grace drawne forth from the Redeemers bloud,
A gift (and no reward) given where he loves,

603 GH. may compell 609 GH. alwayes fight 615 GH. headlongs 618 GH. now beares 622 GH. The Pest being past the World next Famine feares 624 GH. Those who feare more what is the lesse doe mone 628 GH. A Gift (no Guerdon) giuen to whom

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Those who terrestriall things thinke onely good,
Them want shall try, whom no abundance moves :
" For, ah, of some so fat the bodies be,
" That of their soules they not the leannesse see.

79

Gods creatures (oft condemn'd) shall once accuse
Those who in wantonnesse them vainely spent,
And justly, what unjustly they abuse,
Shall unto them more sparingly be lent,
That which they now superfluously use,
Shall (made a curse) not natures need content.
" A barren soule should have a barren earth,
" Oft temporall plenty breeds a sprituall dearth.

80

Those in the dust who still prophanely roule,
Whose thorny thoughts doe choake that heavenly seed,
Which by the word was sown in every soule,
Shall likewise want what should their bodies feed :
What most they trust, shall once their hopes controule,
By earthly hunger, heavenly thirst to breed.
Thus those (like babes) whose judgement is not deepe,
Who scorn'd a treasure, shall for trifles weepe.

81

What Sauces strange (a fault which custome cloakes)
To urge the bodies appetite are made,
Which natures selfe sufficiently provokes ?
But of the soule, when carnall cares it leade,
The appetite which, (ah) even nature choakes,
What art is us'd to quicken it when dead ?
Whil'st bodies doe too much, soules nought disgest,
But when the others fast, are fit to feast.

655 GH. When Bodies

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82

Base belly-gods, whose food is Sathans bate,
Whose judgements to your taste rest onely thrall,
The Lord in wrath shall cut away your meate,
And for your honey, furnish you with gall,
Like loathsome beasts since you the Acornes eate,
Yet looke not up to see from whence they fall ;
Sonnes prodigall, who from your father swerve,
You keeping worse then swine, shall justly sterve.

83

To waken some which sleepe in sinne as dead,
The Lord ere Christ doe come all states to try,
Since but abus'd, shall breake the staffe of bread,
And as we him, make th'earth us fruits deny ;
The corne shall wither, and the grasse shall fade,
Then men to nurse, since rather bent to dye ;
As dutifull to him by whom they breed,
Gods creatures pure, his rebels scorne to feed.

84

Now in this time which is the last esteem'd,
The sprites impure, doe all in one conspire,
And worke that God by men may be blasphem'd,
To purchase partners of eternall fire,
That who should them condemne, hath us redeem'd,
Makes envy blow the bellowes of their ire,
Till wicked Angels irritated thus,
Not seeke their safety, but to ruine us.

85

More neare doth draw salvation to the just,
The more the Dragons minde doth envy wound,
That men (the slaves of death, the sonnes of dust)
As heires of heaven, with glory should be crown'd,

667 GH. whose Boord 667 GH. Since being abus'd 670 GH. Then to nurce Men being

Digitized by Google

And that perpetuall paines they suffer must,
Though (all immortall) to no bodies bound :
" Hearts gall'd with envy, storme at every thing,
" Whom still their harme, or some ones good must sting.

86

Mans foe who first confusion did devise,
(By long experience growne profound in skill)
Through strength oft try'd our weakenesse doth despise,
And knowes what best may serve each soule to kill :
He unawares our passions doth surprise,
And to betray our wit, corrupts our will.
" Whom God not guards, those Sathan soon may win,
" Whil'st force doth charge without, and fraud within.

87

That heire of hell, whom justly God rejects,
(Who sought by subtilty all soules to blinde,)
Not onely shafts in secret now directs,
By inspirations poysoning the minde,
But even a Banner boldly he erects,
As this worlds Prince by publike power design'd :
From shape to shape, this *Proteus* thus removes,
Who first a Foxe, and last a Lyon proves.

88

He since his kingdome now should end so soone,
Doth many *Circes*, and *Medeas* make,
That can obscure the Sunne, and charme the Moone,
Raise up the dead, and make the living quake,
Whil'st they by pictures, persons have undone,
Doe give to some, from others substance take :
Three elements their tyranny doth thrall,
But oft the fourth takes vengeance of them all.

687 GH. Nought true repose to the enuious brings 688 GH. Whom their owne harme, or others good still stings 693 GH. He to his part our Passions doth entise

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89

Whil'st in his hand the bolts of death he beares,
Still watching soules the crafty hunter lyes
With inward fancies, and with outward feares,
Whom he may tempt, continually he tryes ;
Whil'st (rumbling horrour) sounds assault the eares,
And monstrous formes paint terrour in the eyes :
He who with God even in the heaven durst strive,
Thinks soon on earth, mens ruine to contrive.

90

As many did possess'd by sprits remaine,
When first Christ came, salvation to beginne,
So likewise now before he come againe,
Some bodies daily which they enter in,
By desp'rate meanes would be dispatch'd of paine,
Else (bound in body) loose their soules to sinne,
And if that God not interpos'd his power,
Hels tyrant straight would every soule devoure.

91

In some whom God permits him to abuse,
The Prince of darknesse doth at divers houres,
His subtile substance fraudfully infuse
Till they his sprite, his sprite their soules devours :
He as his owne doth all their members use,
And they (as babes with knives) worke with his powers.
O monstrous union, miracle of evils,
Which thus with men incorporates the divels !

92

When erst in *Delphos*, after ugly cryes,
The Priestresse *Pythia* seeming to be sage,
Big by the divell, delivered was of lyes,
She to the terrour of that senslesse age,

717 GH. Whyles 718 GH. Whyles Monstrous 728 GH. Straight euery Soule Hells Tyrant would deuore 730 GH. The Lord

Digitized by Google

Still panting, swolne, hell flaming through her eyes,
Roar'd forth responses by propheticke rage ;
And to her Lord whil'st prostituted thus,
An image was of whom he fils with us.

93

Of those who are posses'd in such a sort,
Some to themselves whom Sathan doth accuse,
They mad (or he in them) doe bragge, or sport,
And whil'st they would the lookers on abuse ;
Doe secrets (to themselves not known) report,
And of all tongues the eloquence can use :
All what each age devis'd observing still,
" The divell knowes much, but bends it all to ill.

94

O heavens be hid, and lose thy light O Sunne !
Since in the world (O what a fearefull thing !)
The divell of some so great a power hath wonne,
That what was theirs, he doth in bondage bring,
Then from their body speakes (as from a tunne),
As sounds from bels, or flouds through rockes do ring.
Deare Saviour rise, and in a just disdaine,
This Serpent bruise, this Leviathan reyne.

95

The Sunne and Moone, now oftentimes look pale,
(As if asham'd the shame of men to see)
Or else grown old, their force beginnes to faile,
That thus so oft eclips'd their beauties be,
And o're their glory, darknesse doth prevaile,
Whil'st faint for griefe, their ruine they fore-see :
For (as superfluous) they must shortly fall,
When as the light of light doth lighten all.

747 GH. whyles brag, whyles sport

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96

The heavenly bodies (as growne now lesse strong)
Doe seeme more slacke (as weary of their race)
So that Time rests reform'd (as quite runne wrong)
All clymats still new temperatures embrace,
What strange effects must follow then ere long ?
Some starres seem new, and others change their place ;
So altred is the starry Courts estate,
Astrologues want intelligence of late.

97

Each element by divers signes hath showne,
That shortly evill must be discern'd from good ;
The Earth (ag'd Mother) loe, is barren growne,
Whose wombe oft worne, now torne, doth faile in brood,
And may (since staggering else) be soone o'rethrowne :
What wonder ? weake through age, and drunk with bloud,
With bloud, which still to God for vengeance cryes,
And (as o're-burden'd) groning, groveling lyes.

98

The liquid legions by tumultuous bands,
(Whose bellowing billowes to transcend contend,)
Do oft usurpe, and sometime leave the lands,
Still stor'd with monsters, which a storme portend,
Whil'st crown'd with clouds, each murmuring mountaine stands,
Which acted first, but suffer must in end :
A mighty change, heavens Monarch now concludes,
Flouds first quench'd flames, flames straight shall kindle flouds.

99

The ayre whose power impetuous nought can bound,
Doth cite all soules to Gods great Parliament,
Whil'st thundring tempests roare a rumbling sound,
And the last Trumpets terrour represent ;

769 GH. [as being grown lesse strong] 771 GH. [as being runne wrong] 779 GH. now is 787 GH. Do whyles vsurpe whyles leaue possessed Lands 788 GH. In Monsters fertill, fishes rarely lend

Digitized by Google

Those blasts denounce the ruine of this round,
Which heaven in showres seemes weeping to lament :
Thus waters wash, winds wipe, and both conspire,
That th'earth (so purg'd) may be prepar'd for fire.

100

The water th'earth, the ayre would it o'rethrow,
Whose rage by ruine onely is represt,
The high things still insulting o're the low,
Till once the highest have consum'd the rest ;
The fourth must end what the first three fore-show,
Whose proofe is last reserv'd, as thought the best :
A fyery tryall, strictly tryes each thing,
And all at last, doth to perfection bring.

101

Then natures selfe, not strong as of before,
Yeelds fruits deform'd, as from a bastard seed,
That monstrous mindes may be admir'd no more,
Whil'st monstrous bodies more amazement breed :
All the portentuous brood of beasts abhorre,
And (since prodigious) ominously dread.
Since all things change from what they first have been,
All (in another forme) shall soone be seen.

102

Few signes, or none remaine mens mindes to move,
Till of the Sonne of man, the signe crave sight ;
That glory which unspeakeable doth prove,
Christs substance, no, his shadow, yet our light,
Whose Majesty, and beauty, from above,
Shall ere he shine, make all about be bright :
The coming of the Lord, that signe bewrayes,
As lightning thunder, as the Sunne his rayes.

806 GH. as being 807 GH. euery thing defines 808 GH. to a Perfection fines 815 GH. From their first Forme since all things thus decline 816 GH. All in another Shape must shortly shine

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103

Yet this vile age (what rage ?) some mockers breeds,
That big with scorne, disdainfully dare say,
What change mad mindes with such fond fancies feeds,
From formes first known, since nought below doth stray ?
The summer harvest, winter spring succeeds,
The Moon doth shine by night, the Sunne by day ;
Males procreate, and females doe conceive,
Some daily life doe lose, some it receive.

104

O Atheists vile, else Christians void of care,
From Gods Tribunall who in vaine appeale,
That Christ to judge the world doth straight prepare,
You thus (contemning signes) a signe reveale,
Whose hearts obdur'd, the nearenesse doth declare,
Of your damnations, our salvations seale :
And whil'st your heart both heaven and hell derides,
Your judgement heaven, your torment hell provides.

105

Yet foolish soules their pleasures still affect,
(And marrying wives) what mirth may move devise,
But whil'st asleep their safety they neglect,
Christ (as a thiefe) against them shall arise,
And (in a rage) when they him least expect,
Shall slothfull servants suddenly surprise,
Who then shall wish (whil'st frighted on each side)
That from his face them hils, them hels, might hide.

106

O multitude, O multitude as sand !
A day of horrour strange shall straight appeare,
Come down, and in the threshing valley stand,
The threshing valley, loe, the Lord drawes neare,

838 GH. From the first Forme 847 GH. As Such shall wish [their Talents strictly try'd]

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And else doth take (take heed) his fanne in hand ;
Light soules, as chaffe with winde doe vanish here :
The harvest ripe, and the wine-presse is full,
Yea, wickednesse o're-flowes, all hearts are dull.

107

Seale, viall, Trumpet, seaventh, opens, powres, sounds,
What doth not intimate Gods great decree,
Which Natures course, Mans faith, Gods mercy bounds,
Even in a Time, when Time noe more shall be ;
The fyre is kindling else which all confounds ;
Gods hand (loe) writes, his ballance rais'd wee see :
When soules are weigh'd (Gods wondrous workes to crowne)
The weighty must mount up, the light fall downe.

108

But ere the deepes of wrath I enter in,
When as repentance shall no more have place,
As God a time deferres some Soules to winne,
I will suspend my furie for a space,
That ere the height of horrour doe beginne,
My thoughts may bath amid'st the springs of grace ;
To cleare some soules which Sathan seekes to blinde,
Lord purge my sp'rit, Illuminate my minde.

854 GH. Wind euanish 855 G. is ripe 860 GH. should be 867 GH. As God a while

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The third HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Whilst Angels him convoy, and Saints attend,
(The heavens as smoake all fled before his face)
Christ through the Clouds with Glory doth descend,
With Majestie, and terrour, Power and grace ;
What flye, walke, grow, swimme, all what may end, doe end.
Earth, Aire, and Sea, all purg'd in little space :
Strange preparations that great Court preceede,
Where all must meete whom any age did breede.

I

IMMORTALL Monarch ruler of the rounds,
Embalme my bosome with a secret grace,
Whil'st lifted up above the vulgar bounds,
A path not pav'd my spirit aspires to trace,
That I with brazen breath may roare forth sounds,
To shake the Heart, fixe palenesse in the face :
Lord, make my swelling voice, (a mighty winde)
Lift up the low, beate downe the loftie minde.

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2

What dreadfull sound doth thunder in myne eares ?
What pompous splendor doth transport myne eyes ?
I wot not what above my selfe me beares,
He comes, he comes who all hearts secrets tryes.
Shout, shout for joy who long have rayn'de downe teares.
Houle, houle for griefe you who vaine Ioyes most prise :
Now shall be built, and on eternall grounds,
The height of horrour, pleasure passing bounds.

3

Now (noe more firme) the firmament doth flie,
As leapes the Deere fled from the hunters face ;
Loe, like a drunkard reeles the Cristall skie ;
As garments old degraded from their grace,
All folded up heavens blew pavilion spie,
Which with a noyse doth vanish from the place ;
The Lanterne burnt, Light utters utter worth,
Drawne are the hangings, Majestie comes forth.

4

Who can abide the Glory of that sight,
Which kills the living, and the dead doth rayse,
With squadrons compass'de, Angels flaming bright,
Whom thousands serve, Ten thousand thousands praise ?
My soul entranc'd is ravish'd with that light,
Which in a moment shall the world amaze ;
That of our sprite which doth the powers condense,
Of muddy mortalls farre transcends the sense.

5

A fyre before him no resistance findes,
Fierce sounds of horrour thunder in each eare,
The noyse of Armies, tempests and whirlewindes,
A weight of wrath, more then ten worlds can beare ;

17 GH. my Eares 22 GH. Griefe in Ease who wallowing lies 29 GH. All folded vp the Azure Pallions [*spelt* pallioun*s in* H, *with the* s *erased*] 32 GH. Hingings 37 GH. Rest rauish'd 38 GH. Whose least-least part may all the World amase

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Thinke what a terrour stings distracted mindes,
When mountaines melt, and valleys burst for feare ;
What ? what must this in guilty mortalls breede,
While all this All doth tremble like a Reede ?

6

The God of battels battell doth intend,
To daunt the nations, and to fetter kings ;
He with all flesh in judgement to contend,
At mid-night comes, as on the morning wings ;
O ! Tymes last period expectations end,
Which due rewards for what hath past then brings ;
The Lords great day, a day of wrath, and paine,
Whose night of darkenesse never cleares againe.

7

That element still cleare in spight of nights,
Which (as most subtile,) mounted up above,
To kindle there perchance those glorious lights,
Which dy'd by it, as deck'd by beauty, move ;
Or else of curious thoughts too ventrous flights,
(As which may not be touch'd) a bounds to prove,
That they presume not higher things to see,
Then are the elements of which they be.

8

Marke how th'Eolian bands loos'd from the bounds,
Where them in fetters their commander keeps,
(As if the angry sprite of all the rounds,)
Like tyrants rage, till heaven to quench them weeps,
Whose rumbling fury, whil'st it all confounds,
Doth cleave the clouds, and part the deepest deeps,
By noyse above, and violence below,
Th'earth quakes and thunder both at once to show.

[48] GH. Whilst all this All stands trembling [52] GH. *Mornings* [53] GH. O tyme of Ruine ending without End [54] GH. Huge time of Vengeance where all ballanc'd hings [61] GH. Of curious Fancies else to stay the Flights [62] GH. did proue [63] GH. no higher [66] GH. the Eternall keepes [70] GH. Whyles cleaues the Clouds, whyles

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9

Even so fire which was made (nought to annoy)
To liquid limits clos'd with clouds retire,
Lest what it fosters, it might else destroy,
O ! when enlarg'd ! and kindled by Gods ire,
It him at mid-night doth as Torch convoy,
All, all will seeme a Piramide of fire :
To God what is this universall frame ?
Now but a mote, at last a little flame ?

10

The Axel-trees on which heavens round doth move,
Shrunke from their burden, both fall broken down ;
Those which to Pilots point out from above,
Their wayes through waves to riches or renowne,
And so (though fix'd) the strayers helpers prove,
Nights stately lampes borne in an azure crowne :
Those guiding starres, may (as not needfull) fall,
When worldlings wandrings are accomplish'd all.

11

The vagabonds above, lascivious lights,
Which from fond mindes that did their course admire,
By strange effects observ'd from severall heights,
(As deities) Idols altars did acquire,
Thrown from their spheres, expos'd to mortals sights,
(As abject ashes, excrements of fire.)
They (whil'st thus ruin'd) farre from what before,
Shall damne the nations which did them adore.

12

With lodgings twelve design'd by severall signes,
Now fals that building more then cristall cleare,
Which dayes bright eye (though circling all) confines,
Still tempring times, and seasoning the veare ;

92 GH. Altars Idoles 95 GH. They in their Ruines 99 GH. Which the dayes Eye

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All temporall light (no more to rise) declines,
That glory may eternally appeare :
All then made infinite, no bounds attend,
Times and halfe times quite past, Time takes an end.

13

As slimy vapours whil'st like starres they fall,
Shot from their place, do hurle alongst the skie,
Then *Pleiades*, *Arcturus*, *Orion*, all
The glistering troupes (lights languishing) doe dye ;
Like other creatures to confusion thrall,
They from the flames (as sparkes from fire) doe flye ;
The heavens at last griev'd for their falling spheares,
(All else dry'd up) weep down their stars for teares

14

As leaves from trees, the stars from heaven doe shake,
Darke clouds of smoake, exhausting those of raine,
The Moone all turnes to bloud, the Sunne growes blacke,
Which (whil'st prodigious formes they doe retaine)
Of vengeance badges, signes of ruine make,
And not ecclips'd by usuall meanes remaine :
Those common lights obscur'd, the just shine bright,
The wicked enter in eternall night.

15

Whil'st staggering reels this universall frame,
The Lord doth tread on clouds, enstall'd in state,
His Scepter iron, his Throne a fiery flame,
To bruise the mighty, and to fine the great ;
Who of his glory can the greatnesse dreame,
That once was valued at a little rate ?
He by his word did first make all of nought,
And by his word shall judge all of each thought.

[116] GH. whilst those Monstruous Formes [122] GH. The Heauens bow down with God as being his Seat [127] GH. God by his

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16

When God his people did together draw,
On Sions Mount to register his will,
He (that they might attend with reverent aw)
Came clad with clouds (sterne Trumpets sounding shrill)
And threatned death (whil'st thundring forth his law)
To all that durst approach the trembling hill :
What compassed with death, he thus did give,
Ah, who can keep, or violate, and live ?

17

Since this confounding forme did mindes to tame,
(That of their yoke all might the burden know)
Those dreadfull statutes terribly proclaime ;
All flesh for feare shall fade away below,
How they were kept when God a count doth claime,
A time of terrour more then words can show.
He gave in mercy, shall exact with ire,
The mountaine smoak'd, the world shall burn on fire.

18

In spight of Natures powers which then expire,
Through liquid limits breaking from above,
Loe, downwards tends the Tempest of this fire ;
The airie Region doth a fornace prove,
To boile her guests (as vessell of Gods ire)
Which tortur'd there can no where else remove :
Flames which should still for their confusion rage,
Thus kindled first perchance nought can asswage.

19

The growing creatures which do mount so high,
And as their earthly bounds they did disdaine,
Would (whil'st their tops encroach upon the skie)
Base men upbraid, who not their strength do straine

147 GH. down-ward 149 GH. the Vessells 153 GH. most high

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With heavenly helps still higher up to flie,
And spurne at th'earth where rooted they remaine ;
Those leavie bands while as they fanne the ayre,
As fittest baits for fire first kindle there.

20

Who can imagine this and yet not mourne ?
What battell must succeed this huge alarme ?
Of *Lebanon* the stately Cedars burne,
The Pines of *Idus* fall without an arme ;
The fertile Forrests all to flames do turne,
And waste the world which they were wont to warme.
To plague proud sinners every thing accords,
What comfort once, confusion now affords.

21

The smoaking mountains melt like wax away,
Else sink for feare (O more then fearfull things !)
They which the fields with rivers did array,
As if to quench their heat, drink up their springs ;
Like faded flowers, their drouping tops decay,
Which (crown'd with clouds) stretch'd through the aire their wings,
As did the raine, whil'st fire doth seize all bounds,
What last the first, the last at first confounds.

22

Then of that birth hils shall delivered be,
Which big by Nature they so long have borne,
Though it fond mortals (slaves by being free)
To make abortives have their bellies torne :
Gold (as when *Midas* wish, O just decree !)
Shall flow superfluous avarice to scorne.
What of all else did measure once the worth,
Shall then lye loath'd by th'aguous earth spu'd forth.

175 GH. the Fire 182 GH. superfluous Couetice

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23

The godly kings wise sonne from *Ophir* brought
With Ethnicks joyn'd (all welcome are for gaines)
What *Spanyards* now in other worlds have sought,
That golden fleece still wonne, and worne with paines :
And yet at last what all this trouble wrought,
From molten mountains shall o're-flow the plains.
Ah, ah curst gold, what mak'st thou men not do,
Since sought over all the earth, and in it too ?

24

Fond curiousnesse made our first parents fall,
And since the same hath still held downe their race ;
Whose judgements were to senselesse things made thrall,
Which God most low, and they most high do place ;
Nought in themselves, to us by us made all,
The which we first, and then they all things grace ;
But (straight dissolv'd) they shall to hell repaire,
To brave a multitude, by them drawne there.

25

At heaven (when hence) if certaine to arrive,
Then these Barbarians what could much annoy ?
Who naked walke, eate hearbes, for nothing strive,
But scorne our toyls, whose treasure is their toy ?
As *Adam* first (when innocent) they live,
And goldlesse thus the golden age enjoy ;
We barbarous are in deeds, and they in show,
Too little they, and ah too much we know.

26

What huge deluge of flames enflames my minde,
Whil'st th'inward ardour that without endeeres ?
A light (o're-flowing light) doth make me blinde,
The Sea a lanterne, th'earth a lampe appeares :

193 GH. Fond Coueting 202 GH. These barbarous Soules were well, who free from Noy 203 GH. Walke naked, feede on Herbes, and for Nought striue

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That cristall covering burn'd which it confin'de,
The way to ruine fatall lightning cleares.
Dust equals all that unto it return :
All creatures now one funerall fire doth burne.

27

The stately birds which sacred were to *Iove*,
Whose portraits did great Emperours powers adorne,
Whil'st generously their race they striv'd to prove,
Which *Titans* beames with bended eyes had borne,
Shall fall downe headlongs burning from above,
(As *Phaeton* was fayn'd) ambitions scorne.
" As fit to fall who of themselves presume,
" Those raging wrath doth at the first consume.

28

The sixth and last of that unmatched kinde,
(If each of them doth live a thousand yeares)
Shall Sabbath have in ashes still confin'd,
Whose birth, death, nest, and tombe all one appeares,
That onely bird which ov'r all others shin'd,
(As o're small lights that which nights darknesse cleares.)
He from renewing of his age by fire,
Shall be prevented ere that it expire.

29

The *Salamander* which still *Vulcan* lov'd,
And those small wormes which in hot waters dwell,
They live by fire, or dye, if thence remov'de,
But those last flames shall both from breath expell ;
Those creatures thus by burning heat oft prov'd,
Show tortur'd souls may pine, yet breath in hell :
If those in fire (and with delight) remaine,
May not the wicked live in fire with paine.

230 GH. As ouer all Lights 235 GH. This liues in Fire, that dies from it remou'd

Digitized by Google

30

That pompous bird which still in triumph beares,
Rould in a circle his ostentive taile,
With starres (as if to brave the starry spheares)
Then seemes at once to walk, to flie, to saile,
His flesh (which to corrupt so long forbeares)
Against destruction shall not now prevaile.
Those painted fowls shall then be baits for fire,
As painted fools be now for endlesse ire.

31

The *Indian Griphon* terror of all eyes,
That flying Giant, *Nimrod* of the ayre,
The scalie Dragon which in ambush lyes
To watch his enemy with a martiall care,
Though breathing flames, touch'd by a flame straight dyes,
And all wing'd monsters made (since hurtfull) rare :
" Types of strong Tyrants which the weake oppresse,
" Those ravenous great ones prey upon the lesse.

32

Their nimble feathers then shall nought import,
Which with their wings both levell Sea and Land,
The Falcon fierce, and all that active sort,
Which by their burden grace a Princes hand :
And (they for prey, their bearers bent for sport)
Do thrall great Monarchs which even men command :
Ere falne on earth their ashes quenched be,
Whom soar'd of late aloft men scarce could see.

33

Those birds (but turn'd to dust) againe shall raine,
Which mutinous *Israel* with a curse receiv'd ;
And those for sport so prodigally slaine,
For which (what shame) some belly-monsters crav'd,

245 GH. His Flesh which kept nought to Corruption weares

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Long necks (like Cranes) their tastes to entertaine,
From which the *Phœnix* hardly can be sav'd.
" In bodies base whose bellies still are full,
" The souls are made (choak'd with grosse vapours) dull.

34

The feather'd flocks which by a notion strange,
(I know not how inspir'd, or what they see)
Or if their inward following outward change,
As true Astrologues gathering stormes forsee,
In quaking Clouds their murmuring troups which range,
To waile, or warne the world, hiv'd on some tree.
Nought unto them this generall wrack foreshows,
Men, Angels, no, not Christ (as man) fore-knows.

35

The rage of Time these changlings to appease,
Like fained friends who fortune onely woo :
Which haunt each soile whil'st there they finde their ease,
Though I confesse this shews their greatnesse too,
Who at their will use kingdomes as they please ;
Even more then Monarchs with great hosts can do.
But yet where ere they be, they then shall fall,
Gods armie, yea, his arme doth stretch o're all.

36

Those which themselves in civill warres do match,
Whose sound triumphall Lyons puts to flight,
The mornings ushers, urging sleeps dispatch,
Whose wings applaud their voice saluting light,
The labourers horologe, ordinary watch,
Whose course by Nature rul'd goes alwayes right.
Those Trumpetters dissolving many dreame,
May then not see the day which they proclaime.

288 GH. Gods Armie, I

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37

So suddenly all shall with ruine meet,
That even the fowl which still doth streames pursue,
As if to wash, or hide, her loath'd black feet,
Then swimmes in state proud of her snowie hue :
Who us'd with tragick notes (though sad, yet sweet)
To make *Meanders* Nymphs her dying rue.
She then surpris'd, not dreaming of her death,
Shall not have time to tune her plaintive breath.

38

The winged squadrons which by feeling finde
A body (though invisible) of aire,
Both solid, vaste, clos'd, open, free, confin'de,
Whil'st weight by lightnesse, stayes by moving there ;
As swimmers waves, those flyers beat the winde,
Borne by their burdens, miracles if rare.
The feathers fir'd whil'st stretched armes do shrink,
Though thus made lighter, they more heavy sink.

39

That sort which diving deep, and soaring high,
(Like some too subtle trusting double wayes)
Which swimme with fishes, and with fowls do flie ;
Whil'st still their course the present fortune sways.
At last in vaine their liquid fortresse trie,
Of wrath the weapons nought save ruine stayes.
To flie the ayre downe in the deeps they bend,
For want of ayre down in the deeps they end.

40

Wing'd Alchymists that quintessence the flowers,
As oft-times drown'd before, now burn'd shall be,
Then measuring Artists by their numbrous powers :
Whose works proportions better do agree,

303 GH. The being surpry's'd 307 GH. waste 311 GH. their stretched 312 GH. And by being lighter, heauier down they sinke 319 G. Depthes H. deepes 320 G. Depthes H. deepes 322 GH. then burn'd

Digitized by Google

Which do by Colonies uncharge their bowres,
Kill idle ones, sting foes, what needs foresee :
Men talk of vertue, Bees do practise it,
Even justice, temperance, fortitude and wit.

41

What agony doth thus my soul invest ?
I think I see heaven burne, hels gulphs all gape,
My panting heart doth beat upon my breast,
As urging passage that it thence may scape,
Rest from my self, yet no where else, I rest,
Of what I was, reserving but the shape.
My haires are bended up, swolne are mine eyes,
My tongue in silence minds amazement tyes.

42

Who can but dreame what furies plague thy soule,
Poore sinfull wretch who then art toss'd with breath ?
Whil'st desp'rate anguish no way can controule
The raging torrent of consuming wrath,
In every corner where thy eyes can roule,
Their sweetest shows more bitter are then death.
Who can expresse thy feelings, or thy feares,
Which even repentance cannot help with teares ?

43

To look aloft if thou dar'st raise thy sight,
Weigh'd downe (as damn'd by guilty actions gone)
What horrour, terrour, errour, all affright
Thee ; trembling thee, who out of time do'st grone ?
Oft shalt thou wish that thee falne mountains might
Hide from his face who sits upon the Throne.
But, ah ! in vaine a lurking place is sought,
Nought can be covered now, no, not one thought.

346 G. thou dare H. *has* dare *corrected to* darst

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44

The dreadfull noise which that great day proclaimes,
When mix'd with sighs and shouts from mortals here ;
O how deform'd a forme confusion frames !
None can well think till that it selfe appeare :
Whil'st clouds of smoke delivered are of flames,
They darken would their birth, it them would cleare,
But whil'st both strive, none victory attaines ;
This endlesse darknesse bodes, that endlesse paines.

45

If seeking help from thy first parent slyme,
Loe *Plutoes* palace, dungeons of despaire,
(As fir'de by furies) kindled by thy crime,
Bent to encroach upon forbidden ayre,
Do gape to swallow thee before the time,
Whom they fore-see damn'd for a dweller there :
Heaven over thy head, hell burns beneath thy feet,
As both in rage, to fight with flames would meet.

46

With Owlie eyes which horrid lightnings blinde,
This to admire the reprobate not need ;
Match'd with the horrours of a guilty minde,
Nought from without but pleasure can proceed :
Sinke in their bosomes hels and they shall finde
More ugly things a greater feare to breed.
" Of all most loath'd since first the world began,
" No greater Monster then a wicked man.

47

All sorts of creatures soone consum'd remaine,
Crush'd by their death whose lives on them depend ;
(Their treasons partners whom they entertaine)
Mans forfeiture doth too to them extend,

364 GH. on interdicted Aire 374 GH. a luster feare 380 GH. towards them

Digitized by Google

Whom since they can no further serve againe,
(True vassals thus) then with their Lords will end,
Though oft they them like Tyrants did abuse,
Whom as ingrate their dusts that day accuse.

48

Ere it we can call com'd, that which is past,
Charg'd with corruption slowly I pursue,
Since without hope to reach, though following fast,
That which (like lightning) quickly scapes the view :
I, where I cannot walk, a compasse cast,
And must seek wayes to common knowledge due :
For mortals eares my muse tunes what she sings,
With earthly colours painting heavenly things.

49

When that great deluge of a generall wrath,
To purge the earth (which sinne had stain'd) did tend,
So to prolong their little puffes of breath,
High mountains tops both Sexes did ascend :
But what strong fort can hold out against death ?
Them (where they runne for help) it did attend :
With paine and feare, choak'd, dash'd, (ere dying dead)
Death doubled so was but more grievous made.

50

So when the flaming waves of wasting fire,
Over all the world do riotously rage,
Some to the deeps for safety shall retyre,
As *Thetis* kisse could *Vulcans* wrath asswage ;
But that Lieutenant of his makers ire,
Makes all the elements straight beare his badge :
Scorch'd earth made open swallows thousands downe.
Aire thickned choaks with smoke, and waters drowne.

393 GH. The last Deluge of Vniuersall Wrath 394 GH. To wash the Earth defiled all with Sinne 395 GH. pufts 396 GH. Sexes striu'd to winne 397 GH. But of accesse what Fort can frustrat death 398 GH. Death did attend them there where they did runne [H. rinne] 403 GH. Depths 407 GH. being op'ned

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51

The halting *Lemnian* highly shall revenge,
The ancient scorne of other equall powers :
Both strong and swift though lame (what wonder strange)
He then (turn'd furious) all the rest devoures,
Whose fiercenesse first his mother toils to change,
But (having him embrac'd) she likewise loures,
And with her sonne doth furiously conspire,
Straight from pure ayre, then all transform'd in fire.

52

This heat with horrour may congeale all hearts,
Lifes bellows toss'd by breath which still do move ;
That fanne which doth refresh the inward parts,
Even it shall make the breast a fornace prove.
That signe of life which oft arrives, and parts,
Boils all within, else burns it selfe above.
At that dread day denouncing endlesse night,
All smoke, not breath, whil'st flames give onely light.

53

That stormie Tyrant which usurpes the ayre,
Whil'st wooll (rain'd down from heaven) doth him enfold ;
A liquid pillar hanging at each haire,
Sneez'd fiercely forth when shaking all for cold :
He clad with flames a fierie leader there,
Makes feeble *Vulcan* by his aid more bold.
Whose bellows fostred by the others blast,
May soone forge ruine, instruments to waste.

54

The Lands great creature, nurceling of the East,
Which loves extreamely, and with zeale adores,
In sprite and nature both, above a beast,
Whil'st charg'd with men he through the battell roares :

412 GH. He in his Madnesse 413 GH. His Fiercenesse 416 GH. being All
418 GH. doth moue 427 GH. hinging

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And his arm'd match (of monsters not the least)
Whose scales defensive, horne invasive goares,
Whil'st foming flames (as other to provoke)
Straight joyn'd in dust, their battell ends in smoke.

55

The craftie fox which numbers do deceive,
To get, not be, a prey, shall be a prey ;
The embrions enemy, womens that conceive,
As who might give him death, their birth to stay :
That ravenous Woolfe which bloud would alwayes have,
All then a thought more quickly shall decay.
No strength then stands, such weaknesse went before,
And subtill tricks can then deceive no more.

56

The Hart whose hornes (as greatnesse is to all)
Do seeme to grace, are burdens to the head,
With swift (though slender legges) when wounds appall,
Which cures himselfe where Nature doth him leade ;
Then with great eyes, weake heart, oft dangers thrall,
The warie Hare (whose feare oft sport) hath made
Doth seek by swiftnesse death in vaine to shunne,
As if a flight of flames could be out-runne,

57

The painted Panther which not fear'd, doth gore,
Like some whose beauteous face, foule mindes defame ;
The Tyger tygrish, past expressing more,
Since cruelty is noted by his name ;
The able Ounce, strong Beare, and foming Boare,
(Mans rebels, since God did man his proclaime)
Though fierce are faint, and know not where to turne :
They see the forrests their old refuge, burne.

443 GH. doth deceaue 448 GH. And yet base Slight, mere Foolishnesse and more
463 GH. all faint 464 GH. They see their old Refuge, the Forrests

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58

The mildest beasts importing greatest gaine,
Which others crimes made altars onely touch,
By whom they cloth, and feed, not crying slaine,
The Christians image onely true when such,
Their growing snowes which arts fraile colours staine,
Were wrong'd, when fain'd of gold, since worth more much :
But pretious things the owners harmes oft breed,
The fleeces flames the bodies doe succeed.

59

The flocks for profit us'd in every part,
Though them to serve they make their Masters bow,
And are the idols of a greedy heart,
Which (like old *Egypt*) doth adore a Cow,
Like *Hannibals*, which *Fabius* mock'd by art,
As walking torches, all runne madding now :
By *Phebus* tickled they to startle us'd,
But *Vulcan* ruder makes them rage confus'd.

60

Their martiall Chieftan Mastives rage to stay,
(*Pasiphaes* lover, *Venus* daily slave,)
With brandish'd hornes (as mustering) first doth stray,
Then throwes them down in guard a match to crave ;
Straight (like the *Colchian* Buls, ere *Iasons* prey)
He flames (not fain'd) doth breath, but not to brave ;
Like that of *Phalaris*, whom one did fill,
He tortur'd, (bellowing) doth lye bullering still.

61

Of all the beasts by men domesticke made,
The most obsequious, and obedient still,
The fawning dog, which where we list we leade,
And wants but words to doe all that we will,

470 GH. Was wrong'd 476 GH. as old

Digitized by Google

Which loves his Lord extreamely, even when dead,
And on his tombe, for griefe himselfe doth kill,
He doth with tongue stretch'd forth, to pant begin,
Which straight when fir'd drawn back, burns all within.

62

The generous horse, the gallants greatest friend,
In peace for ease, and in effect for warre,
Which to his Lord (when weary) legges doth lend,
To flye, or chafe, in sport, or earnest farre,
A *Pegasus* he through the ayre would bend,
Till that his course (turn'd Centaure) man doth marre ;
His waving treasures fir'd, to flye from death,
He first the winde out-runnes, and then his breath.

63

This squadrons king that doth for fight prepare,
(As threatning all the world) doth raging goe,
His foot doth beat the earth, his tayle the ayre,
Mad to be hurt, and yet not finde a foe,
But soone his shoulders rough the fire makes bare,
And melts his strength which was admired so :
Death doth to rest, arrest his rowling eyes ;
Loe, in a little dust the Lyon lyes.

64

Those poys'nous troupes in *Africkes* fields which stray,
In death all fertile, as the first began,
By looke, by touch, by wound, and every way,
True Serpents heires in hatred unto man,
Which God (still good) in desarts makes to stay,
To waste the world, though doing what they can :
But whil'st they houle, scritch, barke, bray, hurle, hisse, spout,
Their inward fire soon meets with that without.

495 GH. doth panting rin 506 GH. As if he wrack'd the World 507 GH. Taile whippes the Aire 518 GH. still doing

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65

The Crocodile with running deepes in love,
By land and water, of tyrannicke pow'r,
With upmost iawes which (and none else) doe move,
Whose cleansing first is sweet, oft after sow'r ;
And oft his crime his punishment doth prove,
Whil'st a devouring bait train'd to devoure :
He neither now can fight, nor yet retire,
His scaly armour is no proofe for fire.

66

The beast (though haunting deeps) not there confin'd,
Whose haires as pretious decke each great mans head,
Before like Eagles, like a Swans behinde,
Whose feet (as oares) to manage streames are made,
To waste the liquid wayes not needing winde,
Whose tayle his course doth as a rudder leade,
A sparke (falne from a tree) may then confound,
Him with his teeth that now strikes trees to ground.

67

The Otter black where finne-wing'd troups repaire,
Fresh rivers robber, which his prey doth chuse,
And all that kinde, nor fish, nor flesh that are,
But do two elements (*Amphibions*) use,
Not able to touch th'earth, nor to draw th'aire
In waters they their kindled skinnes infuse.
But yet can refuge finde in neither soile,
They burne on th'earth, and in the deeps do boile.

68

Flouds seeme to groane which beasts incursion maymes,
All altered then which look't of late like glasse,
And murmur at the stayning of their streames,
By carkasses flot-flotting in a masse,

521 GH. Depthes 525 GH. And whyls 529 GH. Depthes 531 GH. Gooses like behind 543 GH. refuge can find 544 GH. Depths 547 GH. at the flamming

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A moving bridge whil'st every channell frames,
When as there are no passengers to passe.
With beasts all buried waters are press'd downe,
Whil'st both at once their burdens burn, and drowne.

69

The Crystals quicke which slowly us'd to go,
And others heat by coldnesse did allay,
(As if then griev'd to be polluted so)
Growne red with rage, boil'd up, pop-popling stay,
And tread in triumph on their breathlesse foe,
Whose ashes with their sands they levell lay.
But *Vulcan* now a victor in each place,
By violence doth all these Nymphs embrace.

70

The dwellers of the deeps not harm'd in ought,
When first vice all, and next the waters drown'd,
So since by some more sacred still are thought,
As whom sinnes scourge did onely not confound,
The Elements not pure to purge now brought,
Are likewise ruin'd by this generall wound.
The fishes then are boil'd in every flood,
Yet finde no eater that can relish food.

71

All which corruption onely serves to feed,
When it doth end, doth end, so heaven designes ;
Nought save the soule which doth from God proceed,
Over death triumphs, and still is pleas'd, else pynes,
Death not mans essence, but his sinne did breed,
And it with it, the end of time confines.
Then death and life shall never meet againe,
The state then taken always doth remaine.

555 GH. As if being grieu'd 560 GH. their Nymphes 561 G. Depths H. deepes 565 GH. being brought 566 GH. They likewise fall, kill'd by 567 GH. The Fishes sodden are 568 GH. though a callour Food

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72

Salt seas, fresh streames, the fish which loves to change,
(The rivers Prince esteem'd by dainty tastes)
Which through the Ocean though at large he range,
The bounds him bred to see yet yearely hastes ;
Ah man oft wants (O monster more then strange)
This kinde affection common even to beasts.
That *Salmond* fresh for which so many strive,
May then be had, boil'd where it liv'd alive.

73

The Trout, the Eele, and all that watrie brood,
Which without feet, or wings can make much way,
Then leape aloft forc'd by the raging flood,
Not as they us'd before, for sport, or prey :
That which (once freez'd) their glasse to gaze in stood,
Now (turn'd to flames) makes what it bred decay.
Those which to talke men did all snares allow,
All without baits, or nets, are taken now.

74

These flouds which first did fields with streames array,
The rivers foure by sacred writ made knowne,
Which (since farre sundry) make their wits to stray,
Who Paradise drawne by their dreames have showne,
As turn'd from it, or it from them away ;
In all the earth their strength shall be o're-throwne.
Whom first high pleasures, horrours huge last bound,
(As if for griefe) they vanish from the ground.

75

The fertile *Nilus* never rashly mov'd,
Which (ag'd in trauell) many Countrey knows,
Whose inundation by the labourer lov'd,
As barrennesse or plenty it fore-shows,

579 GH. he yearlie range 581 GH. whyles wants 582 GH. common vnto 589 GH. whyles freez'd 595 GH. makes

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From divers meanes (but doubtfull all) is prov'd ;
" Oft natures work all reasons power o're-throws :
The Ancients wondred not to finde his head,
But it shall all invisible be made.

76

Heavens indignation seizing on all things,
The greatest waters languish in their way ;
The little brooks exhausted in their springs,
For poverty cannot their tribute pay :
Of moisture spoil'd the earth craves help, not brings ;
" The mighty thus left to themselves decay ;
" Great powers compos'd make but of many one,
" Whose weaknesse shows it selfe when left alone.

77

That floud whose fame more great then waters strayd,
Whose race (like it) more then their own would owe,
Which from the Appennines oft gathering ayde,
Would those overthrow, who did the world o'rethrow,
Which though unstable, onely stable stay'd,
In that great City where all else fell low :
It which so long familiar was with fame,
Shall be (dry'd up) an unregarded streame.

78

The Sheep-heards mirrours, all like silver pure,
Which curious eyes delighted were to see,
When flames from heaven their beauties must endure,
No creature then left from confusion free,
Even they shall grow more ugly and obscure,
Then the infernall flouds are fain'd to be :
Of their long course, there shall no signe remaine,
Worse then that lake where brimstone once did raine.

79

Whil'st *Thetis* bent to Court, those streames (as vaine)
That on themselves to gaze, strive time to winne,

627 GH. fraile Beauties shall combure

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And liquid Serpents winding through the Plaine,
(As if to sting the earth oft gathered in)
Seeme to attend the remnant of their traine,
Them to out-goe, that nearer wayes would runne :
Even in that pompe surpris'd, dry'd are their deeps,
Whose widow'd bed, scarce their impression keeps.

80

That floud which doth his name from silver take,
The sea-like *Obbe*, and others of the Indes ;
Over which a bridge, men by no meanes can make,
Whil'st one borne there (amazing strangers mindes)
On Straw or Reeds, with one behinde his backe,
Can crosse them all both scorning waves and windes :
Their empty channels may be troad on dry,
(Though pav'd with pearles) then pretious in no eye.

81

The great which change before they end their race,
Salt flouds, fresh seas, by mutuall bands as past,
Which th'Ocean charge, and though repuls'd a space,
Yet make a breach, and enter at the last,
Which from the earth (that strives them to embrace)
Now haste with speed, and straight a compasse cast :
They then for helpe to *Neptune* seeke in vaine,
By *Vulcan* ravish'd ere his waves they gaine.

82

The raging rampire which doth alwaies move,
Whose floting waves entrench the solid round,
And (whil'st by *Titans* kisse drawne up above,)
From heavens Alembicke dropt upon the ground,
Of fruits and plants, the vitall bloud doe prove,
And foster all that on the earth are found :
It likewise yeelds to the eternals ire,
Loe, all the sea not serves to quench this fire.

638 GH. would rin 639 GH. Depths 642 G. Ebbe H. ob 647 GH. be tread 651 GH. Which siege the seas 654 GH. Whyles haste with speed, whyles do a 655 GH. in vaine to *Neptune* rinne 656 GH. Waues they winne 659 GH. And being by 660 GH. drop 661 GH. to proue

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83

Yet did the Sea presage this threatned ill,
With ugly roarings ere that it arriv'd,
As if contending all hels fires to kill,
By violence to burst, whil'st through it driv'd,
Which must make monstrous sounds jar-jarring still,
As heate with cold, with moisture drynesse striv'd :
Whil'st *Iove*-like thundring, *Pluto* doth grow proud,
Even as when fires force passage through a cloud.

84

O what strange sight, not to be borne with eyes !
That Tennis-court where oft the windes too bold,
What still rebounded toss'd unto the skies,
And to the ground from thence have head-longs rol'd,
Doth now in raging rounds, not furrowes rise,
Then hostes of heate, as us'd to be of cold :
All government the liquid state neglects,
Whil'st *Vulcans* hammer, *Neptunes* trident breks.

85

When this huge vessell doth to boyle begin,
What can it fill with matter fit to purge ?
The earth as else without, if throwne within,
With all her creatures kept but for a scourge,
To wash away the foulnesse of that sinne,
Which on fraile flesh, strong nature oft doth urge :
But ah my thoughts are vaine, this cannot be,
Seas cleanse not sinne, sinne doth defile the sea.

86

O foule contagion, spreading still to death,
What pest most odious can with thee compare ?
Which first by thoughts conceiv'd, then born with breath,
Doth straight infect the sea, the earth the ayre,

668 GH. out through them 671 GH. When like the High, the Low, *Ioue* would thud, thud 680 GH. Whilst *Neptunes* Trident *Vulcans* Hammer brecks 691 GH. Which being by Thoughts conceau'd, and borne 692 GH. Do straight

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Which damn'd in justice, and chastis'd in wrath,
Doth shew that God no creatures spots will spare :
All scourges must be scourg'd, and even the fire,
As but impure, must feele th'effects of ire.

87

That restlesse element which never sleepes,
But by it selfe, when by nought else, is wrought,
Which joynes all lands, yet them asunder keepes,
It (ruines rocke) for refuge last is sought,
For troupes doe throw themselves amidst the deeps,
As if death reft, then given, lesse griefe were thought :
" Thus is despaire hot sonne of father cold,
" Rash without hope, and without courage bold.

88

The loving *Alcion* trusty to her mate,
The which (save this) no other storme could catch,
Whose arke not erres amid'st the going gate,
Though none in it with art the waves doth watch,
To many monsters, as expos'd a bait,
Which moving sits, and in the deepes doth hatch :
She of her nest, against the waves presumes,
But never look't for fire which all consumes.

89

The greatest Monster of the Oceans brood,
Which lodg'd griev'd *Ionas* harmelesse in his wombe,
And did disgest (yet to be fed) a food,
A buried quicke man in a living tombe,
Doth (monstrous masse) now tumble through the floud,
As scorning force could make him to succumbe :
But straight his finnes all fir'd, a farre doe shine,
As if some *Pharos*, but a deathfull signe.

694 GH. Do show 696 GH. As being impure must feele Effects 700 GH. last Refuge 701 GH. Huge Troupes 710 GH. Depthes 717 GH. He like a tumbling Towre at first runnes wood 718 GH. With Force, by Force disdaining to

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90

That little wonder decking *Thetis* bowre,
Whose adamantine touch there strongly bindes
(Though both it saile and swimme) a wooden towre,
For which mans wit no shew of reason findes ;
O matchlesse vertue, admirable power,
Which fights and foiles alone, sailes, oares, waves, winds !
Of all which live it that most strength hath shown,
Press'd down by vulgar bands doth dye unknown.

91

That moving mountaine in a fearefull forme,
Which compassing a ship, it downewards flings,
And even in calmes doth vomit forth a storme,
Whose bloud (all poison) where it touches stings,
That monstrous masse, if Serpent, Eele, or Worme,
To hastie ruine his owne greatnesse brings :
" The greatest sought for harmes are soonest spy'd,
" Where little ones a little thing will hide.

92

Of all the humid host, the most esteem'd,
The gentle Dolphins (where the deepths doe roare,)
Which (not ingrate) who them redeem'd, redeem'd,
Him help'd alive, and did when dead deplore ;
Of which one once with Musicke ravish'd seem'd,
When carrying *Arion* safely to the shore :
Those which delight so much in pleasant sounds,
The contrary preventing fire confounds.

93

The fairest Nymph which haunts the floting state,
To whose great beauty, *Thetis* envy beares,
The Oceans Muse, from whose sweet sounds (soules bate)
The Lord of *Ithaca* did stop his eares,
Of what she was most proud, that hastes her fate ;
The golden haires which she dishevel'd weares :

738 GH. Dolphins which the Depthes decore 742 G. carrying safe *Arion* to

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Then whil'st they burne, her head seemes crown'd with light :
Thus showes maske misery, and mocke the sight.

94

Those which from slight, by slight their lives oft winne,
The Angler drawing scorned lines to land,
Whil'st some do cast forth hooks, some draw them in,
And some benumme the gazing holders hand ;
They can finde helpe in neither force, nor finne,
In scale, in shell, on rocke, in mudde, or sand :
Whil'st *Tritons* sounds to tragick notes doe turne,
They in the deeps are boil'd, or, on the banks do burne.

95

The floting lodgings that all soiles doe try,
Which whil'st they walke on waves, and burden'd stray,
Seeme swimming Mountaines, Castles that doe flye,
Which Cannons arme, and ensignes doe array,
At first for smoake they nought about them spy,
Till all their sayles (on fire) doe cleare their way :
Whil'st flouds and flames, doe all their force imploy,
As if they striv'd, which should the ship destroy.

96

The liquid labyrinth, thou who first did'st prove,
No doubt thy desp'rate heart was arm'd with steele,
Did not the waves and clouds which alwaies move,
(Firme objects wanting) make thy eyes to reele ?
Then he who first did steale fire from above,
Thou greater torments do'st deserve to feele :
He onely sought the fire to quicken breath,
And thou the water, as a way to death.

97

O ! hatefull monster, since the world began,
Which with thine owne could never yet be pleas'd,

758 G. in Rocke 759 GH. Sounds the broken Aire not beares 760 GH. A louder Trumpets Charge doth breach all Eares 769 GH. did proue 777 GH. O odious Monster

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For lacke of rayment cold, for hunger wan,
With what thou hast, though many might be eas'd,
Thou poison'st first the quiet minde of man,
Whose fury since can never be appeas'd :
But seekes both sea and land with endlesse care,
And wants but wings to violate the aire.

98

That which encroach'd on every bordering shore,
By oft renu'd assaults usurping myles,
Shall then all ebbe, not flowing as before,
Whil'st travelling *Thetis* doth bring forth new Iles,
Which birth soone old, to be embrac'd no more,
She loth to leave, oft turnes, and kissing smiles :
Till all the world one withered masse appeares,
Spoild of all moisture, save mans fruitlesse teares.

99

What hideous object ? what a horrid sight ?
O terrour strange which even I quake to thinke !
Where all of late was levell at one height,
Their mountaines mount, and fields farre down do sinke,
All pav'd with monsters, which if painting right,
Feare would make paper blacke, and pale my Inke :
The seas with horrour so arrest my hand,
I must amaz'd retire me to the land,

100

The land where pleasure lodg'd, where rest did rest,
Which did abound in fruits, in fowles and beasts,
Of which (all good) none could discerne the best,
In number more (though many) then mens tastes,
Which should refresh fraile nature when distress'd,
Though them fond man superfluously wastes :
Till that the earth doth to a Chaos turne,
Which since his teares not wash, his sinnes shall burne.

781 GH. Thou poyson'd 790 GH. and kisses whyles 803 GH. none can 804 GH. In number moe 805 GH. Made to refresh

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101

Where are the flowry fields, the fishy streames,
The pasturing mountaines, and the fertile plaines,
With shadowes oft, oft clad with *Titans* beames,
As of heavens pleasures types, and of hels paines ?
(Thus in our brest, some thoughts each moment claimes,
To curbe rash joy with contemplations raines :)
Where are all those delights in league with sense,
Which make a heaven when here, a hell when hence ?

102

Thou who thy thoughts from no fond course reclaimes,
But do'st thy eyes with pleasant objects cloy,
And let'st thy heart have all at which it aymes,
Bent of the sonnes of men to want no joy ;
Those to thy sleeping soule are all but dreames,
Which waking findes this treasure but a toy :
Thinke, thinke, when all confounded thus remaines,
If temporall joy be worth eternall paines.

103

Those stately townes, whose towres did brave heavens rounds,
Their kingdomes quintessence for wealth and skill,
A states abridgement drawn in little bounds,
Which are (whil'st them guests of all lands doe fill)
Mappes of the world, deduc'd from divers grounds,
Where all lifes parts are act'd, both good and ill,
Which barbarous customes founded to remove,
Most civill first, most subtile last did prove.

104

Those which great Monarchs strongly striv'd to owe,
(As which oft times a kingdomes keyes doe prove)
By Mynes like earth-quakes shaken from below,
By sulphurous thunder battered from above,
Yet (as o're-thrown) them hopelesse to o're-throw,
With scorned squadrons did disdain'd remove :

811 GH. With Shadowes whyles, whyles

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Those which at powers of armed Emperours spurn'd,
Are at an instant then, charg'd, sack'd, and burn'd.

105

Brave Citizens which have resisted long,
Till their dismantled towne all naked stands,
And are by weakenesse left unto the strong,
All taken, kill'd, or sold (like beasts) in bands,
As bound of right to suffer all the wrong,
Of railing tongues, or of outragious hands :
They of this last assault, no type can see,
Even worse then was, or can imagin'd be.

106

Ah ! if one house when onely fir'd by chance,
Doth straight confound a City all with feare,
What minde can think, though thoughts the same entrance,
How those inhabitants themselves shall beare,
Whose townes (like lightning) vanish with a glance,
Whil'st them a moment doth in pieces teare ?
This with amazement may benumme the minde,
But will seeme small, a greater then divin'd

107

Base miser, thou who by all meanes hast us'd,
To bruise the poore, and on their spoiles to feed,
In measure, weight, and quality abus'd,
Whil'st of all evils, dearth is the least they dread,
That wealth by thee even to thy selfe refus'd,
Which might of thousands have releev'd the need :
Shall all in flames upbraid thee with hels fire,
Whose use then at thy hands God will require.

108

Thou who to riches wast preferr'd from nought,
Though once but poore, contemn'd, of base degree,

851 GH. What high Conceit with curious Thoughts can scance 854 GH. And all to Ashes in a moment weare 856 GH. But seeme no lesse, a greater being diuinde 864 GH. Richesse 866 GH. being poore

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For whom at length all realmes by Shippes were sought,
So that no winde could blow but serving thee,
Yet would not comfort those who starv'd in ought,
Not mindefull what thou wast, nor what to be :
As naked borne, thou naked shalt returne,
Else kept to see thy wealth, thy selfe next burne.

109

Those stately Statues which great townes doe grace,
And monuments (as rare) which mindes amaze,
The worlds seven wonders, wondred at a space,
Whil'st strangers long did on their reliques gaze,
If that ere then time doe them not deface,
A little flash shall even their ruines raze,
Which onely serve to witnesse to each sight,
Their idle builders vanity and might.

110

Those Palaces amongst rare things enrold,
Which Architectors, numbrous art bewray,
With enterlaced roofes, emboss'd with gold,
On marbled walles which costly workes array,
Though rich without, yet worthy but to hold,
A richer riches, which within doth stay,
Past emulation, admirations marke ;
All their great pompe doth perish with a sparke.

111

Those second *Edens*, Gardens of delight,
Where times bright patron justly parts the houres,
Where men to gaze, all objects doe invite,
In alwaies lying walkes, and growing bowres,
In smelling beds with pleasure ravish'd quite,
Whil'st wandring in a labyrinth of flowers,
Where Art with nature still for praise contends,
A strife though oft times judg'd, which never ends.

871 GH. shall 874 GH. whose rarenesse Mindes amaze 886 GH. Richesse

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112

Where *Flora's* treasures with *Pomona's* strive,
Low shining groves with shadow'd lights above,
Whil'st Art (by engines rais'd,) doth water drive,
Borne through the ayre an uncouth way to prove,
And by all sounds which creatures can contrive,
To melt in mirth, would melancholy move :
Those pleasant parts shall straight abhorr'd remaine,
As where salt sowne, or showres of brimstone raine.

113

Those walking worms which (with worms spoiles array'd,)
Would purchase homage from each credulous eye,
And yet (as Asses) worth an Asse not weigh'd,
Whil'st having nought of worth, but what they buy,
They shall see that which so their fancies sway'd,
The *Tyrian* purple, and th'*Assyrian* dye :
Of pride the badges, and the baits of lust,
Though kept with toile from dust, all turn'd to dust.

114

Those glorious roomes of darknesse, robbing night,
Where even the wals rich garments doe invest,
Where ivory beds, with gold all glancing bright,
Are made for shew, as others are for rest,
And objects need to entertaine the sight,
Which lodge (since great) a seldome sleeping guest :
Now at this last alarme to them who live,
They then a cottage no more comfort give.

115

Those pretious stones which most in worth excell,
For vertue least, for vanity much sought,
Pearles, Rubies, Diamonds, from rocke, from shell,
From depths of flouds, from mountains entrails brought,
Made Gods with men, whose heaven is hatching hell
Prys'd by opinion, but by substance bought :

897 GH. stryues 899 GH. the Water dryues 902 GH. Melancholie wold moue
922 GH. For Vertue whyles, for Vanitie oft

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The sweet perfumes, and all which is esteem'd,
Wast (by the owners wish) not once redeem'd.

116

That dreadfull storme as striving to begin,
Mount *Ætna's* flames, which roare while as supprest,
And that which swallowing natures student in,
Did him digest, who could it not digest,
And all those hils whence streames of sulphur run,
Shall with their fires, then fortifie the rest :
Whose generall floud, whil'st it the world o're-comes,
None knowes where kindled first, nor whence it comes.

117

The lucrous coal (though black) a pretious stone,
Whose force as *Vulcan* will, makes *Mars* to bend,
Of *Albions* jewels second unto none,
To Art and Nature both a speciall friend,
Then when of it the needfull use is gone ;
What it maintain'd, it likewise helps to end.
And thus the earth (though cold) with fire then stor'd,
To burne it selfe materials doth afford.

118

Those bathing springs which free Physitians prove,
Yet for all Evils one onely cure can show,
The which may seeme whil'st boyling up above,
A part of *Phlegeton* o're-flow'd below :
But for mans health nought can from thence remove,
Where he doth dwell who would the world o'rethrow.
Then every one of them to hell repaires,
Or else a greater heat doth drink up theirs.

119

Great Monarchs whom ambitious hopes do drive,
To raise their owne by razing others Thrones,

933 GH. Sulphur rin 943 GH. being stor'd 950 G. who could 951 GH. Whom then to warne their Course to Hell

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Who spare no wayes that there they may arrive,
Through Orphans teares, mans bloud, and womans grones,
And all those earthly mindes which for th'earth strive,
By passing bounds, and altering setled stones ;
All such that day not Lords of their owne grave,
Shall have no earth, nor them no earth shall have.

120

The earth as glorying in her changed state,
With face all bright with flames, seemes lightning smiles,
Whil'st free from wounds and toils, indur'd of late,
Oft burn'd, oft freez'd, which every day defiles,
Though forc'd she must conceive (a fertile mate)
Her husbands hopes who often times beguiles.
And as she would revenge all troubles past,
She yeelds up man whom she had hid at last.

121

That Element which onely needing aid,
May be made more, and doth on others feed,
Whose piercing powers can in no bounds be staid ;
Such bodies small that thickned rarenesse breed,
The onely essence which can not be weigh'd,
And void of weight, doth alwayes upward speed.
That soone may seize on all when once set free,
Which infinitly multipli'd may be.

122

But lest my furie be too farre declin'd,
That with the flames to flie have striv'd in vaine,
I must a space within my selfe confin'd,
Fresh succours seek to charge of new againe ;
So great amazement hath o're-whelm'd my minde,
That now I in an agony remaine.
But he who did in fierie tongues descend,
As through the fire, will leade me to the end.

960 GH. They then no Earth 964 GH. All burn'd with Heat, with Cold all frozen whyles 966 GH. Hopes she 979 GH. I must a while

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The fourth HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

A hideous Trumpet horriblie doth sound ;
Who sleep in Graves a mighty voyce doth wake ;
By Angels (Messengers) charg'd from each ground,
All flesh comes forth that ever soule did take ;
Seas give account of all whom they have drown'd ;
The Earth her guests long hid in haste gives backe :
Those who then live are at an instant chang'd,
Though not from life, yet still from death estrang'd.

I

So great a power my sacred guide imparts,
That still my Muse doth raise her vent'rous flight,
Though with confusion compass'd on all parts,
My troubled thoughts dare on no object light ;
The world by flames (a charmer) justly smarts,
Whose ashes now seeme to upbraid my sight ;
Though feares would quench those fires my breast that burne,
Yet I must sing, that thousands else may mourne.

* GH. So from Life neuer, still from

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2

To plague proud man who look'd of late aloft,
The earth still pure, till made by him uncleane,
By whome, as fierce for blood, or by lust soft,
She (forc'd to beare) in both abus'd had beene,
Straight (as a strumpet prostituted oft)
Now by her lovers naked shall be seene ;
An odious masse (even in her owners eyes)
(As bruis'd by Thunder) whil'st she with'red lyes.

3

Now of all States the fatall period comes,
Which showes how Time was short, worlds greatnesse small ;
Fierce *Vulcans* fury *Neptunes* so orecomes,
That not one drop remaines to weepe his fall ;
Loe, all the world one Continent becomes,
Whereas save man no Creature lives at all ;
The Sea to earth, the earth all turnes to fire,
A monstrous Comet threatning coming ire.

4

O ! what a vault I see of Angels wings,
Whose greater brightnesse makes the fires decline !
A glorious guard fit for the King of Kings,
Whil'st they (like rayes) about that Sunne doe shine.
But, O ! his presence (past expressing) brings,
A reall glory all in all divine ;
All as from darkenesse looke upon this light,
Whil'st flames (as mysts) doe flie before his sight.

5

Those blessed Bands in state of grace which stood,
(As Ministers admitted unto God,)
To mortalls sometime which tould tidings good,
And oft did strike with indignations rod ;

19 GH. By whome whyles fierce for Blood, by Lust whyles 26 GH. To stay who stumble on this slipperie Ball 40 GH. do vanish at his Sight 43 GH. Which whyles told Mortalls Tydings which were good 44 GH. And whyles

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They, who till com'd, this time not understood,
With Christ arise all ready at his nod ;
And free from envy which did marre their mates,
Doe seeke with joy the partners of their states.

6

The dregs of *Adams* race shall soone disclose,
What Gods decree involv'd in Clouds doth keepe,
That time, that time, which must confound all those,
Whose thoughts are plung'd in pleasures groundlesse deepe,
Even then perchance (that nature may repose)
When all the Senses buried are in sleepe ;
Ah ! how those eyes unclos'd amaz'd remaine,
Which from that time should never close againe.

7

O ten times curst ! whom Christ that time shall finde,
Still hatching evill, defrauding Natures due,
Whil'st darkenesse makes the eyes (though open) blinde,
And makes the minde what it affects to view,
Which (wing'd with thoughts) fare swifter then the winde,
Though (still confin'd) doth all, over all, pursue ;
What doubtfull projects flote within his brest,
Who dreames yet sleepes not, lyes, but doth not rest.

8

When that Crown'd bird which *Peters* braggs did scorne
(As still a friend to light) seemes to cite light,
Some more conceive then ever could be borne,
Whil'st big with monsters of imagin'd might,
And aiery names with shadowes to adorne,
Doe build high hopes which fall, ere at the height ;
Such bosomes serpents nurse whose stings they try,
Pride, Æmulation, Envy, Ielousie.

9

As prick'd with Thorne some in their beds doe roule,
Whil'st charg'd with thoughts, which but their cares abuse,

[72] GH. Iealousie, Enuy [73] GH. Thornes

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And make that mettall Idols of their soule ;
Which in a Calfe the Iewes great Iudge did bruise ;
Their greedy course whil'st nothing can controule,
Though having more then they themselves can use ;
Like them who drinke more then they can digest,
Who keepe the appetite, but not the taste.

10

The devill in darkenesse held most powerfull still,
Some when retir'd imagine mischiefe strange,
And to shed blood doe dedicate their will,
Whil'st tortur'd with a fury of revenge ;
More guilty he who in his heart doth kill,
Although his course (if disappointed) change ;
Then he who doth by chance ones death procure,
" No member guilty, if the minde be pure.

11

Though beds should be as private graves for rest,
While as deaths image doth seize living dust,
Yet some (runne mad) as raging in a pest,
Voluptuouslie their fancies surfet must,
A filthie fury poysoning the brest,
With strange delights of a prodigious lust ;
The which whil'st walking so corrupts their will,
That when they sleepe, it doth delude them still.

12

Not onely shall this sudden charge surprise,
Such in their sinnes as do from God rebell,
But even all those who evils by night devise,
As loving darknesse, shall in darknesse dwell :
Who with a conscience calme all feares despise,
Not having hope of heaven, nor feare of hell :
Such to an Owle make God inferiour be,
As if by night, nights maker nought could see.

[75] GH. Idole [81] GH. being most [86] GH. Course being [88] GH. guilty is, the Mind being pure [90] GH. While as of Death the Image buries dust [98] GH. Such in such Sinnes which do [102] GH. As (when that *Cerberus* slept) they might take Hell

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13

Wing'd messengers may then even some arrest,
Who rioting till quite exhausted all,
(Whil'st in their vomits wallowing they rest)
From men to beasts, from beasts to nought do fall :
Those dead (though living) who can but detaste,
As Natures monsters mankinde to appall ?
In them who have their reason drown'd in wine,
No sparke of Gods, nor Natures light doth shine.

14

Some rating pleasure at too high a price,
Who with the light do lay all shame aside,
Do prostitute their souls to every vice ;
If not then free (by beastlinesse) from pride ;
Then their whole states oft venture on the dice,
As who in nought but fortune do confide ;
By many odious oath such mock Gods might,
True works of darknesse worthy of the night.

15

Fond worldlings there involv'd in vaine delight,
Who to the senses fraile indulgent are,
And (as soft sounds the courage do invite)
With measur'd madnesse march upon the aire ;
Whil'st from themselves by pleasure ravish'd quite,
What it provokes no kinde of sport they spare ;
Their eares attending Musicks soule to have,
Of this dread blast the first assault receive.

16

By stratagems a Captaine boldly wise,
His enemies campe (not look'd for) oft confounds,
But when he first doth Sentinels surprise,
That all about the neighbouring bounds rebounds,
In breasts unarm'd what terror strange doth rise,
Whil'st Drummes yeeld deadly, Trumpets lively sounds ?

[119] GH. then mock [130] GH. whyles confounds

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Whil'st shouts make deafe, amazement dumbe, dust blinde,
Ere swords the bodie, feare doth kill the minde.

17

So shall it be with all those broken bands
(As for the godly they watch still prepar'd)
Then when lifes Lord doth come to judge all lands ;
Like fishes angled, or like beasts ensnar'd,
Those whom hels badge for endlesse darknesse brands,
Not having power to wish, are straight despair'd ;
And soone do see what now they not attend,
Ere thought by them begun, all at an end.

18

What hideous charge all to compeer compels,
Whose sound may show what breath the blast doth feed ?
No cannons, thunders, tempests, trumpets, bels,
Nor yet all joyn'd, so huge a noise could breed ;
Since heard in heaven, on earth, and in the hels,
Till dreadfull silence doth over all succeed :
The hearkening world seemes all become one eare,
The grave gives place, the dead his voice do heare.

19

All you who on, or in the dust, do lodge,
A great great Court I cite you to attend,
Even at Christs instance where himselfe is Iudge,
To heare that sentence which none can suspend,
Of boundlesse joyes, or else of anguish huge,
Which he doth give (as you deserv'd) in th'end.
What from his servants mouth none would conceive,
Heare from himselfe, even what doth damne, or save.

20

Passe, passe, swift Angels ov'r each region range,
Force all to rise who ever downe did lye ;
What in their essence th'elements did change,
Bid them restore, that Christ all flesh may spie ;

160 GH. Which he design'd, and you deseru'd in end 161 GH. ouer all quarters

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You are the gathrers, this that vintage strange,
Which in all souls what stuffe hath beene, must try ;
Twixt heaven and hell this is a judgement great,
To judge each one their owne, contentions date.

21

The word them gives by which they thus are sought,
Power to obey, else were the charge but vaine,
That word which first did make them all of nought,
May now of something make them soone againe ;
Past numbring, numbers are together brought,
That some may thinke what bounds can them containe :
Who makes the dead to rise at his decree,
May make a roome where they may marshall'd be.

22

The heavenly soules which with fraile bodies bound,
Did act together on this earthly stage,
Though subtile they oft divers deeps did sound,
In which grosse organs could not then engage :
Yet in all actions equall partners found,
By reason led, or head-long borne by rage.
Though once divorc'd, they marry must againe,
To joyne in joy, or in eternall paine.

23

Those heavenly sparks which are flowne up above,
To shine in glory, and in zeale to burne ;
And shall of pleasure the perfection prove,
With mortall vails which mask'd of late did mourne :
They from their place a moment must remove,
With Christ in triumph glorious to returne.
Their twice-borne bodies when put on they have,
First from the belly, last now from the grave.

24

Those gather up their garments from the dust,
Which prison'd are in *Pluto's* ugly cels,

[179] GH. Depths

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Though loath to part thence, where returne they must,
As then their conscience inwardly them tels,
They know their Iudge as terrible, as just,
Will but confirme their holding of the hels,
Yet all their processe must deduced be,
That Saints Gods justice, and their faults may see.

25

Foure Elements with foure complexions make,
This mortall masse soone rais'd, and soone o're-throwne,
And when that it turns to corruption backe,
With what accrest each doth crave back the owne,
The waters all the liquid substance take,
Th'ayre breath, fire active heat, th'earth earth well known.
Which all though thus in their first fountains drown'd,
Not take nor leave, but are the same still found.

26

The Lord doth not (which some would fondly doubt)
As once in *Eden* a creation use,
As if the first consum'd were all worne out,
That he not knows their substance where to chuse,
No these same bodies which we beare about,
The Lord will raise, and cleare, or else accuse :
When done by God, then wonders are not strange,
The quality, and nothing else doth change.

27

Of our fraile spoils each part (where made a prey)
He who doth watch our dust will straight require ;
That which the waters washed have away,
What was in flames exhausted by the fire,
That which (windes scorn) toss'd through the aire did stray,
And what to earth all rotten did retire :
All at an instant shall together go,
To recontinue, not beginning so.

196 GH. Since by their Conscience being committed else 218 GH. Who ouer our Dust doth watch 223 GH. together rinne 224 GH. not againne beginne

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28

The husbands hopes which *Ceres* first renown'd,
Must buried rot, made lesse, to be made more ;
Yet wrestle up (though in the earth still bound)
In forme more pleasant, multipli'd in store :
So shall our dust (though swallow'd in the ground)
Spring from corruption brighter then before
In bodies new, whose state none can surmise,
Laid mortall downe, but must immortall rise.

29

Those creeping creatures which with silks conceive,
Bred first of seed their food with toils acquite,
Then what they gaine must all to others leave,
And lye (stretch't out) wrapt up in funerall white :
Yet straight reviv'd, where buried, burst the grave,
And mount aloft with wings all altered quite.
In wormes (mens types) those who do mark this change,
How can they thinke the resurrection strange ?

30

As man like milk was at the first pour'd out,
Then straight like cheese turn'd all to cruds at once,
Till clad with skinne (his sex made free from doubt)
With sinews joyn'd, and fortifi'd with bones.
When as the Moone hath chang'd thrice, thrice about,
He doth burst forth, neglecting Mothers grones,
And (though from him at first as weake teares flow)
Doth straight of God a talking image grow.

31

So sowne by death where rests fraile mortals seed,
The earth conceiv'd, shall straight (big-bellyed) shake,
And though at first a moving masse doth breed,
Not travell shall till time her birth ripe make,

235 GH. they win 243 GH. Sexe being free 246 GH. He bursted forth 247 GH. Though from him first as poore, fond, weake, Teares flow 250 GH. shall to grow Big begin 252 GH. Shall stay from Trauell till the Time forth rin

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Whil'st vitall moysture ashes dry doth feed,
That marrow bones, bones flesh, flesh skinne doth take.
Till all at last unto perfection worne,
Graves are delivered, mankinde is new borne.

32

The sprituall powers shall soone have repossess'd
Their ancient roomes restor'd to them by grace,
Which were (they thence by Natures rigour press'd)
To death by sinne morgag'd but for a space ;
But now (they free who had beene thus distress'd)
All members move, power pour'd in every place.
What could corrupt all worne unto an end,
They sprituall bodies, bodied sprits ascend.

33

Then shall not weaknesse (passing each degree)
A progresse have perfection to attaine,
But from infirmity made freely free,
They shape, proportion, strength and knowledge gaine ;
All qualities at once accomplish'd be,
That to augment there nothing doth remaine :
The first and second birth do differ farre,
First men were made, now rais'd, then grew, now are.

34

Some Gentiles fond who from the truth did stray,
(When by th'Apostles told) did scorne this once,
Yet trusted grounds which vaine inventions lay,
By fabulous doctrine learn'd, and fools at once,
That by *Prometheus* men were made of clay,
And by *Deucalion* quickned out of stones.
Thus had their souls to see the truth no eyes,
" Who loath the light, God gives them over to lyes.

254 GH. Flesh takes on Skin 255 GH. At last being to perfection 258 GH. recognised by Grace 261 GH. But now redeem'd who had

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35

Great armies oft as if one body move,
Whose souls it seemes the Trumpets sound doth sway,
So when this charge is thundred from above,
One moment makes who were, or are, obey.
O strange alarme ! what must this meeting prove,
Where ruine onely hath prepar'd the way ?
All knowne when mustred (though not numbred) there,
A dreadfull censor no mans spot will spare.

36

Those which the deeps disgested did containe,
As bent to drink those who them oft did drink,
To heaven exhal'd, though still'd through fruits by raine,
That dainty tastes more delicate them think :
Their trunks drawn down when once throwne up againe,
Though dead, and buried, move, not swimme, nor sink :
A death which drunkards do deserve to have,
To lye with liquor in a liquid grave.

37

Of them whom *Thetis* kiss'd till kil'd of late,
Whil'st their three mates they in her bosome leave,
Some winds, and waves, against each rock do beat,
Till them for food the scalie troups receave ;
That fishes men, men may those fishes eat,
Chang'd quality, and forme, whose flesh may have.
Mans substance it may transubstantiate oft,
But shall the same that first, mount last aloft.

38

Muse do not strive above thy strength to mount,
As mortals braines those hosts could comprehend,
Which not seas sands, nor yet heavens starres can count,
Whil'st swarming forth their judgement to attend,

289 GH. Depthes 297 GH. With kisses cold of *Thetis* choak'd of late 298 GH. Who her three Mates faln in her 308 GH. Then whilst swarm'd forth they Heauens high Court attend

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They Arithmeticks rules do farre surmount ;
When, rais'd from dust, more thick then dust, in th'end,
But yet a part most knowne by fame design'd,
May leave a more impression in the minde.

39

The first great troupe inunding from the deep,
Which long have wandred with the watrie brood,
Which glutted *Neptune* in his caves did keep,
When all his guests were surfeited of food,
Are those amid'st the roaring waves who sleep,
Since first they fell drown'd by the generall flood.
Those who of God the threatnings still did scorne,
Till death at once one fleece ov'r all had shorne.

40

What deluge strange doth from that deluge flow,
Of monstrous people terrible to see ?
Whose stature shows what time they had to grow :
The Dwarfes with them, with us would Giants be,
Ere bended was the many colour'd Bow,
All that had falne rise from corruption free.
Where raging deeps had justly lodg'd their dust,
Still drown'd when dead, who burn'd alive with lust.

41

Thence comes the Tyrant who did sway the state,
Where fertile *Nilus* mollifies the minde ;
Whom (to confirme his owne with wonders great)
God did obdure, and made by brightnesse blinde,
With guilded slaves which flattering his conceit,
The Lord to him would needs inferiour finde.
Those all like him by his example made,
As oft to sinne he shall to judgement leade.

309 GH. All Faculties of Memorie surmount 310 GH. Being rais'd 321 GH. What strange Deluge from that Deluge doth 323 GH. time it 327 GH. Depths

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42

Mad men to whom by wond'rous blows abroad,
The arme of God had justly terror brought ;
Foole that had seene the proofe of *Arons* rod,
What danger was thou might'st in time have thought,
Whil'st vaine Magicians emulating God,
The same in show, but not in substance wrought :
Vaine Sophists (to be mock'd) but mock the eyes,
Truth, (naked) truth, lyes are (though painted) lyes.

43

What made thee doubt, that he whom thou didst spie
Turne streames to bloud, might mixe them with thy bloud,
That he who made thy lands first borne to dye,
Would save the lives of (his friend) *Abrahams* brood,
Where his might march he who the deeps did dry,
That he would make them drowne who him with-stood ?
" But those whom God will lose he makes them blinde,
" Those head-long runne who are for wrack design'd.

44

They who with haste the *Hebrew* host pursu'd,
Whose glancing armes each eye, shouts fill'd each eare,
Who lack'd no stately show, which might, when view'd,
In them breed courage, and in others feare,
Their foes contemn'd (as if they were subdu'd)
Who did themselves as if in triumph beare :
And (spuing blasphemy from prides low height)
Even challenge durst the Lord of hoasts to fight.

45

Loe, from the mudde they now creepe poorely out,
As from a prison which upbraids their blame,
And spoil'd of all which compass'd them about,
Rise naked up, yet kept by feare from shame ;

340 GH. thou might 345 GH. thou did 349 GH. the Depths 353 GH. Those who 357 GH. [The Troupes by them contemn'd ere seene subdu'd] 363 G. compasse H. *corrects* compasse *to* compassd

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The Trumpet makes them tremble (though earst stout)
As thinking it their sentence will proclaime ;
And even great *Pharo*, vile amidst his owne,
Can by no signe more then the rest be knowne.

46

What fools then rise who never could be pleas'd,
Though setled owners of a fertile ground ?
Where under them even thousands were well eas'd,
And, then their masters, more contentment found,
Whose trait'rous hopes still on new conquests seas'd,
Till death did show how little might them bound :
That as all Lands could but strict limits give,
Last for the Seas (vaste like their mindes) did strive.

47

Ah, for mans madnesse who enough can mourne,
From whom still pure that there may rest no place,
Who makes his rage even in the deeps to burne,
And (standing) runnes in walking woods his race ;
Makes *Neptunes* azure all to crimson turne,
And fills with bloud the wrinckles of his face ?
What thirst of mischiefe thus torments man still,
That it no Sea can quench, nor Land can fill ?

48

The *Grecian* Seas shall give those bodies back,
(When floting *Athens* camp'd in wooden walls)
Which mountains plains, and floods dry fields would make,
Scourg'd all the windes, rank'd nature with their thralls,
Which all conspir'd seem'd to procure their wrack,
Both Sea and Land made famous by their falls,
As if that King who could not count his host,
Had sought all means by which they might be lost.

365 GH. They heare Heauens Trumpet horriblie shout 366 GH. Which straight they thinke their Sentence 378 GH. might rest 379 GH. Depths 381 GH. all to purple 389 G. seeme 390 GH. being famous

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49

All *Salamina's* straits disgorge againe,
Those whom they swallow'd, and digested had ;
But broken squadrons are restor'd in vaine,
Since with no armes, no, with no garment clad,
Whil'st both the parts then joyn'd in one remaine,
Great is the number, but the cause is bad :
Who striv'd for state, both as most abject bow :
Greeks and *Barbarians* no way differ now.

50

By this last blast those do assemble all,
At divers times who in the deeps fell dead,
By him almost preventing *Persias* fall,
Who the *Greeke* Empire had abortive made,
Who charg'd with chains lay for his father thrall,
An act more great then all his hosts to leade :
" From vertues height this generous course did come,
" A man most vitious armies might o're-come.

51

The last great act which *Athens* did intend,
Defrauded thousands of their funerall right,
Which did presage their greatnesse neere an end,
Whose state then chang'd, as having past the height :
Those to pursue that then did armies send,
From that time forth, did for their confines fight :
" A mighty Towne whose growing nought could stay,
" When com'd to faile, doth vanish soone away.

52

Their greatest Captaine fondly then remov'd,
The other cold, procur'd what he divin'd,
Who happy first, last, most unhappy prov'd,
Whil'st superstition vilifi'd his minde ;

402 GH. Depths 410 GH. It Thousands did defraud their 416 GH. doth wither
417 GH. being remou'd 420 GH. Vaine superstition

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But *Siracusa* yet to stand behov'd,
Whose conquest was for greater foes design'd ;
And those by Sea to get more land who striv'd,
Drown'd in the Sea, were of all land depriv'd.

53

Faire *Sicile* long still by great states was sought,
As fertile fields, weake owners, did entise,
The fatall lists where *Rome* and *Carthage* fought,
When all the world was made the victors prise,
Thy bounds (oft bath'd with blood) was dearely bought,
Which strangers still, else Tyrants did surprise ;
Thy Sea the stage where death oft act'd with wounds,
Must muster many when the Trumpet sounds.

54

Earst *Athens*, *Pyrrhus*, *Carthage*, *Rome* in ire,
(Their hungry hopes whil'st *Ceres* fill'd with dreames)
To daunt that people proudly did aspire,
Not fearing *Scilla*, nor *Charibdis* streames,
Nor thund'ring *Ætna* vomiting forth fire,
Nor *Vulcans* forge, nor monstrous Giants names ;
No, *Plutoes* selfe who wedded in those fields,
His conquer'd hells to greedy men he yeelds.

55

Those whose great valour did so honour wrong,
That each eternall pen it yet renownes,
Who rivals liv'd in love of glory long,
And though but Cities did dispose of Crownes,
Those two by Sea did strive who was most strong,
As all the Earth could not containe two Townes ;
" Each state the world lesse then it selfe contrives,
" A just proportion ruine onely gives.

56

That haughty race which kings in triumph led,
(All not well pleas'd with parting of the spoiles)

422 GH. Whose ruine 423 GH. to winne 425 GH. being sought 450 GH. being pleas'd

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That fishes might as well as beasts be fed,
(The land else glutted by their guilty broiles)
Did on the Sea a sea of blood once shed,
Which (wash'd by waves away) might foile their foiles,
That them to plague no furie place could finde ;
All objects raz'd which might upbraid the minde.

57

A spatious field the waters did afford,
Where floting armies might their forces try,
When free men fighting who should be their lord,
With too much valour did their bondage buy,
Whil'st *Eolus* did rage, and *Neptune* roar'd,
More cruell Creatures then themselves to spy ;
" Men of all else which this large Circuite fill,
" Most subtile are, and violent in ill.

58

From liquid fields where Carcasses are rife,
Now with his troupe *Volteius* passage finds,
Who were more bold, then fortunate in strife,
And dying did triumph ov'r foes, waves, winds,
Of fame too greedie, prodigall of life,
As those whose soules were strangers to their minds ;
" Who lose their owne to gaine from others breath,
" Life by opinion seeke, for certaine death.

59

When as two brothers that were bound in law,
Did pledge their lives who onely should be free,
Pale *Neptune* once at *Actium* wondring saw,
His Crystall walkes all as congeal'd in Tree,
Which from their kingdomes diverse kings did draw,
To know whose Slaves they were ordayn'd to be ;
As both (till clear'd) from what they crav'd would stand ;
Two on the Sea did fight for all the land.

453 GH. did shed 473 GH. When Father, Sonne, and Brother bound

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60

To save themselves, or others to confound,
When loftie Legions did a purpose take,
Of winds, waves, armes, oares, shouts, blows, groanes, the sound,
Gave bold men courage, made the Cowards quake,
Whil'st floting forests mutually did wound,
Which *Neptune*, *Mars*, and *Eolus* made shake ;
The bellies (big with men) abortive burst,
By thundring engines violated first.

61

When this encounter had made many smart,
A stately meeting, terrible to thinke,
Ships without kindnesse kiss'd, yet loth to part,
Stood strugling long which should the other sinke,
Till some oft pierc'd, and past all hope of Art,
For poyson last (as desp'rat) flouds did drinke ;
And that none might their conquer'd ensignes claime,
Slipt under Seas, as if to hide their shame.

62

But haughtie *Romans* storm'd to be with-stood,
And us'd to conquer, marvel'd to be match'd ;
From flouds in vaine some drinking back their blood,
Halfe kill'd, halfe drown'd, death by two darts dispatch'd ;
There where they fought whil'st bodies pav'd the flood,
Till emptie first, no wooden cave was catch'd :
" O how that life seemes foule which blots fames books,
" In glories glasse whil'st generous courage looks !

63

Whil'st *Mars* as yet a doubtfull Iudge did prove,
The barbarous Queene fled with *Pelusian* slaves,

481 GH. To lose their Owne or others Shippes to winne 482 G. When baptiz'd troupes did resolution take 483 GH. Sounds, Showts, blowes, the din 485 GH. Forrests did together rin 497 H. But Christian captans culd not be withstoode 498 H. By Infiddels disdaining to be match'd 499 H. From floods in vaine that drinking back their bloode 501 H. Till where they fought deade bodies

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And who lov'd her, did straight with her remove,
Not fearing, no, as who in feavers raves :
He fled not foes, but follow'd on his love,
For whom the hope of all the world he leaves :
Who vanquish'd armies oft, a woman foil'd,
Who all of all, him of himselfe she spoil'd.

64

The seas surrender at that dreadfull blast,
Troups of all Lands which in their deeps did fall,
In discord then, but rise in league at last,
The cause growne common which doth joyne them all ;
Not onely Ancients famous in times past,
But *Turks* and *Christians* thence a voice doth call :
Whom even when raging, raging floods supprest,
That waves might tosse them still who would not rest.

65

What Turband band abandons *Thetis* Bowres,
By their misfortune fortunate to fame,
Who by a royall pens eternall powers,
Reft back from death, life, whil'st men breath do claime ?
How those (still *Turks*) were baptiz'd in few houres,
Where Azure fields foam'd forth a hoarie streame :
This my great *Phœbus* tun'd to Trumpets sounds,
Whose stately accents each strange tongue rebounds.

66

Not onely thus by barbarous bands o're-throwne,
Some whom Christ bought a floting Tombe confines,
But by themselves (like *Pagans* spoil'd) though knowne,
In liquid plains a number breath resignes,

507 GH. Who liu'd in her 508 GH. Not fear'd, no, not as who 514 GH. Depthes 515 GH. Which Foes fell down, rise as in League 516 GH. being common 522 H. That once farr spread the terrour of their name 523 H. Who further purposd to defend their powers 524 G. death, Breath whilst Men Breath doth clame H. Did place some plates in the scroules of fame 525 H. Whilst beaten down from frowning flying towers 526 H. Where azure feelds form'd forth a hoarie streame 527 H. Since by their prophet charg'd all wyne to leaue 528 H. That they of watter might abundant haue

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Whil'st those who toile to make the world their owne,
Do with devotion paint most damn'd designes :
That they when all things else have fail'd for baits,
May superstition use to angle states.

67

When haughtie *Philip* with this Isle in love,
Whose rage to raigne no reason could appease ;
As oft by fraud, it last by force would prove,
To barren *Spaine* whose fertile fields did please ;
He sent huge Hulks which did like Mountains move,
As Townes for traffique, palaces for ease ;
And of all sorts did furnish forth a Band,
As if to people, not to winne a Land.

68

To brave the heavens whil'st Giants would assay,
The Lord their power would wonderfully bound ;
One little Barke their Navy did dismay,
A woman did the mighty man confound ;
All Elements did arme their course to stay,
That wicked men might not pollute our ground :
For pride disdain'd, for cruelty abhorr'd,
Spaine beg'd (a slave) where looking to be Lord.

69

O happie those for whom the heavens will fight,
Of Angels armies campe about them still,
Whil'st haile and thunder from heavens store-house light,
Arm'd winters are pour'd out, sterne Tempests kill ;
The stormy winds conjur'd in time charge right,
As train'd in warre to spend their power with skill.
" Still to the Author mischiefe doth return,
" And in the fires they make the wicked burn.

70

The Tumid region numbers doth afford,
Who onely there could quench ambitions fire ;

556 GH. Rush armed Winters forth 561 GH. The tumid State a Number

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And avarice hath it with many stor'd,
Who onely there could bound their vaste desire ;
Though each of them had of much wealth beene Lord,
Who by no meanes contentment could acquire,
Till (like themselves) still taking, fill'd with nought,
The sea and hell them to abundance brought.

71

What heavy thoughts their quaking hearts do move,
When with each wave a wound death seemes to give ?
Which rais'd up high like battering engines prove,
That so to charge do for advantage strive,
(Save sudden lightnings flash out from above)
Clouds masking heaven, over all do darknesse drive,
That whil'st they nothing see, and too much heare,
Falne on the deeps hels shaddow doth appeare.

72

Some scap'd such stormes, whil'st they secure remaine,
Surpris'd by Pirats suddenly despaire,
Whose cruell avarice to render vaine,
They yeeld (as faint) till they to them repaire,
Then powder kindled by a lingring traine,
Straight all at once are thundred through the ayre :
In water burn'd, weake thralls kill victors strong,
And suffring, act, revenge preventing wrong.

73

Thus by the Sea a number is bewray'd,
Whose dying eyes, a friend did never close,
Not in their fathers, no, in no tombe layd,
Which had when dead no part where to repose,
But are by waves to every rocke betray'd,
Till this last day doe of all flesh dispose,

563 GH. with many hath it 565 GH. Though of the Wealth of diuerse Lands made Lord 569 GH. What fearfull thoughts their quaking Stomacks sting 571 GH. engines hing 573 GH. Saue Lightnings whyles some suddaine glances bring 576 GH. Depths 579 GH. cruell Couetice 580 GH. till Foes toward them 582 GH. They all at once are

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Which as would seeme most ready those may finde,
Whom th'earth not burdens, winding-sheets not binde.

74

The face of th'earth like those a number yeelds,
Who for last lodgings could not get a grave,
Yet where they fell, as having wonne the fields,
Them (dead a time) from all who liv'd did reave,
Throwne in the dust, drawne from their bloudy shields,
Whil'st naked there, they what they clad did save :
Till beasts with some did runne, with some fowles flye :
As bodies first, bones bare at last did lye.

75

The bloud of some did staine that golden age,
To strike with iron ere malice did invent,
On ruines Altar offring up to rage,
" Wrath wants not weapons when for mischiefe bent ;
Then indignation mortals did asswage,
With stones, sharpe stings, and what by force was rent,
From gored bellies, bowels did gush out,
And heads with braines were compassed about.

76

But when man spy'd, whil'st venging wrong by chance,
That life was lodg'd in such a fortresse fraile,
To court vaine-glory which to fooles did glance,
Some (as for sport) their neighbours did assaile ;
Then last, their state of purpose to advance,
Strayd valour would by violence prevaile :
All armies first were by ambition led,
Till avarice a greater fury bred.

77

Who first from death by deeds redeem'd their names,
And eminent magnanimously grew,

607 GH. Puddings did gush out

Digitized by Google

(Their fancies frying in ambitions flames)
They onely praise, not profit did pursue ;
And as for glory, who contend at games,
Sought others to excell, not to subdue :
Such *Scythia* one, another *Egypt* gave,
From conquer'd lands who did but honour crave.

78

Those weapons first were found, which pierc'd, or bruis'd,
Ere dreadfull *Cyclops* made their hammers reele ;
Of *Mars* chiefe minions, sword and launce were us'd,
Ere men did march (as Statues) all of steele ;
What fury in proud mindes this rage infus'd,
That they would suffer to make others feele,
And strive to further, ere to hinder ill,
Then save themselves, more bent their mates to kill ?

79

What mountaines were of murd'red bodies made,
Which till falne dust, the dust did not receive,
Of *Ashur*, *Persia*, Greekes and Romans dead,
Who whil'st that they more earth, them earth would have,
Whil'st of the world each striving to be head,
Those members maim'd which it to rule did crave ?
Then though all lands one onely did adore,
As pent in too strict bounds, yet one sought more.

80

Of bones unburied, what huge heaps were rear'd,
By *Teutons*, *Cimbers*, *Gaules*, great by doing harmes,
By *Vandals*, *Allans*, *Hunnes*, and *Gothes* long fear'd,
Danes, *Longobards*, and *Sarazens* in swarmes ?
For which long time those fields could not be ear'd,
Where they to death had offred up their armes :
Whil'st where to live, to winne more lands then set,
Where they might dye, who onely land could get.

621 GH. in games 633 GH. murthred 640 GH. whilst one 647 GH. being set
648 GH. they onely

Digitized by Google

81

Then Nature strong, as in her perfect age,
As Bees their swarmes, lands Colonies sent forth,
Which forc'd by wants, or mov'd by generous rage,
In tempests huge inunded from the North ;
Else that high hopes dream'd riches might asswage,
They sought the South as held of greatest worth :
To what it pleas'd, whil'st power a right did claime,
Oft with their dwellers, countries chang'd the name.

82

That heathnish host by *Iuda* so abhorr'd,
Whose Captaines railings vengeance to contrive
A godly King did spread before the Lord,
Whose wrong his soule did most of peace deprive,
Till that an Angell with just fury stor'd,
Did kill of thousands thrice threescore and five :
Those who blaspheming God by him were slaine,
Must rise with feare to looke on God againe.

83

Thence thousands rise with strangers, or their owne,
Where still to broyles, the Grecians were inclin'd,
Where all the world at fortunes dice was throwne,
'Twixt sire and sonne in law, not love combin'd ;
By vertues clients fall, which fields were knowne,
Of all, who onely the States good design'd :
" None vertue should adore, all reverence must,
" Men should delight in it, not in it trust.

84

Thence (never buried) many bodie springs,
Where of all lands oft armies did contend,
Kill'd by the Senate, Emperours, or Kings,
But most by him who did to *Carthage* send,

649 G. perfite 651 GH. else moou'd 653 GH. Richesse 661 GH. with iust Wrath being stor'd 675 GH. Slane by the Senat

Digitized by Google

(Reft from *Romes* Nobles) bushels full of Rings,
And by barbarians Lords of all in th'end :
Thus *Italy* all nations did obey,
And to all Nations was expos'd a prey.

85

That field yeelds thousands, where wrong squaring right,
(For famous Captaines twise a fatall stage)
Great *Pompey* did with *Mithridates* fight,
And *Tamberlaine* the terrour of that age,
On lightning *Baiazet* did thund'ring light,
Tam'd for a foot-stoole in an iron Cage :
Thus that great Monarch was made worse then thrall,
" Pride hated stands, and doth unpittied fall.

86

All then must march at this last Trumpets sound,
Who fields entomb'd, damn'd flouds, and ditches fill'd,
Whil'st *Ottoman* to make his Crescent round,
Bloud (as but water) prodigally spill'd ;
His *Bassaes* now rise groning from the ground,
Which oft by him, or else for him were kil'd :
And as for bondage borne (free but from graves)
Did live to him, and dyed to Satan slaves.

87

By violence, death divers did surprise,
Still since the world first peopled did remaine,
But men in mischiefe fondly growne more wise,
By bolts unseene, some now of late are slaine,
Since some new *Sulmans*, no, divels did devise,
Those sulphurous engines bragging God againe :
Which men, yea towres, and townes, in pieces teare,
Then thunder now, men more the Canon feare.

693 GH. His *Bassaes* dash'd, ryse 700 GH. some moe of late

Digitized by Google

88

Those soone start up which fell, whil'st as lesse strong,
By *Vulcan* forc'd succumbing *Thetis* ror'd,
And thundring forth the horrour of her wrong,
The burden urg'd, straight in disdaine restor'd,
The ayery region raging all along,
Which death to them did suddenly afford :
And by a blow most strange, no scarre then found,
The bones all broken, and the flesh still sound.

89

Those whom of th'earth the superfice as forc'd,
Did beare, not bury, suffer, not receive,
By men even dead (as oft alive) extorc'd,
To avarice, else cruelty, still slave,
Those shall from dust no sooner be divorc'd,
Then they who sought the centre for a grave :
Whose bodies with their soules did seeme to strive,
Which first at hell should with most haste arrive.

90

The mutinous *Hebrewes*, who gainst him repinde,
Whose face (as glories rayes reflecting still)
Com'd from the Thunderer like cleare lightning shin'd,
Gods Secretary who first penn'd his will,
As soone as they whose dust no weight confin'd,
They rise whom th'earth did bury first, then kill :
To offer bent (pride burning in their breasts)
As like himselfe, whom *Pluto* tooke for Priests.

91

That scorn'd diviner is with them expos'd,
(Fooles who fore-know, not for their fate provide)
Who by his wife, when lurking was disclos'd,
And whom at last th'earth did as strangely hide,
And that the Cave which burn'd might so be clos'd,
He as *Romes* best who under ground did ride :

711 GH. being found 722 G. as glorious Rayes

Digitized by Google

There greedy to doe good, or fame to give,
That where his body dyed, his name might live.

92

Some feaver strange, when surfets seeme to move,
Those of the earth, who in the entrails dwell,
Whil'st it (though trembling) raging, seemes to prove,
If it may drinke the world, and spue forth hell,
They from the dust as quickly shall remove,
As those by powder, who in powder fell :
By tyrants fierce whil'st pin'd, no, freed from paine,
Who falne on th'earth, or toss'd through th'ayre remain.

93

Now *Orpheus* shall not need (as Poets faine)
To charme the furies with harmonious sounds,
Nor *Hercules* by violence, in vaine,
To force the dungeons of the shadowy bounds,
The guests below shall once turne backe againe,
To see (what they have lost) superiour rounds :
The Prince of darknesse will be pleas'd with this,
Since sure to have them judg'd for ever his.

94

The earth her entrails quickly shall discharge,
That God at once all who had soules may see,
All prisoners at last, death must enlarge,
At that great Iubily, as once set free,
Who were so long in passing *Charons* barge,
Soone from oblivions floud, brought backe shall be :
Ere *Cerberus* can barke, all shall be gone,
And ere they can be miss'd, turn'd every one.

95

Those whom soft *Egypt*, alwaies slave to lust,
By spices, oyntments, balmes and odours rare,

[735] GH. or to get Fame [736] GH. might liue his name [743] GH. being pin'd
[754] GH. all who had Soules at once [755] GH. His Prisoners [756] GH. all once

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To scorne corruption, and to mocke the dust,
Did keep (when lost) with a ridiculous care,
And us'd as pledges oft to purchase trust,
Their bones worth nought when clad, worth lesse when bare,
Their vailes renu'd, no sooner they resume,
Then whom at first corruption did consume.

96

Those Piramides whose points seem'd (threatning heaven,)
Not solitary tombes, but courted Thrones ;
The huge *Mausoleum*, one of wonders seaven ;
That *Obeliske*, which grac'd *Augustus* bones ;
Late monuments those æmulous to eaven,
Of Marble, Porphyr, Iaspe, and pretious stones :
None hides his guest from this great Iudges sight,
Nor yet him sends more gorgeous to the light.

97

Of place the distance, distant time not breeds,
Some who a field impurple by their fall,
Whose entrails straight another mansion needs,
Lest else corruption might encroach on all,
Their bodies, friends (as oft for pompe succeeds)
Not seeme (farre borne) to burie, but enstall :
But though each part a severall kingdome takes,
A sudden union now one moment makes.

98

That dreame-diviner by two Tribes call'd Syre,
(Though by them lost,) who did his brothers save,
His dust from *Goshen* quickly shall retire,
And with the rest, a second *Hymen* have,
Where though long dead, as faith did first inspire,
His bones for his, possession did receive :
Or since by him so benefited once,
That land ingrate to frustrate of his bones.

774 GH. Of Marber 778 GH. one Field 781 GH. as whyles 786 GH. Brethren
789 GH. Where he when dead 799 GH. Where His might liue, Possession

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99

The third time then some live, from Tombes rais'd twice,
(Their resurrection represented else)
Whom death (it seem'd) did but a while disguise,
For acting wonders which amazement tels ;
When wak'd by force, as who did drousie rise,
They drawne from *Lethe*, or oblivions cels :
Straight with the place all priviledge did leave,
Made as who dream'd, or in high feavers rave.

100

Till soar'd from hence, where they so long have striv'd,
Still charg'd with flesh, all soules infirme remaine ;
And with their burdens those who were reviv'd,
Their former frailties did resume againe ;
So that unknowing where a space they liv'd,
Maym'd memory was bounded by the braine :
Through earthly organs spectacles impure,
Soules reach but objects, such as they procure.

101

Some fondly curious, would have then enquir'd,
What lodgings last those both-world-guests did leave,
Which (if remembred) reverenc'd, and admir'd,
They would not wrong by words what none conceive ;
Great *Paul* (whose selfe could not tell how) retir'd,
Whom the third heaven (when ravish'd) did receive :
He what he saw return'd, could not relate,
Past mortals senses, to immortals great.

102

Such soules when last to their first tents turn'd backe,
Their toiles thereby, and others glory grew,
Whil'st to the world that way, God cleare would make,
That faith (when firme) might death it selfe subdue ;

[905] GH. where a whyle

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But then they flesh as when first left did take,
Which now at last the Lord will all renue,
Their resurrection when no time confines,
Whil'st rais'd, ripe fruits, of what they first were signes.

103

Thus the great *Tisbit* strangely did restore,
(That none might trouble have who gave him rest)
Her sonne whose victuals did when waste, grow more
Like to the like, when in like state distrest,
That Prophet did, who crav'd his sprit in store,
Not to be press'd by such a second guest,
Whose grave wak'd one, that there he might not sleep,
Where he (when dead) a quickning power did keep.

104

The blest *Bethanian*, highly shall rejoyce,
When next he cals who shew'd such tender love,
As even to weep for him, as a chiefe choice,
Till he was brought (free from white bands) above,
The first who in the grave did heare that voice,
Which from all graves must make their guests remove :
And greater power when glorifi'd may show,
Then from fraile flesh, when but breath'd forth below.

105

Those soone start up, who quickly come to light,
As to applaud what was accomplish't knowne,
Christs acting suffrings (when most low) at height,
That the last part on this worlds stage was showne
Else to upbraid as a prodigious sight,
Them who did haste what bent to have o'rethrowne :
And others all thus rais'd, more glad doe rise,
Of soules birth once, then of their bodies thrice.

106

There come those two, from whence no flesh can know,
Yet not more soone then whom fraile eyes saw dead,

827 GH. waxe more

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Of which as types one to each world did show,
That mortals might be straight immortall made,
Grosse bodies mount, and some death not o'rthrow,
A labyrinth whence Nature none can leade :
In most evill times most good, to be mark'd so,
Those did from hence mans common way not goe.

107

That godly man, by God judg'd just to be,
Translated was, that he might not see death,
Since it kill'd him, his Lord despis'd to see,
Whil'st poyson'd with vile mens blasphemous breath ;
Or else at last from pangs and horrours free,
He priviledg'd from all the signes of wrath,
Did part, not dye, from sinne, not life estrang'd ;
" Soules must remove, else have their lodging chang'd.

108

Whil'st him save God who ought disdain'd to feare,
Vile *Baals* scourge, of Kings who scorn'd the ire,
With flaming Steeds a burning Coach did beare,
The winde made Wagoner, an Angell Squire,
'Twixt this grosse globe, and the celestiall sphere,
Zeale triumph did, even as it fought, with fire :
That heaven and earth both might his glory know,
As earst his toiles, when but contemn'd below.

109

As where he lives or lyes, to turne, or stay,
To dispute easie is, hard to conclude ;
The Lord perchance committed him to clay,
As one with whom he on Mount *Tabor* stood :

859 GH. Being Death to him his Lord 868 GH. being Wagoner 869 GH. Twix
870 GH. did triumph

Digitized by Google

Else not dissolv'd, but chang'd when borne away,
And (some thinke) kept a part yet to doe good :
For without all, no Saints perfected be,
The Maid-borne body so heavens onely see.

110

A loud alarme, still doubling from above,
(The word eternall may make breath abound)
All this vast circuit doth a trumpet prove,
Whose concave wastes not, but maintaines the sound ;
At the first blast, nought else save it did move,
As driry silence had prepar'd the ground ;
But till all eares be fill'd, it higher swels,
A horrid Eccho roaring from the hels.

111

Those guilty soules what further comfort shields,
From sleepe whose conscience with the body starts,
Even when they see (as grasse) ov'r all the fields,
Men grow about them ? O what frozen hearts !
Earth labour'd long, a monstrous harvest yeelds,
Which straight heavens husband, loe, grinds, sifts, and parts :
Who can but thinke how such endure this sight ?
And yet what they attend, makes it seeme light.

112

He who them hates when God the just doth grace,
Both griefe and envy torture him at once,
Of two who rest companions in one place,
Th'one pleas'd, is glad, the other desp'rate, mones ;
Th'one parts as pointed for eternall peace,
The other sign'd for paine, stayes, howls, and grones.
Thus of the godlies good the first degree,
Is, from the wicked that they parted be.

891 GH. Then when 897 GH. hates that he should others grace 898 GH. tortures them 900 GH. One pleas'd doth joy

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113

Those creatures who by death did never fall,
That fatall summons do no sooner heare,
Then those whom it forth from the dust doth call,
Where they had slept even many a hundred yeare,
Soules lodgings thus which had beene ruin'd all,
Straight builded then, first perfect do appeare.
The just they first, the reprobate last move,
Which sink below, whil'st th'others flie above.

114

Those Temples then which not dissolv'd still stay,
(A mystery difficult to conceive)
All debt of death (not dying) shall defray,
The other life straight com'd, ere this them leave,
The bodies then (all frailty burn'd away)
Well quintessenc'd, new qualities receive,
Which though still quicke, yet in their sinnes quite dead,
Ere mortall prov'd, shall be immortall made.

115

If oft to gaze a multitude remaines,
To hold his Court whil'st it some Prince attends ;
When being met with many stately traines,
He makes a musters of imagin'd friends :
(As by small Brooks a floud swolne when it raines)
Till that on him it seemes the world depends.
That pompe to all a reverent awe imparts,
And strikes with terror malefactors hearts.

116

Thinke with what glory Christ his course doth runne,
Whil'st thundring terror, and yet lightning grace,

[905] GH. who still sound did [908] GH. hundreth [912] GH. bide below [916] GH. being com'd [918] GH. Being quintessenc'd [919] GH. being dead [923] GH. Who still being mette [924] GH. Doth make [929] GH. Christ must wondring wonne

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He might come clad with starres, crown'd with the Sunne,
But to his brightnesse such (as base) give place :
His Court at first of heavenly hosts begun,
From hence enlarg'd is in a little space.
O what strange noise doth all the world rebound,
Whil'st Angels sing, Saints shout, and Trumpets sound.

117

My ravish'd soule (transcending reasons reach)
So earnest is to surfet on this sight,
That it disdaines what may high thoughts impeach,
Whil'st mounting up to contemplations height ;
Which flight so farre doth passe the power of speech,
That onely silence can pursue it right.
And that my sprit may be refresh'd that way,
It must a space amid'st dumbe pleasures stray.

944 G. *ends here*

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The fifth HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

A great Assemblie doth with state begin,
And of some soules the processe is surveigh'd,
So more to tax the Iews, and Christians sinne,
Here in the ballance is before them layd,
Each Ethnicks *part to be compar'd, brought in*
In judgement now, their errors to upbraid:
Yet all excuses, which such can revolve,
Do damne but others, not themselves absolve.

I

O WHAT strange sight! what monstrous meeting now?
One moment musters all the ages gone;
Borne, flown, driv'n, or drawn up, I wot not how,
Large is that Crowne which compasses the Throne;
All for each time whom Nature did allow,
What numbers must they make when joyn'd in one?

The "Argument" stanza is wanting in H.
[10] H. A moment [11] H. driu'd [13] H. Hostes which disjoyn'd fame did for great allow [14] H. Who can but dreame what then when all in one

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Whil'st I do looke about, below, on high,
Still clouds of people do confine mine eye.

2

Oft thousands were in populous squadrons set,
Whil'st haughty Monarchs others Empires sought,
But nor men now, more nations last are met,
Who once in all, but differ then in nought,
No severall customes, usuall censures get,
As when some Civile, some are barbarous thought,
No garments mark'd, nor signe of hand, nor head :
All naked judg'd, as they at first were made.

3

What store of tongues oft hungry eares have fed ?
Since men from one, did more at *Babel* take,
And these (licentious) many bastards bred,
Which (mixt like Mules) did strange conjunctions make ;
But now at last all by one language led,
(Confusions curse remov'd) as first turne backe,
At least the judge none to interpret needs,
No heart from him hides thoughts, the tongue lesse deeds.

4

The spatious world at first could scarce containe,
Them whom one age by common course brought forth,
Though both by sea and land more ground to gaine,
With Colonies disper'st, East, West, South, North,
Who all their wits for wayes to live did strayne,
Yet, dreaming glory, vaunted shewes of worth :
Th'earth whil'st her entrails every one did teare,
Was forc'd to bury whom she could not beare.

[15] H. When I would look about, below, on hight [16] H. Still cloudes of creatures do confine my sight [19] H. But nor men then, mo Nationes now are mett [20] H. Though once in all, which differ now in nought H. *ends here*

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5

Death walkes so slowly with his sleepy pace,
(Though last not look'd for oft times he arrive)
That even to haste mans never resting race,
Both warre and sicknesse violently strive ;
What natures selfe would bound in little space,
Art to precipitate doth meanes contrive :
Else th'earth surcharg'd would starve her nurslings soon,
Too populous mankinde by it selfe undone.

6

But loe all these who had beene guests below,
Since first an Angell *Eden* came to guard,
This huge assembly joyn'd in one, doth show,
From whence none can escape, nor can be spar'd,
Yet now no ground, no, not no grave they owe,
No strife for marches, lands alike are shar'd :
None for old claimes then doth another cite,
But even of them all memory would quite.

7

No kinsman, friend, nor old acquaintance here,
Though long disjoyn'd, and soone perchance to part,
Doe meet as men by mutuall duties deare,
With pleasant count'nance, and affecting heart ;
That fatall doome to be pronounc'd so neere,
(Which joy or griefe for ever must impart)
With racking cares doth so distract the minde,
That then no other thought a place can finde.

8

No tyrant here (attended by his thralles,)
Doth terrour give, no, but doth it receive,
And now imperiously no master calls,
A humble servant, nor a fawning slave,
That height of minde a present feare appalles,
And breakes that swelling which made many rave :
Though now great difference be of mortals made,
" All shall meet equals, but must first be dead.

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9

Though some whose greatnesse thousands had o're-thrown,
So that their fame (trac'd by amazement) flyes,
Are here scarce mark'd, till for confusion shown,
When all their deeds the heavens great Censor tryes ;
Yet others are then earst made better known,
Who whil'st alive deluded credulous eyes,
And seem'd in show, as Angels once of light,
But are the children of eternall night.

10

Worst at that time, these trembling troupes endure,
Who know, yet not performe their masters will,
Though judgements threaten, promises allure,
To follow what is good, and flye from ill,
Whose senses false against their soules conjure,
That spirituall power which God inspires to kill :
Who doe neglect, I, and despise that grace,
Which even with Angels purchase might a place.

11

With high disdaine of soules the Soveraigne mov'd,
A kindled count'nance, flames forth terrour then,
At them who seem'd religion to have lov'd,
Vile hypocrites, curst excrements of men,
And their vast hearts (the cosening maske remov'd)
Shew each thing that they thought, both where, and when :
Till much to wonder, godly men are brought,
Who mark them monsters, whom they Saints had thought.

12

That troupe on Sathans coat Gods badge which beares,
Who hatching mischiefe, holinesse pretend,
With whoorish sighs, and with adulterous teares,
Their actions all to court opinion tend ;
Weigh'd words, school'd looks, squar'd steps, fain'd griefes, and fears,
As others earst betray themselves in end :
" All judgements then from errours maze redeem'd,
" Do see things as they were, not as they seem'd.

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13

Can any minde conceive their great distresse,
Who (whil'st ambition at vaine ends doth ayme)
As wit rul'd all, or that all went by guesse,
So for their course a faction strong to frame,
Have no Religion, any do professe,
A lump of wax, a show, an idle name ;
They then shall finde though once not trusting it,
Slight craft but folly, simple goodnesse wit.

14

Some (too secure) do ballance justice light,
And some with dreames (whil'st desp'rate) mercies range,
But such dissemblers mounting mischiefes height,
Then both these two bred blasphemie more strange :
They mock Gods wisedome, providence, and might,
As who not knows, not cares, or may not venge :
Christ of the worst the worst sort to define,
Their portion did with hypocrites assigne.

15

As colours (when compar'd) best knowne appeare,
The truth of all exactly to disclose,
So some may make (when they are matched here)
On more sure grounds the judgement to repose :
We see God doth (that things may be made cleare)
To persons persons, sinne to sinne oppose,
That crimes found monstrous though of lesse degree,
May make the more abhominable be.

16

That Queene whose name heavens register still beares,
What king they had the *Hebrews* so to teach,
Who came from farre (neglecting vulgar feares)
A mortals sight, and temporall ends to reach,
And as most happy envy did their eares,
Who might enjoy the treasures of his speech,
She (whil'st wits wonders did her minde amaze)
Damn'd liberall fame as niggard of his praise.

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17

She may that day be parallell'd with some,
When humaniz'd our Saviour did remaine,
Who one (more great then *Solomon*) at home,
Not sought, not heard, but did when found disdaine :
What monstrous madnesse did their minds o're-come,
Who had, like swine, such pearles expos'd in vaine ?
An *Ethnicke* thus may damne the *Hebrews* then,
A stranger natives, and a woman men.

18

Wo to *Bethsaida*, and *Corazin* burst,
Whom *Tyrus* straight, and *Sidon* may appall ;
They (had they seene thy sights no more accurst)
In dust with sackcloth had lamented all ;
And *Capernaum*, who mock mercy durst,
Though high as heaven, low downe to hell shall fall :
That which thou saw'st had filthy *Sodom* seene,
It long a City crown'd with Bayes had beene.

19

That stately Towne whence fame at first did sound,
Whose greatnesse once all Nations did admire,
When her the Lord had threatned to confound,
Straight prostrated to pacifie his ire,
All (wrapt in sackcloth) grovelings on the ground,
Who humbled soone a pardon did acquire.
She may condemne a number of this age,
Who, when rebuk'd for sinne, not grieve but rage.

20

Those who of old without the Law did live,
And (to themselves a law) lov'd good, loath'd ill ;
May for more blisse, at least lesse torment strive,
With those who had it, yet contemn'd it still :
For them fraile glory, or plaine good, did drive,
Where these a hop'd reward, paine fear'd, knowne will :
Then muse some of the *Gentiles* deeds burst forth,
Till Christians blush who come behinde in worth.

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21

Though God, nor what he crav'd was then not knowne,
Yet of Religion a degener'd seed,
Industrious Nature in each heart had sowen,
Which fruits (though wilde) did in abundance breed,
And their great zeale which was to Idols showen,
Shall damne their coldnesse who the Scriptures reade :
They left did stray, who call'd were truth neglect,
These foolish are, they wicked in effect.

22

Learn'd *Athens* glory, wisedome-lovers light,
Did utter things which Angels tongues might deck,
Though sure to scape Gods scourge, each creatures sight,
Yet, he would vice (loath'd for it selfe) reject,
And as his *Dæmon* did direct him right ;
Last, when accus'd, a Martyr in effect,
Lifes race well runne, glad innocent to dye,
Did (Idols damn'd) all Gods (save one) deny.

23

His Scholar next for vertues treasure lov'd,
By all the world divine was justly call'd :
Whil'st nought by faith, by nature too much mov'd,
The Third (his Master who all *Asia* thrall'd)
Who thought of God, much said, but little prov'd,
For all his knowledge, said as quite appall'd,
With paine he ranne, with doubt did end his race,
Then did the Thing of Things entreat for grace.

24

By speculation of a pregnant minde,
With Nature wrestling, though by her o're-throwne,
Those did of force by dumbe perswasions finde
A power supreame, by speaking works oft showne ;
Whom they (though thus in time and state borne blinde)
Did seek not call'd, did reverence though not knowne :
Not seeking heaven, the way to it they trac'd,
And (faithlesse trusting) what not reach'd, embrac'd.

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25

May not such men damne many thousands now,
Who fall confounded in so great a light ?
Though learn'd in all which reason doth allow,
They have Gods will, heavens way, directed right,
Yet worse then these that to base Idols bow,
What grip't not feele, not see what is in sight,
But *Atheists* vile abhominable die,
Whose hearts, whose deeds the Deity do deny.

26

These excrements of th'earth, the heavens refuse,
Of mankinde Monsters, Natures utter staine,
Who do Religion as a garment use,
And think both heaven and hell names which some faine,
O when they finde (who now of this doth muse ?)
A Court, a Iudge, a devill, a place of paine ;
Since neither faith, nor arguments could move,
The demonstration terrible shall prove.

27

The soules of such impiety more spoils,
Then following Idols *Laban* who did stray ;
Then fugitives who (fled from sundry soils)
Their Gods as goods did beare with them away ;
Then that sackt Towne whose foe (to mock their foils)
Said, Let their angry gods with them still stay :
Such superstitions, *Atheists* are prophane,
They grant no God, and these too many faine.

28

The Idols Prelats who long earnest stood,
Bath'd th'earth with teares, did th'aire with sighs condense ;
And call'd on *Baal* all deform'd with blood,
As like their Idols having lost all sense :
They may upbraid a troupe of *Levies* brood,
Who (wanting zeale) with ought but paines dispense :
Then whil'st (though vow'd to heaven) they earth embrace,
But for meere forme do coldly use their place.

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29

You who of God the will reveal'd neglect,
And do his Law not labour to fulfill,
Mark how the *Ethnicks* Idols did affect,
In dangerous times depending on their will,
And did of them the answers much respect,
Though ænigmatick, and ambiguous still.
In th'end whose fraud, or ignorance appear'd,
Which save th'events no commentary clear'd.

30

What trust from men had that horn'd devill procur'd,
Whose oracle (renown'd through many Lands)
By labour huge, paine, heat, and thirst endur'd,
Made many haunt his solitary sands,
And ere his harme by him could be procur'd,
Did quite confound *Cambyses* and his bands ;
Whom he ador'd who that kings kingdome reft,
Whom *Cato* scorn'd, and unconsulted left.

31

Who hath not heard by fame strange tales oft told,
Of him to whom at *Delphos* troups did throng,
Who finely could æquivocate of old,
Abhomination of all Nations long,
Whom to accuse the *Lydian* King was bold
As false, ingrate, and having done him wrong ?
Though he them all deceiv'd who him ador'd,
Yet was his Temple with rich treasures stor'd.

32

To smooth those mindes which were of light depriv'd,
Them through all parts who (still triumphing) went,
(Whil'st hels black hosts to guard their Altars striv'd)
Storms, thunders, earth-quakes, swallow'd, bruis'd and rent,
And them (as theirs) to *Stygian* darknesse driv'd,
Who good design'd, but of an ill intent :
" Thus sacriledge is plagu'd as worst of evils,
" Let none rob Churches, though they be the devils.

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33

Not onely these two celebrated be,
To whom strange shapes, and names, as soils, they gave,
But from a number what heaven did decree,
The simple people credulous did crave :
Who did not trust the *Dodonæan* tree,
And how that *Apis* food did take, or leave ?
Though *Plutoes* name no oracle would chuse,
Till at Christs birth all fail'd, he all did use.

34

The famous *Sibylls* (admirable thought)
By times and places which distinguish'd were,
Of which ones books twice scorn'd, thrice valu'd, bought,
Rome strictly kept with a religious care,
From which her fates she long with reverence sought,
As all charactred mystically there.
The great regard which to their books was borne,
May justly damne them who the Scriptures scorne.

35

These sonnes of *Rechab* who did wine contemne,
So to obey their earthly father still,
If that obedience (eminent in them)
Check'd who despis'd their spirituall parents will ;
May not they once the stubbornnesse condemne,
Of carelesse Christians prone to nought save ill ?
Who not like them fraile pleasures do forbeare,
But even Christs easie yoke do irke to beare ?

36

They who did trust all that which was divin'd,
By raving augures drunk with sacred Boules,
Each circumstance commenting to their minde,
Of eatings, intrails, cryes, and flights of fowls :
Ecclipses, thundrings, meteors of each kinde,
As sure presages thought, poore simple soules,
Their testimony may a number grieve,
Who what great Prophets told would not beleeve.

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37

Some *Gentiles* once whose knowledge was not cleare,
Who to Religion blindly did aspire,
By treasures, toils, and what they thought most deare,
Of Idols sought to pacifie the ire :
And lesse then naturall, heavenly to appeare,
Did offer up their children in the fire :
Thus as we should (though in the ground they err'd)
What they thought God to all things they preferr'd.

38

For *Phrigian* warre the *Grecian* generall bent,
By windes adverse whil'st stay'd on *Aulis* cost,
(As his advice the rigorous Augur lent)
To expiate his crime, and free the host,
He (in a sacrifice) before he went,
To get a whore his virgin-daughter lost,
And did (in show) as much to scape a storme,
As *Abraham* aym'd or *Ipthee* did performe.

39

No man can think, and not for horror start,
What sacrifice some barbarous *Indians* us'd,
Whil'st oft of men bow'd back on stones by art,
(A meanes to bend the breast, and belly chus'd)
The smoaking entrails, and the panting heart,
They in their zeale most barbarously abus'd.
Whose ugly Priest his Lord resembled right,
In colour, forme, and minde, a monstrous sight.

40

Religions reverence when in soules infus'd,
(Though with false grounds) doth absolutely sway,
Romes second King for this a *Nymphes* name us'd,
And *Africks* victor oft alone did stay ;
Long with his hind *Sertorius* troups abus'd,
And *Mahomet* his *Dove* did trust betray :
Where shows prepost'rous did prevaile so much,
What would the truth reveal'd have done with such ?

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41

That for his glory which God did direct,
Who do deny, abstract, or who impaires,
And his adopted day (prophane) neglect,
Who made all dayes, wrought six, and numbers theirs,
Then unto them he justly may object,
How *Gentiles* long with superstitious cares
Their Idols feasts solemnly did observe,
And though in forme, not in intent did swerve.

42

What thousands did to *Ioves* Olympicks throng,
Which (kept precisely) times great count did found ;
The *Pythian* sports their patron prais'd as strong,
Who the great Serpent, did a lesse confound :
Old *Saturn* (Sathan) he was honour'd long,
Where slaves like Lords, both did like beasts abound ;
His feast was grac'd by mutuall gifts and gaines,
Who had two faces, and so many names.

43

The *Isthmian* playes which *Theseus* first began,
To honour *Neptune* numbers did afford ;
In naked troups the *Lupercalianes* ranne
With leathern thongs for beating others stor'd ;
With mysteries which commons could not scanne,
(For *Dis* a Dowry) *Ceres* was ador'd,
And *Romes* good Goddesse, author of much ill,
Though *Clodius* was disclos'd, did cloake such still.

44

With old *Silenus* staggering in a trance,
For *Thebes* great drunkard feasts they did decree,
Whil'st first a victor, then a God by chance,
His fierie breeding never quench'd could be ¶
Troups of all sorts transported in a dance,
At his strange orgies howling went to see.
With *Ivie* darts of women madding still,
One her own sonne, a band did *Clio's* kill.

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45

You who with slack desires not hot, nor cold,
Each sacred thought when scarce conceiv'd do kill,
Mark them who were to their owne fancies sold,
How that their zeale (though blinde) was fervent still :
Whose Altars, feasts, and oracles of old,
They reverenc'd more then you the great Gods will.
Their Augurs they observ'd with much respect,
You Prophets and Evangelists neglect.

46

With works of worth (good in a high degree)
Some Infidels did such perfections show,
That by our best they hardly match'd can be,
Whil'st we admire their strength, our weaknesse know,
And if my Makers will not govern'd me
To aske no reason where I reverence ow
Oft would I grieve, and even strange thoughts embrace,
That such good Natures should have had no grace.

47

These *Persian* Kings whom Prophets pennes renowne,
What *Ashur* took did to Gods flock restore,
And Edicts made to build their Church, and Towne,
Both rendring theirs, and aiding them with more,
Of them two Brothers (striving for the Crowne)
With mutuall gifts kept kindnesse as before,
Yea, he who raign'd, the other grac't, and rais'd ;
A rare example, never match'd, oft prais'd.

48

Straight when one nam'd a message from the Lord,
The wicked *Eglon* rose (all pride supprest)
And (as he dream'd) with sacred robes decor'd,
When *Greek* great Monarch saw the *Iews* great Priest,
Their God (ere knowne) with reverence he ador'd,
And (as they crav'd) did leave their Realme in rest :
Such Kings who God and his did thus respect,
May damne who God do know, yet him neglect.

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49

Who parents honour more then *Gentiles* sought ?
All *Sparta's* youth to reverence th'Ancients us'd ;
That so his Syre from bondage might be brought,
The gallant *Cimon* fetters not refus'd ;
These two by *Solon* who were happy thought,
Did draw their mothers Coach as horses chus'd :
Though (as was promis'd) not long life to try,
They in the Temple (well employ'd) did dye.

50

More of their children *Romans* did exact,
Then God commands, or Nature doth admit ;
He from himselfe whom freedome did distract,
Did (his two sonnes accus'd) in judgement sit ;
(Vnhappy he who ever prais'd the fact)
And them to death austerely did commit :
This, as their crime, *Romes* state, his credit urg'd
By some of force, best by himselfe was purg'd.

51

That valorous youth who strict command receiv'd,
(His Father absent) for no fight to presse,
By courage flatter'd, and by th'enemies brav'd,
That for a battell did himselfe addresse ;
His Syre return'd, would no way have him sav'd,
But since his will, warres right, he durst transgresse :
Both as a victor, and a rebell made,
Caus'd first to crowne, and then strike off his head.

52

Thus (whil'st admir'd) *Romes* liberties first lampe,
And her sterne Captaine, daunting nature farre,
Th'one in the towne, the other in the campe,
Left rare examples both for peace and warre,
Which eminent in every minde did stampe
The reverence due to them that rulers are ;
" Too fond on fame, or in their course sincere,
" Good Citizens, but Fathers too severe.

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53

Though this strict course which parents thus did take,
To grace their charge, did but from rigour flow,
All (though they may not spoile, what God doth make)
May boldly use what they so much doe owe ;
Some Ethnickes children, if we doe looke backe,
By piety did admirable grow :
" And onely then when just affections shine,
" By being naturall, men doe prove divine.

54

Rude *Corialanus*, (high disdaine conceiv'd)
Wrong'd by a part of *Rome*, reveng'd on all,
When left by friends, by foes with joy receiv'd,
He made them quake who did the world appall ;
And when no hope was how they might be sav'd,
" (Loe, nought save kindenesse can make courage thrall)
His mothers teares to melt his rigour serv'd,
Who lost himselfe that his might be preserv'd.

55

The weaker sexe, to piety more prone,
By rare examples, oft have beene renown'd,
When many murthers were bewail'd by none,
An isles whole men in bloud by women drown'd,
The aged *Thoas* (stolne out from his throne)
His daughter sav'd, though next him to be crown'd,
Whose Lord (though milde) one cruell did acquire,
Who kill'd her children, where she sav'd her sire.

56

Where all were ill, that Lady onely good,
Who though she had (of worth what wonders rife ?)
Incestuous parents, brothers stain'd with bloud,
Time, state, sexe, race, oppos'd, with all at strife,
Blinde father led, griev'd mothers comfort stood,
Her brothers funerals urg'd with ventred life :
In *Thebes* she Altars more deserv'd to have,
Then one to wine, to lust another slave.

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57

The heavens great Monarch with such favour fram'd
His law to nature, nature to his law,
That even in parts where he was never nam'd,
At least his precepts where they never saw,
To bragge of good, of evill to be asham'd,
A borne instinct, depth in each brest did draw :
As some from vice, strict statutes did restraine,
Some freely vertuous, did great glory gaine.

58

Those two brave Princes first for worth and place,
The glory of the Greeke and Persian states,
And of *Romes* brood, the best for warre, or peace,
Who (*Carthage* conquering) stablish'd floting fates,
Those three (at fortunes height, whom youth did grace,)
Had Captives noble, gallant, fayre, great baits :
Yet them not wrong'd, though won, and from their foes,
But sav'd their honour, and asswag'd their woes.

59

That hunter stout, the forc'd Amazons sonne,
Though tempted oft by most unlawfull lust,
He not by threatnings, nor allurements wonne,
Liv'd godlesse, godly, where no law was, just,
Yet one (Buls sister right) enraged runne,
To worke his death, abus'd his fathers trust :
Till him fierce horses, rent, not tainted still,
A Martyrs image for not doing ill.

60

He who was sav'd when lost, and lost when sav'd,
Who did his father kill, and mother wed,
Was still (thoughts pure) not guilty, but deceiv'd,
For, when he knew where errour had him led,
(His eyes pull'd out, no comfort more receiv'd,)
A greater griefe repentance never bred :
As Kings from law, free (as unknowne) from shame,
Yet (his owne Iudge) he no excuse would frame.

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61

That powerfull speaker, who did *Lais* leave,
And scorn'd to buy remorse at such a rate,
Last may to plead against those Christians crave,
Sold to their owne, and others lusts of late,
In sinnes exchange, who filthy traffique have,
(Save what she gave, they sell) vile *Sodomes* mate :
But those are worse, by an imposed price,
Who farme Gods statutes, and doe value vice.

62

As onely Iewell which doth it array,
Shames crimson Ensignes, beauties credit save ;
The vestall Virgins who from fame did stray,
(Straight buried quicke) to thousands terrour gave ;
These who still pure, in their first state did stay,
Were carried, crown'd, in triumph to the grave :
Then valour, shamefastnesse more praise deserves,
That doth force others, this it selfe preserves.

63

That second sexe, if as the first, as free,
To burst out all which bashfull thoughts restraine,
For continency in a high degree,
The Gentiles scroules a number would containe ;
But women all in this unhappy be,
None knowes, save one, what praise they sometime gaine,
Who, with his vice, their vertue keepes unknowne,
And onely they get fame when quite o'rethrowne.

64

If scaping *Tarquin*, *Lucrece* quite obscure,
Would have conceal'd the foule attempt for shame,
And, loth more harme or scandall to procure,
Had had (if chast) for chastity no fame,
But when deflowr'd to prove her selfe still pure.
So to prevent an ignominious name :
Steele onely help'd, shame gave the wound indeed,
The modest Matron did but blush, not bleed.

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65

What women have their mates more dearely lov'd,
Then she whose death redeem'd *Admetus* life ?
Then she whose part the burning embers prov'd ;
Then pale *Paulina*, in a generous strife ?
Then she (high courage by affection mov'd)
Who said (when having try'd the fatall knife) ?
Have have, deare *Pætus* this gives me no paine,
But when thou wound'st thy selfe, then am I slaine.

66

What course for chastnesse can more glory claime,
Then thrall'd Virginia's, Virgin still to stand,
On honours Altar, offred up to fame,
Forc'd for affection, by the fathers hand,
Who chus'd no childe to have, ere one with shame,
As courage, rage, and vertue did command :
Syre, lover, luster, childe, whose part was chiefe,
For kindenesse, madnesse, high disdaine, and griefe ?

67

The Gentiles mindes with lofty fancies great,
Though violent, and subject oft to change,
They did encroach by strength on every State,
Whil'st bent for conquest, glory, or revenge,
Yet loath'd they gaines, which grew by base deceit,
With *Spartans* onely stealing was not strange :
But, though too sharpe their youth o're-look'd a space,
All when surpris'd, were punish'd with disgrace.

68

Of sinnes discharg'd, though theft the least would seeme,
Not against God, but men, scarce that indeed,
Not life, nor honour, what they may redeeme,
Perchance superfluous, and anothers need,
Yet then to kill, scorne Parents, lust, blaspheme,
This both more danger, and disgrace doth breed :
Ah earthly drosse, the greatest care imparts !
Theeves, but mens goods, their goods doe steale their hearts.

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69

Some Ethnickes were so farre from robbing ought,
Or coveting what was anothers right,
That what they had by birth, by gift, or bought,
They spar'd to spend for pleasure as they might.
But (whil'st their lives were vertues mirrours thought)
They by rare temperance reach'd perfections height :
Whil'st bodies needs, mindes treasures they pursu'd,
They first themselves, and then the world subdu'd.

70

That famous *Thales*, one of seven, thought wise,
The golden badge who each to other gave,
When some him scorn'd, who riches did despise,
As what himselfe not able was to have,
His pregnant sprite new traffique did devise,
Which (when enrich'd) he straight, as loath'd, did leave :
To shew good wits, might such things quickly gaine,
But should their strength for greater treasures straine.

71

That City sack't, whereas his wealth was thought,
Then *Crœsus*, or then *Crassus* richer he,
Who said, when ask'd if he were rob'd of ought,
By one who purpos'd it restor'd should be,
Of fortunes some, of minde, he could rob nought,
My treasure where I goe is still with me :
Such goods indeed divine should wit bewitch,
Which (th'owners not more poore) make others rich.

72

The worlds great Conquerour, conquer'd did remaine,
By him who was within his Tub retir'd,
Since holding nought of him, as in disdaine,
To let the Sunne shine free, who him requir'd ;
Whil'st those about scarce could their wrath restraine,
The King cry'd out, as who his course admir'd :
If *Alexander* not, this so moves me,
That I, no doubt, *Diogenes* would be.

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73

This shew'd the greatnesse of that Monarchs minde ;
They must be all Philosophers or Kings,
Who would the world to serve their humour binde,
So to contemne, or to command all things ;
As few the one, all may the other finde,
And what first had the most contentment brings :
Great conquests trouble, where contempt may please,
The one yeelds glory, and the other ease.

74

Who *Greece* did grace, the best man whom she bred,
To worke his friends content, his enemies harmes,
Who made the *Thebans* of their neighbours dread,
By active studies, philosophicke armes,
Who left for children, conquests where he led,
And dy'd victorious, compast with alarmes :
He was though still in charge, and honoured most,
(As poore) when dead entomb'd at common cost.

75

O Natures glory, Fortunes Phœnix, stay !
I must admire that which I seldome see,
Though (when once rais'd) thy vertue might make way,
How could'st thou, poore, grow great, great, not rich be ?
Heaven to the world this wonder would bewray,
That poverty and greatnesse might agree :
But though thy worth, the time, the state conspir'd,
So poore a Magistrate might be admir'd.

76

In trust with money, *Cato's* care was such,
That he himselfe, not onely did no wrong,
But in his shadow would let no man touch,
What any way did to the State belong ;
This mans integrity renown'd so much,
Then *Cæsar* (as more just) esteem'd more strong :
It many thousands may one day accuse,
Who (Questors) did their charge corruptly use.

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77

Romes ancient Consuls from the plough retir'd,
To fight great Kings, and conquer forraine States,
In food and garments meane, for minde admir'd,
Did scorne gold offred, loath corruptions baits,
Where some (though knowing God) to wealth aspir'd,
By treason, usury, and all deceits :
If the first *Cato* doth in hell remaine,
He may be Censor to appoint their paine.

78

Bloud was so odious in each Ethnickes sight,
That who did kill (as inhumane) none lov'd,
Save when just warre, or law, whil'st ballanc'd right,
Did kindle courage, or the judgement mov'd ;
The wise *Pericles*, though long great, he might
As foe, or judge, have fierce, or rigorous prov'd,
He bragg'd when dying, that in *Athens* towne,
None, by his meanes, had worne a mourning gowne.

79

Farre from tast-pleasing charmes which harme us must,
(So as more simple, I doe thinke lesse bad)
They who of soules did transmigrations trust,
All cruelty in such a horrour had,
That they would neither kill for sport, nor lust,
What moov'd, or felt, for ought which suffred, sad :
These who abhorr'd by death, to nurse their life,
With Iewes who grudg'd for flesh, may stand in strife.

80

Milde lenity in *Siciles* tyrant shin'd,
When one (though damn'd to dye) enlarg'd a space,
If not returning at the time assign'd,
Did binde a friend, his danger to embrace,
And when come backe, with a most generous minde,
He did redeeme his pledge, and urg'd his place :
That man (though mercilesse,) a pardon gave,
And with such two, to be a third did crave.

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81

As if that each mans griefe had beene his owne,
Ones death to signe, scarce *Titus* could endure ;
The like by *Nero* (but in shewe) was showne,
A fatall warrant when one did procure,
Who wish'd that letters he had never knowne,
That, as his heart, his hand might have beene pure :
Of meekenesse thus that monster did esteeme,
" No nature is so bad, but good would seeme.

82

They who inrag'd did tyrannize in *Rome*,
And all who from their mindes did pitty barre,
With that black band in judgement once may come,
Who call'd Inquisitors Tormentors are,
And may in justice plead a milder doome,
Nor these in cruelty who passe them farre ;
Since then strange tortures which they frame of late,
None us'd on th'earth, nor fain'd in Hell more great.

83

Of Christians scandall, infamie of Men,
You sheepe in shew, but ravenous Wolves indeede,
Whil'st vow'd religious, irreligious then,
Who fayne devotion whil'st you mischiefe breede,
And doe detest the persecutions Ten,
Yet by one endlesse doe them all exceede ;
Who make religion as an art of evills,
A priviledge for men to turne quite devills.

84

You who (breath weigh'd as winde, and blood as dust)
Ambiguously æquivocating rave,
Who vent out faith to trafficke so for trust,
Glose on an oath, with warrant doe deceave,
Then you, earst Gentiles, Barbars now more just ;
If lesse Religion, yet more faith they have ;
Marke what of theirs may once upbraid your shame,
Who have no sence of sinne, nor care of fame.

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85

To those of *Athens* once a course propos'd,
Which (as he told who onely heard it nam'd)
Great profit might afford, but if disclos'd,
As monstrous was as any could be dream'd,
They (though a multitude) all well dispos'd,
Ere further known, that purpose quite disclaim'd ;
What thing so worthie as would be defrai'd,
By honours losse to bitter tongues betraid ?

86

That stout *Athenian* whom great *Xerxes* sought,
Who (twise deluded) had his death design'd,
And long the same would with great summes have bought,
(His memory did so torment his mind,)
Yet came to him though warranted by nought
Save that he thought a generous foe to find ;
Not like to them who from faith given have swerv'd,
Who trusted him (though hated) he preserv'd.

87

Those two whose rigour first did *Rome* displease,
Who long great Captaines, last great Tyrants grew,
Whil'st bent what way to murther with most ease,
By papers one, by signes another slew ;
Of those one once, on whom foes sought to seaze,
Fled to his rivall danger did eschew ;
And he though cruell, false, and his chiefe foe,
Yet would when trusted, not take vengeance soe.

88

Fabricius did his Enemy advise,
That his Phisitian poyson did intend,
And with great scorne his judgement did despise,
Who had foes just, a Traytour to his friend ;
And this to doe nought else did him entise,
But that no Crime might his reproach pretend ;
This man all Treason did abhorre soe much,
That even Suspition could his fame not touch.

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89

Romes second founder, who *Gaules* rage did stay,
When by assult, a Citty bent to take,
A schoole-master his students did betray,
Their parents soe all Supplicants to make ;
He who did loath to vanquish such a way,
Him naked straight, them stor'd with rods, sent back,
That they his stripes with interest might restore,
All beating him, who did beate them before.

90

When *Zamaes* field had chang'd *Italian* fates,
Whil'st there conferr'd (not fear'd to be deceav'd)
The two great leaders of the rivall States,
Of warres chiefe chiefes the *Carthaginian* crav'd,
He plac't himselfe next two of former dates,
Whil'st though not nam'd, his foe more praise receav'd,
To whom he told if not o're-com'd by thee,
Then I had thought my selfe first of the three.

91

A law too popular bent to have crost,
Whil'st all the Senate was conjur'd in one,
When *Marius* fail'd, in whom they trusted most,
That all with him from their first course were gone,
Then brave *Metellus* not his courage lost,
But us'de those words, not yeelding when alone,
" A Pilots part in calmes can not be spi'd,
" In dangerous times true worth is onely tri'd.

92

To part the world those who did first agree,
When in his Shippe for nought save feasting stor'd,
One offered was by seising upon three ;
Of all their Empires to bee onely lord ;
But weighing duty in a high degree,
To stray from faith that infidell abhor'd ;
And (though thus tempted) from his faith not fell ;
In this, this *Pompey*, *Cæsar* did excell.

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93

A number such as I have marked here,
Of vertue zealous, jealous of their fame,
Who held both faith, and mutuall duties deere,
Did treason loath, and all what fraude did frame,
At last in judgment boldly may compeere,
Those who more knowledge had the more to blame,
What men did con'nant, what God did command,
Both humane, divine, who brake every band.

94

He who chang'd natures course, did nations daunt,
Who made great hostes to flie, the Sunne to stay,
He even to those whom purpos'd to supplant,
Like to provoke who did him first betray,
Did firmely keepe what he did rashly graunt :
" None can his owne, by others faults defray :
" To violate an oath all should forbeare,
" And thinke (though not to whom) by whom they sweare.

95

O what great losse did Christians once receave !
By *Ladislaus*, urg'd to be perjur'd,
Whil'st Turkes from Christ for vengeance due did crave,
Since he (by him prophan'd) had beene injur'd ?
Was he not false who freed one to deceave ?
But though his pardon, Gods was not procur'd ;
" Those who with strangers upright not remaine,
" Do both themselves and their religion staine.

96

Then shall the maske from Monsters be remoov'd,
Who keepe whil'st cruell piety in show,
And false to friends, to Princes Traitors prov'd,
The bonds of Nature (vipers vile) o'rethrow,
With fire in darknesse ominously lov'd,
Who (*Nero's* wish) would kill all with one blow ;
Like Rebells bent to cloake rebellion still,
Who faining God to serve, his servants kill.

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97

That which can reach to heaven, and God embrace,
The soules chiefe treasure whil'st kept free from staine,
On earth a vertue, and in heaven a grace,
Which flow'd from God, we fixe on him againe,
Religions oracle, the ground of peace,
Which onely serves all trust to entertaine ;
" If wanting faith, of good exhausted then,
" None can converse with God, nor yet with men.

98

That pretious pledge, that voluntary band,
Both heavenly, earthly, necessarily us'd,
Which can the key of hearts, of heavens command,
A beautious virgin, vile when once abus'd,
Who prostituted now in every land,
For feare of fraud, when offered, is refus'd,
Since she corrupted serv'd to snare the just ;
Wrong'd confidence more harmes, then cold distrust.

99

Base avarice, matcht with ambition blind,
(Faith forfeiting) have so ennobled Art,
That in this age the differing two might find,
Fit cause for each of them to act his part,
He who still laugh'd, yet nothing did allow,
He who still weeping at each thing repin'd ;
If th'one scorn'd folly, th'other evills would waile,
For both of them fitt objects would not faile.

100

Ah save those two what can the world afford !
One would still sway, the other sinke the mind,
Yet who mockes all with most delight is stor'd,
No moments pleasure can the other find ;
Who laughes, he lives, as if of all things lord ;
Who weepes, himselfe a Slave to all doth bind ;
" But follies all to miseries doe turne,
" And he shall hence have joy, who heere doth mourne.

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101

These Gentiles thus who great examples gave,
And though not godly, given to vertue liv'd,
Though aymd at oft, could not the Centre have,
Hoys'd all their Sailes, but at no port arriv'd,
Their deeds damne others, but themselves not save,
For their owne glory, not for Gods, who striv'd ;
And (as they hop'd) the world did give them fame,
But since not sought, they can no further claime.

102

They who on earth did with great pleasure passe,
That time and course which fates (they thought) decreed,
And when death did dissolve this mortall masse,
Would guesse, or else dispute, what should succeed,
Whil'st (as first shining) breaking last like glasse,
If soules immortall were, they doubts did breed :
Yet by their fancies freed themselves from paines,
To walke with joy along'st th'Elysian Plaines.

103

What cold amazement then their mindes confounds,
Whil'st from his Tombe each one astonish'd starts,
And heares strange trumpets (thundring forth dread sounds)
Cite naked bodies, yea with naked hearts,
The flying Serjeants circling flaming rounds,
So to assemble people from all parts ;
At that Tribunall which with terrour shines,
To give account of all their soules designes.

104

Yet when they heare who liv'd in light accus'd,
Of crimes more odious then they did commit,
And that their deeds, as arguments are us'd
To damne them more, who worse did use their wit,
In hope their ignorance should be excus'd,
By that great Iudge (who lightning flames) doth sit :
It seemes (whil'st this some comfort first implyes)
A little courage from despaire doth rise.

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105

They by all shifts doe seeke themselves to cleare,
Whom nought from errour offred to reclaime,
Had we (say they) O Lord but chanc'd to heare,
As *Ninive* a Prophet in thy name,
No doubt (disdaining what we hold most deare)
Thy word had serv'd rules for our deeds to frame :
As they with sack-cloth, humbled in the dust,
We griev'd for sinne, had fix'd in thee our trust.

106

Of thee what people could more knowledge have,
Then by thy selfe had at the first been showne ?
Who could give backe more then they did receive ?
Or honour thee whom they had never known ?
Ah how could we the light of nature leave,
Or whil'st thy will was hid, but use our owne ?
Shall we be judg'd by lawes, not given to us,
What not commanded, violating thus ?

107

That looke which can cure some, wound others too,
As *Peters* comfort, doth breed their despaires ;
They finde that what their rebell Syre did doe,
Had forfeited himselfe, and all his heires,
A Prince when wrong'd should not vile traitours woe,
But when entreated (hearkning to their cares)
Is (if he grant of grace, that they may live)
Milde if he doe forgive, just not to give.

108

Of our first father, of grosse earth the sonne,
(Fruits of forbidden fruits which all concerne)
As did the crime, the costly knowledge wonne,
Went to his race, which without bookes all learne,
So that thenceforth bright wisdome was begunne,
Which of all things with judgement might discerne,
And (rotten branches of a poison'd root)
Each soule doth hatch some seeds of that blacke fruit.

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109

The fatall heires of knowing ill and good,
Ere Statutes grav'd in stone were set in sight,
How God was pleas'd, or griev'd, they understood,
As the first errour did direct them right,
So that all those who were before the floud,
Were damn'd, or sav'd, judg'd by innated light :
That science rob'd, which Natures law did prove,
Of ignorance all colour did remove.

110

O ! how the Ethnickes then with grievous moanes,
For desp'rate anguish roaring horrour howle
A heavy murmur with rebounding groanes,
Doth breath abroad the burthen of each soule ;
Some who of late had been enstall'd in Thrones,
Are then abhorr'd, as Stygian Monsters foule :
O what strange change is at an instant wrought !
Most wretched they, who had been happy thought.

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The sixth HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Some who themselves prophanely did defile,
And gave to creatures what to God was due;
Some whom with bloud, ambition did beguile,
Who honour sought where horrour did ensue,
Doe here with Witches meet, and strangely vile,
Some Parricides and traitours in a crue,
Who wanting all that unto grace belong'd,
Most vainely God, man violently wrong'd.

I

SOME who below with pomp their progresse past,
Of what they once claim'd all, no part possesse;
Who (scarce confin'd by all this compasse vast)
As straited, strugling for more roome did presse,
They now not strive for state, all would be last,
By ruine levell'd, equall in distresse:
Who usher'd oft with guards, did gorgeous stand,
Are (naked now) throng'd in a vulgar band.

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2

Two troupes great terrour cannot be conceiv'd,
Which (as in sinne) in judgement joyn'd remaine ;
In image this, in essence that God brav'd,
His honour given away, his servants slaine ;
Th'one (furious) rag'd, and th'other (foolish) rav'd,
Prophanely cruell, cruelly prophane :
None thought in all so many to have seene,
As murth'rers and idolaters have beene.

3

Of monstrous bands, I know not whom to name,
For labours past, who then receive their wage,
As stain'd with bloud, or wrapt in guilty shame,
Whil'st loos'd in lust, or bended up by rage,
Not knowne to me by sight, no, not by fame,
There numbers come, drawne out of every age :
Yet some most eminent may be exprest,
To make the world conjecture of the rest.

4

I see that Churle (a godly stockes first staine)
Whose avarice no limits had allow'd,
His daughters bawd, both prostitute for gaine,
To coosned *Iacob* sold, but not endow'd ;
He, though with him Gods Prophet did remaine,
Who to dumb blockes abhominably bow'd :
Shall then behold his Throne with state erect'd,
Whom all his race had serv'd, and he neglect'd.

5

Those with long lives in contemplation still,
Who first did study starres, and measure heaven,
As of some learning, Authors of much ill,
On natures course to dote, too fondly given,
From whom he fled (as was his fathers will)
Whose faith (a patterne) th'earth could never eaven :
Not that he fear'd by them, infect'd to be,
No, no, he loath'd what God dislik't to see.

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6

These curious braines that search'd heavens hidden store,
(Superiour powers for strange effects admir'd)
For the Creator, creatures did adore,
And in all formes, as fancies fits inspir'd ;
A trembling troupe they now howle-howling roare,
All that abhorr'd to which they once aspir'd :
And Idols which for them no voice could use,
Though powerlesse then, have power now to accuse.

7

That land voluptuous, which had beene so long,
By different Soveraignes absolutely sway'd,
Yeelds dolorous troupes which durst to God doe wrong,
And more then him their follies dreames obey'd,
In true worth faint, in superstition strong,
Who bow'd to basenesse, and to weakenesse pray'd :
Who to vile creatures, deities did allow,
A Crocodile ador'd, an Oxe, a Cow.

8

These who by habite, Hebrew-haters grew,
And with his Arke durst God in triumph leade,
Who them when Victors captive did subue,
In *Gath*, and *Ashdod*, thousands falling dead,
Their abject Idole damnes that heathnish crue,
Who falne before Gods Tent, low homage made :
Where, then that blocke, more blockish they remain'd,
The place ador'd, which his crush'd carcasse stain'd.

9

There are *Bells* Priests who for themselves to shift,
Would needs their God a monstrous glutton prove,
Till *Daniel* did disclose their fraudfull drift,
And (as his bargaine was) did them remove,
Then, these for God who did a Dragon lift,
Which without force he forc'd, such to disprove ;
And many thousands bursting forth deepe groanes,
Who prostituted Soules to Stockes and stones.

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10

What millions, loe, pale, quaking, cry despair'd,
Which always sinn'd, yet never mercy claim'd,
And whil'st that they for heavens great God not car'd,
Did dote on that which they themselves had fram'd,
By *Dagon*, *Baal*, and *Ashtaroth* snar'd,
By *Milcom*, *Molech*, *Nisroch* deities dream'd ;
Which could not raise themselves when once they fell,
Yet could who them ador'd cast down to hell.

11

There stand two Soveraignes of the worlds first State ;
The first is he who so prophanely rail'd,
Whose host an Angell plagu'd with slaughter great,
Till forc'd to flie, his high designes all fail'd,
Loath'd as a monster, safe in no retreate,
Not Altars right, nor fathers name avail'd ;
But by his Sonnes, before his God, kill'd there,
Idolatry and blood both venged were.

12

The next is he who that huge Statue fram'd,
To be ador'd at every Trompets sound,
To whom the Prophet twise told what he dream'd,
First of great Empires, last what would confound,
Who with a haughty heart (fond foole) proclam'd,
Is not this *Babel*, which my hands did found ?
Then did abash'd with beastes a beaste abide,
Type of Gods judgements, Spectacle of Pride.

13

What mighty Monarchs follow after those,
With whom lights Throne so great regard had wonne,
That of their Empire purpos'd to dispose,
All met before daies progresse was begunne,
Then vow'd their judgements should on him repose,
Whose Coursers ney did first salute the Sunne ;
A gallant Coosnage, one the Crowne did gaine,
Whose horse, or foote-groome, had more right to raigne.

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14

The Greekes, though subtle, raving in this sort,
With Idoles earst defil'd, were last o'rethrowne ;
From their high wittes bright nature did extort,
That some great God rul'd all things as his own ;
Yea some farre gone (though of the end still short)
Rais'd Altars up unto a God unknown ;
Yet by the multitude their State was borne,
Though those dumbe deities some durst clearely scorne.

15

One, who not fear'd that they themselves could venge,
Once with such taunts, as none but blockes could beare,
With *Ioves* of gold, his Cloake of Cloth did change,
For winter warme, for Summer light to weare,
Then since his Sire had none, as in him strange,
From *Æsculapius* his long beard did teare ;
Thus he himselfe with spoiles of Gods did fraught,
They impotent, he impudent, both naught.

16

What thinke those Senatours when Christ they see,
Who whil'st inform'd what fame of him was runne ;
Of mortall ends that from Suspition free,
He by great wonders confidence had wonne ;
Since they to him no Temples would decree,
Whose God-head without them had beene begunne ;
O how they quake that he their course must try,
Whose deity they did trust, yet durst deny !

17

Rome coin'd (heavens rivall) deities as thought best,
And Temples did, (as judge of Gods) allow,
To fortune one, by fortune all the rest,
For flattery, bravery, or a doubtfull vow ;
What thing esteem'd had not some Altar dress'd,
Save fatall money which made all to bow ?
But (still dissemblers) they the truth abhorr'd,
It (though no God profess'd) was most ador'd.

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18

March forth you Gallants greedy of respect,
Who did not rightly wooe, but ravish fame,
(Though seeming vertuous) vitious in effect,
To Court fraile Echoes of a dying name,
And ere the world such errours could detect,
Though thrown in hell, did heavenly honours clame,
Marke what vaine pompes and deities do availe,
Which first your selves, then thousands made to faile.

19

You, who of old did *Candies* King adore,
As who might all the hosts of heaven command,
Where millions now upbraiding him do roare,
Loe, how the naked wretch doth quivering stand,
(Then all the rest condemn'd for mischiefe more)
Whil'st thought heavens God, hels guide in every land,
He fathers state, and sisters shame did reave,
A parricide, incestuous, lusts vile slave.

20

Loe, his adultrous brood, *Amphitrio's* scorne,
Right fathers heire, ador'd for doing ill,
Whose fame, by fabulous deeds, aloft was borne,
Yet but great Robber, did lesse Robbers kill,
Till by a poyson'd shirt, last justly torne,
As whil'st alive by lusts vile harpies still :
Now he who once was fain'd to force the hell,
There damn'd to darknesse may for ever dwell.

21

He trembleth now who spurning still at peace,
With brags, the ayre, with blows did beat the ground ;
And she with whom whil'st bent to sport a space,
He who brav'd others did lye basely bound ;
Then that lame dolt who prov'd his owne disgrace,
With him (their like) by whom the fraud was found.
What godly gods ? what worth with titles even,
Thus seeking hell, to stumble upon heaven.

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22

These do not scape who first for vertue knowne,
Rais'd from *Ioves* thigh, or head, dress'd wines, and oyles,
Nor she by whom for food first corne was sown,
To furnish fields with Autumns pretious spoils,
Nor none of them by whom prais'd Arts were shown,
To barre vice-breeding sloth by needfull toils :
Since they usurp'd what did to God belong,
And were, whil'st doing right, intending wrong.

23

Not onely *Gentiles* who prophanely rav'd,
Do now curse those by whom they were beguil'd,
And *Indes* new world, ere borne, in sinne conceiv'd,
From whom the light of God was farre exil'd,
But even these *Iews* whose soules the truth perceiv'd,
(With spirituall whoredome publickly defil'd)
They who ingrate, great benefits abus'd,
Loe, quite confounded, can not be excus'd.

24

O wretched Troupe which did so grosly stray,
When God with you (as friends) did freely treat,
Who even whil'st *Moses* in ambassage lay,
In place of him a senselesse Calfe did seat ;
This, what you parting robb'd, did thus repay,
When turn'd to such an use, as *Ægypts* fate ;
Were his great works forgot who did you leade,
And you such fools to trust in what you made ?

25

Next them stand these when in *Canaan* plac'd,
And all perform'd what promis'd was before ;
Who their appointed way no longer trac'd,
Gods law, and wonders, not remembred more,
Who barbarous customes where they came embrac'd,
And did the Idols of the land adore,
Yea, whil'st set free, when God had heard them mourne,
Who to their vomit did like dogges returne.

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26

The *Iews* first King, first mark'd who did begin,
By loath'd selfe-slaughter to prevent world's shame ;
Though glory glos'd upon a ground of sinne,
Whil'st *Gentiles* sought to justifie their fame,
Feare but prevayl'd where courage came not in ;
They weaknesse shew, did of true worth but dreame :
Sauls end for soules is the most dangerous crime,
Which for repentance doth not leave a time.

27

From seeking Asses he was rais'd to raigne,
And when enstall'd soone forfeited his right ;
Once prophecied amongst the Prophets traine,
Then hunted was with Sprits which loath'd the light ;
Spar'd heathnish *Agag* whom he should have slaine,
And kill'd Gods Priests, though precious in his sight ;
He ever abject was, or did insult,
Did first with God, last with the devill consult.

28

He who made *Israel* sinne, forc'd, and entis'd,
O what huge anguish in his soule doth sit !
Who with Religion policy disguis'd,
In heavenly things of too much worldly wit,
Whose hand stretch'd forth to strike, even then surpris'd,
Was hurt, and heal'd, by him whom bent to hit :
The Altar rent, as was his heart with feares,
The ashes falne, as should have done his teares.

29

Vp hatefull *Achab*, horrour of thy race,
Whose heart, then hands durst do, more mischiefe thought,
When quaking to behold *Christs* flaming face,
The cheape vine-garden shall be dearly bought ;
O bitter Grapes, hard to digest, no grace,
When thy tumultuous minde to light is brought ;
And for his cause whose life thou thus did'st reave,
Dogges did thy bloud, devils do thy soule receave.

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30

You sisters faire whom God did love so much,
Both basely humbled did dishonour'd range,
He (abject rivals) jealous made of such,
Whose vilenesse did exempt them from revenge :
Mouth dumbe, eares deafe, eyes blinde, hands could not touch,
What monstrous madnesse could procure this change ?
Law, wonders, Prophets, promise, nought could move,
For infinite deserts, a gratefull love.

31

Some Kings of *Iuda* Idols did imbrace,
As he whose sonne through fire polluted went,
That hatefull *Ahaz*, *Achabs* steps did trace,
Next whom one more did sinne, but did repent ;
And one before link'd with the loathsome race,
With him did perish, whom to follow bent.
" From them who make bad leagues the Lord removes,
And often-times the friendship fatall proves.

32

Of *Israels* Monarchs to worke mischiefe sold,
When nearly mark'd I scarce misse any one,
Save it be *Iehu* killing (as God would)
His hated Rivals to attaine a Throne,
Who (though the course of *Dan* was not controul'd)
Of foure heires crown'd succeeded was when gone :
The rest with Idols filthily defil'd,
Do finde how farre their judgement was beguil'd.

33

With *Ahab* match'd as fit to be his Mate,
He stands, who both Gods grace, mens love abus'd,
Who to be worse then worst did prove ingrate,
More evill then all whom God before refus'd :
His feare (as fault) not comes in my conceit ;
When justly thus by Gods great Priest accus'd,
Was this (vile monster) a reward to me ?
And couldst thou kill his Sonne who did save thee ?

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34

With these now nam'd of Idoll-serving Bands,
What number loe (time past) their folly findes?
Some dead, some yet alive, whom in all Lands,
Opinion clouds, or Ignorance quite blindes;
Whil'st humbled to the worke of mortall hands,
Some simplie trust, some would comment their mindes:
But that command beares no exception now,
Which before Images discharg'd to bow.

35

O what dread Troupe doth with strange aspects rise!
I think their eyes flame fire, their hands drop blood:
Those whose proud hearts did all the world despise,
That at their power abus'd astonish'd stood,
Did murther, robbery, sacriledge disguise,
With shows of valour, which their brags made good:
Where is that courage vaunted of so oft?
Whil'st crush'd with fears they dare not look aloft.

36

When as Gods sonnes did with mens daughters lye,
Of the first world behold a bloudy traine;
But chiefly two most eminent I spie,
A barbarous murtherer, and a bragger vain:
He who to God durst with disdaine reply,
When for his brother ask'd (whom he had slain)
Am I his keeper? and I think he thought
Take up his offering, help'd thy favour ought?

37

This moth of minds, base spite, selfe-torturing gall,
Made devils to lose what he them once had given,
Then bent to be like God made man to fall,
Himselfe from *Eden*, and his Sonne from heaven,
To which all children still by Nature thrall,
(Though for their harme) with others would be even:
A childish vice which onely weaknesse beares,
" One what he wants, in others hates, or feares.

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38

With him who first confusion did conspire,
The swaggerers Patron next in ranke is rang'd,
If seven-fold vengeance *Cain* did require,
Times seventy seven who vow'd to be reveng'd ;
And told his wives that (insolent in ire)
He wounds for words, and death for wounds exchang'd.
But who thus rioting did burden eares,
(With terror freez'd) is all benumm'd with fears.

39

That hairy hunter given to sport with bloud,
Ere borne contentious, in the wombe prophane,
Who (as estrang'd from knowing what was good)
His birth-right sold, some pottage so to gaine :
Who further likewise gave, allur'd by food,
That which once scorn'd, was after beg'd in vaine :
This man still foolish findes his fault too late,
Whil'st being nam'd with them whom God doth hate.

40

These mighty Monarchs whom rash fame call'd great,
Who once (worlds Idols) thousands made to bow,
Whil'st gorgeous Courts with a prodigious state,
Too superstitiously did pompe allow ;
O how farre chang'd ! from what they were of late,
Them who brav'd hosts, a look makes tremble now ;
Quench'd are these fires which once their breasts did burne,
And majesty to misery doth turne.

41

There he whom first a Diademe did fraught,
That famous Hunter founding *Ashurs* Throne,
Whose sport was glory, when he kingdomes caught,
The hounds halfe-men whose liberty was gone :
Worlds first example, who by practise taught,
That many thousands might be rul'd by one.
With terrour numbers *Nimrods* name did strike,
When thundring down all where he went alike.

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42

Next comes his heire who first by right did claime,
That which anothers violence did take,
Yet then the Father worthy of more blame,
Who bondage would hereditary make ;
And to great *Niniveh* did give the name,
Which turn'd Gods threatning by repentance back.
Lord where no right was, where just Lord a slave,
Who suffred ruine by the power he gave.

43

With prais'd *Sesostris* whom vaine pride did snare,
Despis'd *Pelusium* yeelds a bloudy band,
What *Pharoes*, *Ptolomies* and *Sultanes* there,
(Though once thought terrible) do trembling stand ?
And well it seemes that valour then was rare,
When easie conquest grac'd so soft a Land.
What seem'd their glory then, doth prove their shame,
Who quench'd with bloud what kindled was for fame.

44

O ! what sterne Troups I with *Vexores* see,
Whose courage was not (like their climate) cold,
But bent themselves extreamely to be free,
Oft by their strength encroaching states control'd ;
Of barbarous squadrons monstrous numbers be,
Who did great acts which fame doth not unfold,
O ! had they had as happy pennes as swords,
How many might have match'd with *Romes* chief Lords ?

45

To daunt the *Medes* that Prince who first aspir'd,
Where wading long, at last was drown'd in bloud ;
One fondly charg'd, and with disgrace retir'd,
Where losse did harme, to gaine had done no good ;
And he who *Attick* figges to have acquir'd,
Would tosse a hill, force winde, drink up a flood ;
With those stand stayn'd with bloud all *Persia's* kings,
Save some to follow lust who left all things.

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46

What quaking squadrons do together throng,
Whom (Arts great nursery) pregnant *Greece*, brought forth,
Whose fame their funerals doth survive so long,
First sounded South, still echo'd in the North,
Whom flattering pennes did praise for doing wrong,
Whil'st mindes abus'd did dote on shows of worth :
Who thought grave pride a modest minde disclos'd,
And valour vertue, though to ill dispos'd.

47

Learn'd *Athens* founder, fabulously great,
(Both Sexes slaughtered) gain'd a glorious name,
And by much mischiefe mounting up a State,
Did drinke of death, whil'st thirsting but for fame ;
Some virgins gain'd by force, some by deceit,
The devill scarce scap'd from his adulterous ayme,
Who by vile murther, rapes, and fraud made knowne,
Broke first his fathers necke, and then his owne.

48

These of their times who were esteem'd the best,
And with strict laws did what they pleas'd allow,
Licurgus, *Minos*, *Solon*, and the rest,
Then all their mates, more paine attends them now,
Who heavenly wits to worldly wayes did wrest,
And but to Nature, not to God did bow ;
They (save politick) all Religion scorn'd,
And what they fain'd (as com'd from God) adorn'd.

49

Two who agreed to enterchange their raigne,
With griev'd *Adrastus* mutually do mone,
Who forty nine alone (one fled) had slaine,
He dare not now behold the face of one ;
Where is that valour vaunted of in vaine,
By that great bragger at the *Argive* Throne ?
Whil'st quite confounded these do quivering stand,
The cruell *Creon* last comes to their band.

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50

What then avails (though prais'd so much of late)
When neere swolne *Ilion* death threw famous darts ;
Old *Priams* pompe, proud *Agamemnons* state,
Achilles swift foot ; *Hectors* hand, and heart,
Vlysses shifts, the valour of his mate,
Old *Nestors* speech, or *Ajax* his mad part :
All vagabonds, or violently dy'd,
And what did manhood seeme, is murther try'd.

51

Then yeelds that Towne which laws whil'st kept did save,
The crafty *Ephor*, and the halting King ;
One Captaine greedy, two that were too brave,
Whom famous ruines both to death did bring ;
Last him who place to none in courage gave,
From whom when dead a Serpent forth did spring.
Who to strict laws love out of time had showne,
And offered freedome where it was not knowne.

52

From *Pallas* Towne there flows a famous brood,
Who first foil'd *Persians*, with his gallant sonne ;
He who by stratagems victorious stood,
And he whose gravenesse great regard had wonne ;
He who both eminent in ill, and good,
All fortunes wayes had resolutely runne :
With numbers more whom former glory grieves,
And then from shame, nor paine, them not relieves.

53

Few *Thebes* gives that were renown'd in armes,
Two fain'd great Gods, two found great friends I see ;
Then, that *Corinthian* bent for Tyrants harmes,
Who kill'd his brother, *Syracuse* set free ;
Who brav'd *Romes* Consul famous for alarmes ;
Last *Grecian* great-man rank'd in this degree :
Who for some drudge when farre mistaken said,
He for deformity a pennance paid.

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54

Neare those great *Greeks* their Neighbour doth arise,
First forraine Prince who them to bondage brought,
Who did great things, but did farre more devise,
And laid the ground where the great builder wrought :
Yet was much taxed by that age precise,
For faults which moderne times not strange have thought ;
That mightie father farre more fame had wonne,
If not but Vsher to so great a Sonne.

55

He who in one all kingdomes would combine,
And more perform'd then others dar'd to vaunt,
Who wish'd more worlds, whom this could not confine,
Whose fulnesse famine, wealth gave sense of want ;
With fortune drunk (not as was thought with wine)
Who all without him, nought within did daunt :
Who, from so many life and state did take,
O what large count must that great Monarch make !

56

By *Persias* fall who did his Empire found,
Is back'd by them whom he with fame did place,
One kill'd in *Ægypt*, and another crown'd,
Whose following heires were compass'd with disgrace,
And all the rest for mischiefe most renown'd,
In *Greece* or *Syria* who did raise their race.
Whose Lord (made childlesse) prov'd a stocke of Kings,
Of whom when dead each feather turn'd to wings.

57

Next *Macedons*, *Epirus* Prince doth come,
Whose state so oft at Fortunes dice was throwne,
Who but *Levinius*, did not *Rome* o're-come,
And onely was by victory o're-throwne ;
How *Alexander* might have match'd with *Rome*,
By whom (a sparke falne from his power) was shown :
To whom he shew whose tongue such wonders wrought,
That ease with ease which with such toile he sought.

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58

O what huge troupe of *Tibers* brood I see,
Whose glory shame, whose conquest proves no gaine ;
Who were thought happie, then most wretched be,
And wish for flight their *Eagles* wings in vaine ;
A smoking dungeon heavens for all decree,
At severall times whom th'earth could not containe ;
With shadows clad they in strict bounds do dwell,
Who spoil'd the world, scorn'd heavens, and conquer'd hell.

59

There *Romes* first King his deitie dearely buies,
Who bred with wolves did leave a ravenous broode ;
And he for peace who coin'd religious lies,
His forg'd devotion now can doe no good ;
This judgement straight those haughty princes tries,
Who famishing for fame, were drunk with blood,
Till bended pride long procreating hate,
Last, loos'd in lust, did alter all the State.

60

Of *Rome* (when free) whom fame from death redeemes,
The worldly worth what volume could record ?
Huge *Livies* worke imaginary seemes,
An Epick poem with perfection stor'd,
Where numbers are whose parts Time more esteemes,
Then all whom Poets pennes with dreames decor'd,
But though quick Nature quint-essenc'd the mind,
The Soules, in senses wrapt, continued blind.

61

He who alone did brave the *Thuscan* band
On *Tibers* bridge, and did the Towne maintaine ;
Five kill'd, *Romes* Champion, who did onely stand,
Till Sisters slaughter did his triumph staine ;
In raging flames, who freely rush'd his hand,
Which for the chiefe had but a second slaine ;
Where (*Fabians*) force you me ? and *Scipio's* brave ?
What famous families remembrance crave ?

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62

These two when barr'd from hope of lifes delights,
The Sire, and Sonne, whom no man else would even,
In fearefull formes, who with prodigious rites,
Mens horrour here (how monstrous then to heaven ?)
Where fatall offerings to th'infernall sprites,
With Soule and bodie prodigally given :
Though once much prais'd, all now their folly tell,
Who hurl'd of purpose headlong unto hell.

63

Now *Pompeies* triumphes more torment his minde,
Then when *Pharsalia* crush'd him with despaires ;
That æmulous old man (*Parthia's* prey) did finde,
With Avarice Ambition hardly shares ;
First, to fierce warre, last, to soft ease inclin'd,
Lucullus here for both condemn'd repaires ;
That *Triumvir* stands with this troupe annoid,
Who first the State, and then himselfe destroi'd.

64

Rome many had who made her Empire great,
Whil'st they but praise, and Statues striv'd to gaine,
Two *Cato's* onely studied for the State,
And with strict lawes would liberty retaine ;
But when expir'd to prorogate her date,
Two *Brutes* more brave her ruines would maintaine ;
Yet were their aimes and ends in th'end not eaven,
Whose glory was their God, and *Rome* their heaven.

65

Thou whose high heart boil'd in ambition soe,
(As Pride had thee) to have the world surpris'd,
Who weigh'd but whither, not what way to goe,
(What ow'd to frends, or State, all bands despis'd)
Where bound ingrate, not francke but to thy foe,
The first of th'emperors, and then all more pris'd ;
Thou for thy faults not onely charg'd may be,
But for all theirs who had their power from thee.

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66

His heire (lesse stout, more strong) the way prepar'd,
What this man courted, bravely to embrace,
Tooke from these two with whom the world was shar'd,
By fraud the ones, by force the others place,
Yet was (high hope must some way be impair'd)
Infortunate in family, and race ;
How could his state, and wife, in peace be left,
Since from just owners both before were reft ?

67

Then *Varro's* losse, or *Iulia's* fame forlorne,
A greater griefe doth racke his guilty minde ;
That deep dissembler fomie *Capreas* scorne,
(His heart pour'd forth) must now unmask his minde ;
That cruell prince who in the Camp was borne,
A servant good, a Master bad designed ;
The Stupid dolt drawn by the heeles to raigne,
Their pleasure past all must repay with paine.

68

Though once too fierce, O how that squadron faints !
(Which make heart's quake, and haires for horrour rise)
Who durst prophanely persecute Gods Saints,
With greater paines then paper can comprise,
Who not regarding groanes, nor just complaints,
(More hard than flint) all pitty did despise ;
They now in vaine from Christ compassion claime,
Whom in his members they so oft did maime.

69

Unnaturall *Nero*, monster more then strange,
With-all to rage, who reasons reynes resign'd,
And through the world, as wolves for bloud did range,
As sakelesse soules by them, they now are pin'd,
That brave man scapes not, who did something change,
When *Plinies* letters mollified his minde :
Those ten whom nought can cleare, no, not excuse,
Of Martyrs millions cheerfully accuse.

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70

There throng great Emperours, peoples Idols once,
All bright with steele, whom Armies did attend,
Whil'st ancient Kings fell downe before their thrones,
That them as vassals they would but defend ;
Soules shak'd (brests earth-quakes) do rebound with groans,
Whil'st griefe doth breake what pride so long did bend :
Who judging Kings, gave lawes to every land,
Poore, naked, base, in judgement trembling stand.

71

Ere through twelve roomes the Sunne had run his race,
Three quickly rais'd, and ruin'd, did remaine,
(That to the grave he might not goe in peace)
A wretched old man forc'd by fates to raigne ;
Who liv'd too soft, did stoutly death embrace,
That damnes him most, which greatest praise did gaine :
Then he who had no sense, save onely taste,
By chance an Emperour, should have beene a beast.

72

He who the State when thus distress'd, restor'd,
Whom first for Emperour, easterne parts did know,
The best and worst that nature could afford,
Whose sonnes (farre differing) at the height did show,
And these whose raignes, adoptions course decor'd,
Who all to worth, would fortune nothing owe,
Till unto him, whose vertue fame had wonne,
A Serpent-wife did beare a Tigrish sonne.

73

When once of State that mystery was knowne,
How Emperours might for private mens regards,
Be made abroad, the Senates will not shown,
By forraine Armies, or Prætorian guards,
Then (worth not weigh'd) all order quite o'rethrown,
The world was bought with promised rewards :
Such bent to please, or (scorn'd) to fury mov'd,
They slavish still, or then tyrannicke prov'd.

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74

Yet from that height of foule confusions rage,
When every Province, Emperours did proclaime,
Some raign'd, whose acts of State did grace the Stage,
By rebels ruines, strangers put to shame,
Which might have match'd the best of any age,
If they had beene as fortunate to fame :
But barbarous times for great things grosly touch,
Aurelian, *Claudius*, *Probus*, and some such.

75

Huge numbers now my wandring thoughts amaze,
Of barbarous parts which did for State contest ;
Romes greatest rivall, sunne-parch'd peoples praise,
The reall rare bird, fables all the rest,
Which to fames Zenith did her glory raise,
Then fell in ashes, none, when not the best :
That haughty towne, whose worth her foe preferres,
She *Africkes* Phœnix, *Hannibal* was hers.

76

He whom oft victor Roman troupes did see,
Whose campe of many sorts still calme did prove,
The worlds third Captaine, scarce scap'd first to be,
Men, Cities, Alpes, all opposites above,
(When *Carthage* rendred, onely living free)
To warre for him, who did great Monarchs move :
He whil'st alive, though banish'd, poore and old,
Still jealous *Rome* in feare of him did hold.

77

That Queene of Nations, absolutely great,
When crush'd by those whom she so oft did wound,
Though she deserv'd what could be hatch'd by hate,
Yet these rude bands which did her pride confound,
Like tempests still encroaching on each State,
Till *Europes* beauties all in bloud were drown'd :
As Actors first shall suffer once in ire,
Like unregarded rods thrown in the fire.

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78

Romes emulous sister, Easterne Empires height,
Who did by parting dissipate her power,
(Though Christians call'd) Barbarians brings to light,
Whose lust to raigne did all things else devoure,
Who others oft (all dayes to them turn'd night)
When eyelesse made, entomb'd within a Tower :
Bloud, friendship, duty wrong'd, with shamefull wounds,
Who plagu'd with darknesse, darknesse them confounds.

79

That stately towne selected to command,
To Scepters happy, great against her will,
Who (though the Emperour fell) did Empresse stand,
Divorc'd, not widow'd, match'd with Monarchs still,
She renders, joyn'd, a sometime differing band,
Of Ethnickes, Christians, Turkes, all damn'd for ill :
Huge is the troupe which doth from that part, part,
No Turban hides the head, nor Art the heart.

80

A savage troupe, the divels in order range,
Which lavish of mens lives their ends to gaine,
As Natures bastards, quite from kinde to change,
Had (for first act of State) their brethren slaine,
That after it no murther might seeme strange ;
An ominous entry to a bloudy raigne :
And well it may be said, he much commands,
Who, when he likes, mens lives, and still their lands.

81

That Turke who boldly past the bordering floud,
In *Adrians* towne a barbarous Throne to raise,
He brings a band of *Ottomans* sterne brood,
Yet yeelds to one, who did the world amaze,
Whil'st in *Bizantium* he victorious stood,
And Roman power did absolutely raze :
For soules, and bodies, mischiefes worst to frame,
Curs'd Mahomet, damn'd be that fatall name.

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82

Proud *Selimus*, who with a monstrous spleene,
Thy fathers ruine labour'dst long to worke,
And gladly would'st a Parricide have beene,
A tyrant, I, what can be worse ? a Turke,
Though once ostentive, curious to be seene,
Thou in some corner now would'st wish to lurke :
The Soldan slayne, and Mamaluckes o'rethrown,
Who then sought'st all, thou now art not thine own.

83

Rhodes conquer'd quite, all *Hungarie* o're-runne,
He, who caus'd place upon *Vienna's* height
His gaping Moone, not fill'd with kingdomes wonne,
Though but a badge of change, portending night,
Lest Europes Empire had a hazard runne,
When two great armies were afraid to fight :
Great *Soliman*, sole-man by Turkes thought still,
Whom could he spare, who his own sonne did kill ?

84

'Twixt Turkes and Christians now no Trumpets sound,
(Their warres of late transferr'd to other lands ;)
The Persian doth the Turkish conquest bound,
Of too much weight, and borne with borrow'd hands,
Which their supporters threaten to confound :
As Mamaluckes, and the Prætorian bands,
Did *Egypts* Prince, and *Romes*, chuse in times past,
The Ianisaries may make Turkes at last.

85

Of cold Muscovians, and of scorched Mores,
From differing tropickes now the troupes are great ;
That stout Numidian (*Scipio's* friend) deplores
That long he liv'd, and yet had learn'd too late ;
Fierce *Saladine* whose fame each story stores,
Whose fatall badge upbraids each mortals state,
That Sultane, loe, doth lead a tawny trayne,
Who *Iuda* spoil'd, bragg'd *France*, and conquer'd *Spaine*.

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86

With men whose fame was registred with bloud,
Who from true worth to reach vaine dreames enclin'd,
Some women come who had (made milde, grown rude)
A female face, too masculine a minde,
Who though first fram'd to propagate mens brood,
(From Nature stray'd) toyl'd to destroy their kinde :
By differing meanes both sexes grace their state,
I scorne mens coynesse, womens stoutnesse hate.

87

There *Ashurs* Empresse, who disguis'd did raigne,
Till (as by her his Syre) slaine by her sonne ;
The Scythian Queene who scoff'd with high disdaine,
At *Cyrus* head, when toss'd within a tunne :
She who by Emperours spoiles did glory gaine,
Zenobia chast, who did no danger shunne :
That which they bragg'd of once, they now bemone,
The Amazons all tremble at this Throne.

88

There quaking Squadrons (press'd with feares) conveene,
Who monsters of their sexe, to Nature strange,
In warre not onely violent were seene,
Whil'st spurr'd by hate, ambition, or revenge,
But Brigants fierce, and homicides have beene,
Even where most bound to love, when bent to change :
Such when once stray'd in mischiefes depth they dive,
What thing so bad which they dare not contrive ?

89

With aspects fierce, O what a cruell crew !
Milde natures horrour, worse then can be deem'd,
Who barbarous, yea, abhominable grew,
And wrought their wreake whom they should have redeem'd,
Who with kinde bloud, did unkinde hands imbrue,
For vile revenges, monsters mad esteem'd :
Whose rage did reach to such a height of evils,
That humane malice did exceed the divels.

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90

There *Media's* Monarch, ruine of the State,
Whose nephewes saver when for death forth borne,
Had for reward from him, his sonne for meat,
And (that his soule might be in pieces torne)
The head was brought while he the rest did eate,
A high disdaine, dissolv'd in bitter scorne :
Who can but thinke what griefe he did conceive,
Sonnes murtherer, mourner, bearer, beere, and grave.

91

Then he whose part oft *Athens* stage did tell,
Who by his brother drest like food did finde,
Whil'st boyling rage (pent up) last high did swell,
And bursted out in a most barbarous kinde ;
Though both (not jealous) may inhabite hell,
Yet vengeance still doth so possesse his minde :
That, if of ease he any thought attaines,
It onely is to see his brothers paines.

92

Those two so neare (yet farre estrang'd) in bloud,
Though Greeks, yet barbarous, quite from nature stray'd,
To make his brother swallow his owne brood,
(So farre that fury of revenge him sway'd)
Of which, the one did dresse (prodigious food)
A childe, his nephew, innocent, betray'd :
Now in one dungeon, they together dwell,
No jealousie nor envy stings in hell.

93

'Twixt *Pandions* daughters, wretched *Tereus* stands,
Of which the one (by double wrong abus'd)
With tongue restor'd, the vengeance due demands,
For brutish lust, and barbarous rigour us'd,
As having stain'd his stomacke, and her hands,
By him the other is as much accus'd :
A sister kinde, or with all love at strife,
A monstrous mother, an outragious wife.

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94

She grieves, whom long distract'd, strange thoughts did move,
To venge her brother, or her sonne to slay,
A sister, mother, doubtfull which to prove,
Till tender kindenesse to strong rage gave way,
Proud of mens praise, and of a Ladies love,
Whil'st his, the Boare, he *Atalanta's* prey :
Thus even whil'st fortune fawn'd, fates did destroy,
" O what small bounds abide 'twixt griefe and joy !

95

Of Queenes accurst, whose names may horrour breed,
There *Iuda*, *Israel*, each of them gives one,
The Tigris who destroy'd the royall seed,
And even too dearely purchased a Throne,
Yet one preserv'd, did to the State succeed,
And, justly guerdon'd was her rigour gone :
As from Gods favour, from his Temple driv'd,
That murtherers ruine quickly was contriv'd.

96

That hatefull Hebrew Queene of *Sidons* race,
Who durst attempt a warre against the Lord,
And Prophets kill'd, or them farre off did chase,
Yet *Baals* Temples with abundance stor'd,
That prostituted trunke, and painted face
Were head-longs hurl'd, by dogges to be devour'd :
Yet did that judgement but to her remaine,
An earnest penny of eternall paine.

97

That great Enchauntresse, magickes power o're-thrown,
Who, then the Bull she tam'd, more mad did prove,
Whil'st she (his babes all torne in pieces sowne)
From following her, her father did remove ;
What cruell wonder hath like this beene knowne ?
One of the sexe most mild, fierce when in love :
No doubt the divell did rule both heart and hands,
For witchcraft, murther, his by double bands.

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98

From dungeons darke, blacke squadrons part a space,
(That they for ever sentenc'd may returne)
By covenant the divels peculiar race,
Who hyr'd by him, against the heavens did spurne,
And, when detected, dying with disgrace,
(As Martyrs) did for their profession burne :
This ominous end presaging more distresse,
They here began their portion to possesse.

99

She, who at *Endor*, by her King secur'd,
Long murmuring charmes, a monstrous masse did stand,
Then did attest, protest, curs'd, and conjur'd,
Till she (hels slave) her master did command,
And (if not *Samuel*) one like him procur'd,
To rise and tell all that they did demand,
That Witch the honour hath with many such,
To live with him whom she did love so much.

100

Some who (all Magickes mysteries well known)
For temporall toyes, eternity have lost,
And did but mocke the eyes (false wonders shown)
Like him who would have bought the holy Ghost ;
Their Lord at last with rigour urg'd his owne,
And all that cosening skill too dearely cost,
Their mangled members dasht against the stones,
Whil'st he to search their soules, crush'd all their bones.

101

Some subtle Sorcerers, whom the world commends,
This horrid Art to such perfection bring,
That slaves can sell their Lords for severall ends,
By magickes meanes imprison'd in a Ring,
Whose owners with their Lord (as his deare friends)
May by this pledge, advise of every thing :
So that such sprites were entertain'd for spies,
Which told some truth, to purchase trust for lyes.

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102

There some who first (not stray'd from natures ground)
Were bent to know what fates in clouds obscur'd,
Whom (when march'd neare) no limits more could bound,
But they would have all what could be procur'd ;
And by wrong spies, Gods secrets sought to sound,
As (Magickes band) astrologie allur'd :
When in heavens Garden once allow'd to be,
Who tempted were to the forbidden tree.

103

Of that base sort a multitude doth swarme,
Which (though not curious) simple, or in want,
Did (when themselves abus'd) abuse, and charme,
Then sprites impure, to practise ill did hant ;
Could doe themselves no good, did others harme,
Rais'd divels, and tempests, but could nothing dant :
When damn'd at last, they this advantage gaine,
That with their masters, they are mates in paine.

104

So many sorts of wicked men design'd,
Worse then the worst, what troupe doe I perceive ?
Muse, though thou loath that I should presse my minde
With passive thoughts, such monsters to conceive,
Yet let the end for such vile soules assign'd,
In every heart a burd'nous horrour leave :
Which is so farre estrang'd from my conceit,
I feare to lessen what I would dilate.

105

What barbarous Traitours, execrable Bands,
From breasts depth earth-quakes cast up swelling groanes ?
Vile *Assasines*, who durst with impious hands,
Rise up against the Lords annointed ones,
And all neglect, that heaven, or th'earth commands,
The sword not fear'd, no reverence unto thrones :
Whom so to mischiefe, Satan head-long roules,
That for anothers life they give their soules.

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106

O! how they quake with a dejected face,
Who sought (heavens horrour) for their Soveraignes end,
Some (as next kinsmen ayming at his place)
Swift Natures course impatient to attend,
Some having purchas'd power, by warre or peace,
(All right contemn'd) who would by force ascend :
As troupes who knew not God, this squadron fill,
There want not others who did know his will.

107

There *Absolom* so absolutely faire,
Who would embosom'd be by proud base Arts,
Yet fell himselfe his father bent to snare,
And lost his whole in stealing others hearts ;
He farre puff'd up, dy'd wavering in the ayre,
The shamefull forme upbraiding vaunted parts :
A growing gallowes, grasping tumide hope,
The winde was hang-man, and his haires the rope.

108

Ah! must I staine the purenesse of my rymes,
With such as we from mindes should quite seclude ?
Damn'd be their memory, unknowne their crymes ;
Of acts so ill examples are not good,
And yet have we not seene even in our times,
How th'earth abus'd, beares a prodigious brood :
Who fayning godlinesse, from God rebell,
And will seeke heaven even in the depths of hell.

109

Up hypocrite ingrate, who wast entic'd
To kill that King, who did your feet advance,
By strangers lov'd, at home by all despis'd,
From whom when stolne from *Pole*, one neere stole *France*,
Had he not falne even there where they devis'd,
The monstrous massacre ! great God what chance ?
Else was he urg'd, all dignity put downe,
To quite his kingdome for a naked Crowne.

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110

That villaine vile whom all the world abhorr'd,
To kill that King who durst lend death a dart,
Who oft had scap'd the Cannon and the sword,
And banish'd had the Authors of base Art,
Since not his tooth, why was their State restor'd ?
Who tooke but it, in earnest of the heart :
Blinde zeale, soules frenzy, now makes many rave ;
Can mischiefe merit, or can murther save ?

111

Yet those vile crimes (though with amazement nam'd)
Seeme common slaughters when I them compare,
With that strange treason through the world proclaim'd,
Which bragg'd to blow all *Britaine* in the ayre ;
Of this damn'd plot, the divell may be asham'd,
Which had no patterne, and can have no heire :
Both Prince and Peeres, it threatning straight t'o'rethrow,
(Like *Neroes* wish) had kill'd all at one blow.

112

When Stygian States in dungeons darke conspir'd,
All *Albions* o'rethrow, *Britaines* utter end,
To be dispatch'd as paper spent when fir'd,
Which mysticke bragge, when none could comprehend,
Our *Salomon* (no doubt by God inspir'd)
Did straight conjecture what it did intend :
Great Prince, great Poet, all divine, what three ?
With whom on earth was God, if not with thee ?

113

Hels Emissaries with confusion stor'd,
Whose damn'd devices, none enough can hate,
Though they should be by all the world abhorr'd,
As Natures scandall, Vipers of a State,
Yet are they prais'd of some, yea, and ador'd,
Since by religion justifi'd of late :
Some miracles were fain'd, one true is wrought,
That monsters martyrs, murtherers Saints are thought

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114

Who can but burst those moderne times to touch,
Whil'st bloudy hearts, and hands, can smooth their breath ?
When some (though Christians) are commended much
For suffering, no, even for inflicting death ?
It may indeed be justly said of such,
They burne in zeale, worke wonders out of faith,
Who fire whole kingdomes for religions love,
And to seeme holy, homicides will prove.

115

Next those great men whose fame so glorious flyes,
Who rag'd with fury, or for folly rav'd,
And bended up with pride, or slack't with lyes,
Idolatry, or murther, still conceiv'd,
A dastard troupe stands with dejected eyes,
Whose tainted life, worlds shame, heavens judgment crav'd :
Heards of such hearts, hels hounds, with horrour chase,
Who basely wicked, wickedly were base.

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The seventh HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

To vice abandon'd, those who basely liv'd,
And sold their soules to be the slaves of lust;
Blasphemers, drunkards, gluttons, all who striv'd
To pamper flesh, and did to frailty trust,
False Iudges, witnesses, who fraud contriv'd,
Or were in that which they profess'd, unjust:
All learned men who have their gifts abus'd,
But chiefly Church-men are at last accus'd.

I

LOE, some whom fortune like her selfe made blinde,
Who sacred greatnesse did most grosly staine,
Involv'd in vices, and of such a kinde,
That them to taxe, even Gentiles did attaine,
Though not thought sin, nor by no law declin'd,
Whose facts (as filthy) Nature did disdaine:
Who (following sense) from reason did rebell,
Long loath'd on th'earth still tortur'd in the hell.

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2

Assyria's King (no King before depriv'd)
(Though others barbarous) first who beastly prov'd,
Who (faint for lust) effeminately liv'd,
Till by despaire to seeme couragious mov'd,
He, (when he knew his ruine was contriv'd)
Did with himselfe burne all things which he lov'd :
This act was bad, yet praised for his best,
O who can thinke how hatefull were the rest !

3

Romes ugly Lord (power hatefull for his sake)
Whose vile desires could never be asswag'd,
Who (Natures horrour) man to wife did take,
All whole to lust and gluttony engag'd,
Who did profusely feasts prodigious make,
A death disastrous (as his due) presag'd :
He it (though ill) all meanes prepar'd to grace,
Yet (alwaies foule) dy'd in a filthy place.

4

There stand worlds great ones, who vaine joy enjoy'd,
While boundlesse lust still strange desires did breed,
Though gelded keepers jealously convoy'd
A female troupe, for fancy, not for need,
Vast appetite, weake power, much wish'd, soone cloy'd,
A longing first, straight loathing did succeed :
That sinne so sweet, which Nature most desires,
Doth here breed temporall, hence eternall fires

5

The infant world great freedome did allow,
To those delights which people did the ground,
At least strict lawes did punish none as now,
For any fault that did not wedlocke wound,
And chastnesse then had beene a foolish vow,
When Parents praise a populous offspring crown'd.
Men then were forc'd with all degrees to wed,
Till some discents more lawfull limits bred.

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6

That which God first in *Eden* did ordaine,
And with a wonder Christ confirmed too,
By which both sexes fortified remaine,
Two doubled ones, and a contracted two,
That sacred league who ever vow in vaine,
Although they thinke all secret what they doe :
It is a sinne which God so highly hates,
He markes it still with ruines of estates.

7

Amongst the Iewes where God most clearely wrought,
All women deem'd their husbands to deceive,
Straight by the Priest to publicke tryall brought,
If guilty dyed, not guilty, did conceive ;
Love and faith wrong'd, this crime so foule was thought,
That when for sinne God would his people leave,
The Prophets all adultery did name,
(Iust bands dissolv'd) which did divorce with shame.

8

What raving madnesse doth enflame the minde
With curiousnesse, anothers course to know ?
When one the like by lawfull meanes may finde,
Why should he seeke to steale what others owe ?
Which is (when reach'd) not such as was design'd
By fond conceits imaginary show :
What (had with care) feare keeps, shame checks, woe ends,
Man wrong'd, God griev'd, damnation last attends.

9

Though by like law both sexes bounded be,
Yet to the stronger, lesse restraint was showne,
Who (others wives not touch'd) did else seeme free,
Where for each scape, a woman was o'rethrowne ;
And forward fame (too partiall) as we see,
More damnes them, if suspect, then men when knowne :
He, this way stray'd, to some more gallant seemes,
Where her (once stayn'd) the world no more esteemes.

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10

From wives so farre their fellowes to preferre,
The generall judgement diverse reasons move ;
If from their honour any way they erre,
Some may them use, though never truely love ;
As him her fault, the husbands shames not her,
Whose treacherous part may more pernitious prove
He but affords, and she recives disgrace,
He but augments, she falsifies the race.

11

A womans worth, which Nature deckes, not Art,
Opinion values, favour doth procure,
Whose glory is the conquest of a heart,
Which vertue doth, not vanity allure,
Where beauty, wit, and each respected part,
Are sham'd by her, but honour not a whore :
When false, or faint, men are disgrac'd two wayes,
A woman onely when from fame she strayes.

12

They who (all burning with voluptous fires)
Did dandle lust as a delightfull guest,
And (making beauty bawd to base desires)
Did buy their colour so to sell the rest,
Loe, painted, false, or stolne, face, minde, attires,
All is beli'd, and badnesse is their best ;
Deare proves the pleasure, bitter is the gaine,
Which black disgrace upbraides with endlesse paine.

13

There, beauties goddesse with these dainty Greekes,
Who did endeere the treasure of a face,
And (fond of that which Idle fancy seekes)
Would kisse like doves, like Ivie did embrace,
Red lippes, white hands, black eyes, curl'd haires, smooth cheekes,
Which flattering smiles, and flaming lookes did grace ;
That once forc'd favour, but now hatred moves :
Then for *Adonis* greater griefe she proves.

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14

With daughters two *Ioves Leda* weepes in vaine,
(One by base sport transported for a space,)
Who kill'd her husband, by her sonne was slaine :
Next, that great beauty which the Greekes would grace,
But by more lustre doe betray a staine,
Troys fatall plague, the fable of each place,
Much courted once, she now detasted stands,
(As kill'd for her) accus'd by murmuring bands.

15

Lascivious *Lais* much in Corinth knowne,
Who sold deare pleasure, pretious but by price ;
That dame of goods ill gain'd for franknesse showne,
Whom *Rome* made goddesse that way never nice,
Brave chiefes for whores who thousands have o'rethrowne,
Though striking hearts with horrour of that vice ;
Lust breeds a plague of late which all doe loath,
As which still shame, death sometime, oft yeelds both.

16

That Pompous Queene admir'd so much for state,
When daunting them whose fame did hostes appall,
(Worlds Conquerours conquer'd) who (then both more great)
Made Cesar flie, and Antony to fall,
Rare courage ! rais'd with a declining fate,
Who di'd triumphing, when design'd a thrall ;
But for these faults which numbers did confound,
Then *Aspickes* gave, shee feeles a deeper wound.

17

Romes wanton dame doth thrust amid'st this throng,
(Soe sparkling lust empoison'd had her heart)
Who from the Stewes when exercised long,
Made weary oft, nor satisfi'd did part ;
Yet match'd with *Silius* (made the vulgar song)
She forc'd grosse *Claudius* drowsily to start ;
Who though that hee had cause to take her life,
Yet (strangely stupid) asked for his wife.

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18

You who below have forfeited your fame,
And from their God so many doe divorce,
Who scarce can blush, though but a badge of shame,
Loe, what is all that you so much enforce !
A little flash, an extasie, a dreame,
Which loath'd when done, doth quickly leave remorse :
What fooles are these who for a fact so foule,
Lose fame, and goods, the body and the soule ?

19

To force them further who were else their owne,
(Things faire when neare, fall foule when once they touch)
More love nor reason, but no favour showne,
Some loos'd just int'rest urging it too much ;
Lots daughters this, and *Tamars* rape hath showne,
Iocasta, *Myrrha*, *Canace*, and such ;
Incestuous matches make a monstrous brood,
Loath'd are they now who tainted thus their blood.

20

O fatall ill, which man-kinde may bemone !
Must things unlawfull most affected be ?
All Edens fruits were freely given save one,
Yet Evah long'd for the forbidden tree,
Man o're all Creatures plac'd (as in a Throne)
Hath thrall'd himselfe, and in a base degree ;
Vaine appetites, and an enormous lust,
Have brought him back more low then to the dust.

21

The Stygian Tyrant nothing can asswage,
When ravishers upbraid th'intended wrong ;
There *Tereus*, *Nessus*, all shall have their wage ;
These guests ingrate, who for the bride did throng :
Then *Shechem*, *Amnon*, *Tarquin*, by lusts rage,
Who were to force infortunately strong ;
Blood quenching lust, death venging honours wound,
Euen in this world wrath did all those confound.

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22

Such faults though great, match'd with more great, seeme lesse,
Those whom to pleasure weaknesse did betray,
They but the Law, not Nature did transgresse,
The sexe observ'd, in sort did onely stray :
Where some more vile then any can expresse,
Both God and Nature in such horrour have ;
That if their sinne were not in Scripture seene,
I should not thinke that it had ever beene.

23

That Towne which was consum'd with showers of fire,
Where men first men, then Angels striv'd to staine,
O fearfull type of memorable ire !
Whose bounds still ugly like their sinne remaine,
Of which the worlds great Iudge shall now enquire,
And for the same appoint some speciall paine :
That fault too foule not fit to be but nam'd,
Let good men thinke that it cannot be dream'd.

24

Woe now to them who from all bounds did swerve,
And (still intemp'rate) liv'd like abject beasts,
As wholly given their appetites to serve,
Whose pleasure did depend upon their tasts,
And whil'st the poore (for famine faint) did sterve,
With food superfluous rioted in feasts :
With *Dives* now tormented they remaine,
And envy beggars whom they did disdaine.

25

That proud *Chaldean* banquetting in state,
As bragging of Gods spoils, puff'd up in heart,
Who drunke in minde, and surfeiting of meat,
To serve his use Church-vessels did convert ;
Till this was seene his courage to abate,
Lo, thou art weigh'd, found light, thy kingdomes part :
Who with his hand whil'st writing thus, did wound,
Must with his whole in judgement quite confound.

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26

He with brave troups who bragg'd *Bethulian* walls,
Whose breast for bloud, or wine, still raging boil'd,
Drinke forcing his, his sword a numbers falls,
Who men of lives, of honour women spoil'd ;
He, then when threatning all the world as thralls,
Whil'st most secure, eternally was foil'd ;
By sleep, by drink, by death, thrice senselesse made,
No wonder though a woman stole his head.

27

This filthy vice enfeebling Natures force,
Though other faults (foule in an high degree)
Make men like beasts, it onely makes them worse,
Since to be drunk beasts not so base can be ;
From reason onely madnesse doth divorce
It both from sense, and reason, as we see :
A murtherer but procures the bodies fall,
Where drunkennesse with it, soules, fames, and all.

28

When sinnes so much were cropt, this budded first,
And who stood safe on Seas, by Land made sinke,
The father scorn'd, the sonne became accurst,
Deaths frighted remnant did for horror shrinke ;
He who was never mov'd with *Sodomes* worst,
When scap't from flames was all enflam'd with drinke,
And of those two so singular for grace,
Th'one lost a part, the other all his race.

29

That in this sort which made such men to fall,
Of piety though speciall patterns nam'd,
No doubt it cannot but confound them all,
Who in this kinde have such contentment dream'd,
That (to the same vow'd voluntary thrall)
They brag when fresh, where they should be asham'd ;
Such onely when growne worst, least please the devill,
Since then as dead, not able to do evill.

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30

Though to be drunke one did no sinne commit,
Yet it is grosse, and ugly every way,
As that which spoils the grace, the strength, the wit,
The feet made stumble, and the tongue to stray ;
And where a vertue is, quite smothering it,
Each weaknesse that one hath doth straight betray ;
What vice like this, which all ills else includes,
Since sinfull, shamefull, hurting health and goods ?

31

That race of Satan like himselfe in lyes,
Must then tell truth to him who all things knows,
Of circling fraud who soone the centre tryes,
And doth perceive all their deceiving shows,
Whose promises (like Spiders webs for flyes)
A subtle snare the better sort o're-throws.
Who vainly vaunt amid'st their flying joyes,
That men with oaths, and babes are trap'd with toyes.

32

O now they spie how ill they play'd their parts,
When they revive abandoning the dust !
Plaine, and transparant are their hollow hearts,
Which did delude the world, betraying trust ;
Though subtle thought, then simple prove these Arts,
Which onely serve to circumvent the just :
Such (ventring soules) base trifles bent to gaine,
Were first to shame, and last expos'd to paine.

33

As many meane men muster in this band,
By avarice made false, or forc'd by want,
There others are who kingdomes did command,
And save themselves striv'd every thing to daunt ;
To rise ambitious, jealous how to stand,
By policy who thousands did supplant,
And all the world imbrac'd within their minde,
Till at the last by some few foots confin'd.

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34

Kings joyn'd with Subjects to be judg'd come in ;
No Deputies, in person all compeere ;
No greatnesse guilds their guilt, no guards guard sinne ;
No majestie save one breeds reverence here ;
For treacherous treaties they in vaine begin,
By blam'd Ambassadours themselves to cleare :
Power serves not now to count'nance crimes with might,
Nor policy to cloke their course with slight.

35

That gorgeous King who kill'd *Cassanders* sonne,
By him prevented onely by one day,
With mutuall feasts, and curtesies begun,
Both faining love, when purpos'd to betray :
These finde withall who have such courses runne,
That generous plainnesse proves the better way ;
No men more wretched then some greatest Kings,
Both for omitting, and committing things.

36

They at this time not onely are accus'd,
For all which they directly did affect,
But even for others cannot be excus'd,
Whom they did raise, approve, or not correct ;
Save greater torment when not rightly us'd,
Now soveraigne power doth purchase no respect :
" Of high imployments great accounts are crav'd,
" And they must render most, who most receiv'd.

37

Faith (if once broke) doth so displease each minde,
That it not kept (even to an *Ethnicke* King)
The last in *Iuda's* Throne (his Crowne resign'd)
All charg'd with chaines to bondage base did bring ;
Who saw his sonnes first kill'd, then was made blinde,
What more mishap a heart with griefe could sting ?
He wretched was, not that his eyes were reft,
But to see ill that they too long were left.

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38

Pale stand they now, who took Gods name in vaine,
And have their souls for trifling ends forsworne ;
Who hearts still straight, as simple did disdaine,
Whose wit could glose on vice, and vertue scorne,
Who thun'dring oaths the very ayre did staine ;
O how they curse the houre that they were borne !
Such oft the devill have call'd, and God refus'd,
With imprecations, execrations us'd.

39

Of all these false ones which this time doth try,
With greatest wrath the Lord doth them pursue,
Who (forcing faith) were bold to sell a lye,
Affirming freely what they never knew :
With these vile hirelings which made *Nabal* dye,
A number more damn'd for this fault I view,
Which witnesses to try, no witnesse needs,
Their guilty conscience large confession breeds.

40

Troups which for spite durst urge a false complaint,
That Tyrants might the Saints of God commit,
With palenesse now their faces feare doth paint,
To witnesse wrong who did extend their wit :
Whilst they behold those whom they striv'd to taint,
With Angels rank'd (in judging them) to sit :
The great accuser doth against them plead,
Whom once he pleas'd, that he them thence may leade.

41

Loe, as their bodies, naked are their minds,
(That maske remov'd which did them long disguise)
Whose vows, and oaths, but breath, went with the winds,
Not to secure, given onely to entice,
These nets of fraud, weav'd in so many kinds,
Whence poys'nous snakes did (hid with flowers) surprise,
All at an instant now is brought to light,
Which deep dissemblers had wrapt up in night.

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42

The chiefe of such whom here abhorr'd I view,
Is he whose words as oracles were thought ;
Who by two councells did his king pursue,
Whose shame the one, whose life the other sought,
Not wise, though wittie, false whil'st speaking true,
When all his plots were to confusion brought :
Who witnesse, partie, judge and hangman too,
Damn'd by himselfe, left now the lesse to doe.

43

That great Arch-patron of such cunning parts,
Is back'd by many drawne from Southerne climes,
Who first to tongues driv'd honestie from hearts,
And bent to prosper car'd not by what crimes,
The *Florentine* made famous by these Arts,
Hath tainted numbers even of moderne times :
Till subtilty is to such credit rais'd,
That falshood (when call'd policy) is prais'd.

44

Ah! this of zeale the sacred ardour cools,
And doth of *Atheists* great abundance make,
Philosophers, Physitians, lights of Schools,
First causes hunting, do the second take,
By learning ignorant, by wit made fools,
O how their knowledge makes them now to quake !
Who wrong'd Gods glory, and provok'd his wrath,
By forcing reason, and neglecting faith.

45

Who (natures slaves no grounds save hers would touch)
Still studying th'earth, not what did heaven concerne,
They wish they had knowne more, else not so much,
Had had no light, else judgement to discerne,
Diagoras, *Democritus*, and such
Voluptuous Epicures, and Stoicks sterne :
This narrow search which all their soules must sift,
No subtle wit by Sophistry can shift.

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46

Though to all those whom sinne hath made to sinke,
(If pale repentance not by teares do purge)
This Court yeelds feares, even more then men can thinke,
Of all his laws when God a count doth urge,
Yet chiefly they whose doomes made others shrinke,
If once accus'd, they cannot scape a scourge ;
Of such below who should his place supplie,
The Lord (as jealous) all the wayes doth try.

47

They who were judges judgement must attend,
Whose hearts with conscience have no longer truce,
Whom bribes, hate, love, or other partiall end,
Did buy, wrest, bow, or any way seduce ;
No Law, nor practick can them now defend ;
There is no hope this processe to reduce :
His sentences whose words are all of weight,
(Whence scarce pronounc'd) are executed straight.

48

He who to death did damne the Lord of life,
Vnhappy man how hatefull in his part ?
When griev'd in minde, and warned by his wife,
He wash'd his hands, but would not purge his heart ;
Yet for lesse paine with some he stands at strife,
Who give wrong doomes, yet not so much as smart :
But men to please since he the Lord contemn'd,
He must be judg'd by him whom he condemn'd.

49

Ones monstrous crimes with torments how to match,
The devils do all concurre for vengeance great,
Who (when at sacred food) did mischiefe hatch,
A traitor, theefe, apostate, and ingrate,
Who made (when he his Lord to trap did watch)
A kisse (though loves chiefe signe) the badge of hate ;
He sought his wreake who came the world to save,
What greater crime could all hells hosts conceive ?

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50

They who of late did at poore suiters grudge,
Yet for more rich men reasons could contrive,
(Though there were hope that gifts could calme this judge)
They naked are, and nothing have to give,
O what strange furies in their bosomes lodge !
Who wish to dye, and yet of force must live :
These who from other plaints had barr'd their eares,
Smoke sighs in vaine, and raine downe flouds of teares.

51

Ye Iudges, ye, who with a little breath,
Can ruine fortunes, and disgrace inflict,
Yea, sit, securely (whil'st denouncing death)
In lives (though pretious) as but toyes, not strict ;
Ye must be judged, and in a time of wrath,
When Christ himselfe to justice doth addict :
To rigour fierce then give not rashly place,
For if you scape, it onely is by grace.

52

All those whom power doth arme, and glory decke,
Not onely are for their owne faults disprov'd,
But for all theirs whom they were bound to checke,
Yet where they ow'd just hate, not loath'd, but lov'd :
His sonnes both kill'd, old *Eli* broke his necke,
Whom he (though tax'd) not mended, nor remov'd.
" Who punish may, and yet comport with sinne,
" They lose themselves where they should others winne.

53

Some who would mocke the world, appearing pure,
So with fraile colours frailty to disguise,
Whil'st privately some person they procure
To execute the ill that they devise,
Though (shadow'd thus) they dreame themselves secure,
Whil'st gaine to them, to others hate doth rise :
Who indirectly thus a fault commit,
Are found more guilty by dissembling it.

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54

That *Edomite* in hels black depths involv'd,
Whil'st he revenge, else guerdon did attend,
Who even in Church, the Priests o're-throw resolv'd,
And at devotion mischiefe did intend :
(With heaven and earth at once all bands dissolv'd)
Vile *Doeg*, dogge, both false to God, and friend :
Though true his words, the sense was wrong annex'd,
And now he finds what glose betrai'd the Text.

55

Those base informers who (by envy led)
Three *Hebrews* ruine did with fraud conspire,
Then was the fornace when with flames made red,
More fierce they finde the rage of sparkling ire,
And (neare that forme by which their eyes were fed)
They enter must, not be consum'd with fire :
Yet differ thus, these scap't, not touch'd againe,
Where they must alwayes burne with endlesse paine.

56

These leacherous Iudges, infamie of age,
Who (for *Susanna* in an ambush plac'd)
Did runne (enflam'd with a voluptuous rage)
And living snows (all freez'd with feare) embrac'd,
Which treason did 'twixt two great straits engage,
To sinne in secret, or to dye disgrac'd ;
They curse their course which so impetuous prov'd,
Twixt passions toss'd whil'st hating whom they lov'd.

57

That froth of envy, bubble of base pride,
Who for ones cause a Nation would o're-throw,
His whole in hazard, or he would abide
The triviall want of an externall show ;
Yet had what he for others did provide,
A rare example of vaine height brought low ;
Who of the man whom he did most disdaine,
The bridle led, most abject of the traine.

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58

When sometime match'd by emulating strife,
Black calumnie (swolne hate, and envies childe)
Damnes him with others (false records are rife)
By whom *Apelles* was from men exil'd,
Who (animating colours) colour'd life,
Till (by their eyes) men joy'd to be beguil'd :
Whil'st drawn by him an admirable peece,
It (as a Treasure) was engross'd in *Greece.*

59

No vice below fraughts *Pluto* with more spoils
Than Avarice, which nothing can controule ;
(The heart with cares, the body tyr'd with toils)
Whil'st it (a tyrant) doth oppresse the soule,
And all the buds of rising vertue foils,
Too grosly base, and miserably foule,
Then it can never scape a generall hate,
Which one to found would ruine every state.

60

Not onely wretches all the world would wrong,
But even themselves defraud of what is due ;
From all their treasures travell'd for so long,
Which they but owe, not use, not owe, but view,
Them fortune oft, death still to part is strong,
Who of all sinners have most cause to rue :
They lose themselves that doubtfull heires may gaine
The pleasures want of sinne, have but the paine.

61

By misery to finde his folly mov'd,
When Fortunes dreames were vanish'd all away,
That *Lydian* King who *Solon's* speech approv'd,
Did clearly tell how greatnesse did betray,
And highly loath'd what he too much had lov'd ;
Thoughts which for treasures, no, for trifles stray :
What even when pleasant he did then disdaine,
O how he hates it now when cause of paine !

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62

That Roman who but such did rich esteeme,
As furnish might an hoast, yet want not feare,
When his Sonnes head (whose hopes so great did seeme)
With horrour crown'd a bragging *Parthians* speare,
Then all his wealth could not himselfe redeeme,
Kill'd oft ere dead, Barbarians scoffes to beare ;
Thus he who long below so rich did dwell,
Rob'd fortune, fame, and life, went poore to hell.

63

She whose base mind they whom it pleas'd did scorne,
(Vile avarice so poison'd had her heart)
Whilst charg'd with all which foes left armes had borne,
Did nothing get, yet they too much impart,
The words were kept, but not the sence was sworne,
The which, (though their deceit) was her desart ;
But though that monstrous weight bruis'd all her bones,
A greater now doth crush her all at once.

64

Of him whose touch made gold, when rich at will,
That ancient tale each misers state hath showne,
Who steale from others, rob themselves, poore still,
As borne to envy wealth, though even their owne ;
Gold did his Chests, but not his stomack fill,
Starv'd by abundance, by his wish o'rethrowne ;
He but in eares, such always asses be,
Since still in toile from burdens never free.

65

Then avarice that painefull guide to paine,
With greater Troupes no sinne triumphes in hell,
What fettered captives charg'd with guilty gaine ;
Prey of their prey, their wreake by winning tell ?
That glue of Soules must them from heaven restraine,
Who ti'd to it, on th'earth would always dwell :
Such jealous fooles, they not enjoy, though match,
But build a nest where others are to hatch.

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66

Of all those hearts which this curst hag doth stitch,
Though by the world they are detasted most,
Who are like him whom stealing did bewitch,
With gold, and garments, tainting *Iosuas* host,
Yet many are by farre worse meanes made rich,
Who more doe sinne, yet of their sinne dare boast ;
Theeves oft (like him with Christ) get life by death,
Where such are onely kept for endlesse wrath.

67

They by their place who should all faults redresse,
And guard the weake against encroaching wrong,
If of their greatnesse they the ground transgresse,
(As for inflicting harme made only strong,)
Though they a space by power the poore oppresse,
O! they shall find with griefe ere it be long,
How much it had imported to their state,
That they had striv'd to be more good then great.

68

Thou who rais'd high, should'st helpe the humble sort,
Yet, whil'st thy pride all law, and reason foiles,
The entrailes, yea, their marrow dost extort,
Bath'd by their sweat, annointed with their toiles,
Dost urge more then they owe, or can support,
Deare is thy state when purchas'd by such spoiles ;
Though theft be much detasted at this time,
Oppression then shall prove the greater Crime.

69

He who inferiours thus to ruine brings,
Who neither may resist nor dare complaine,
Though lawes approve, and custome cloke such things,
His course at last doth all unmask'd remaine ;
Who late were Lords, and kept a Court like kings,
Of them whome once they rul'd no vantage gaine ;
No bragges, nor bribes, no care nor friendship aides,
The judge in wrath with frownes their faults upbraides.

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70

Though lofty Tyrants first much mischiefe breed,
Their ravenous course whil'st nothing can appease,
Yet others are who on their fall doe feed,
Whom so to humble it the lord doth please,
Whose summes for interest principalls exceed,
A cosening favour, ruining with ease ;
But Christ at last a Iubilee doth sound,
His free from bands, who did them bind, are bound.

71

Then Robbers, Theeves, Oppressours, usurers there,
One sort at least the Lord farre more doth hate,
His temple spoiling, who himselfe not spare,
Take what zeale gave, the fat of offerings eate,
What was allow'd the Levites for their share,
Prophanely us'd to found a private state :
They must thinke God lesse then the Devill to be,
Who thousands kill'd to keepe his Altars free.

72

What leaden weight the soules of them doth lode,
(Like those in waters, bubbles but of breath,)
With words outragious, who contest with God,
Though oft even here made spectacles of wrath,
By ruines axe, not by corrections rod,
But are for ever tortur'd after death :
What they must suffer cannot be devis'd,
When judg'd by him whom they so long despis'd.

73

He thundring vaunts, who did his pride proclaime,
And bright with brasse, like *Rhodes* great statue shin'd,
With Launce more grosse then any Weavers beame,
The masse most monstrous of the Gyants kinde,
Whil'st braving God, by seeking *Israels* shame,
He first amaz'd, then fill'd with feare each minde :
An Oxe in strength, and death, lesse in the last,
A small stone fell'd him which a boy did cast.

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74

That moving mount of earth with others dread,
Who (trusting their owne strength) did God despise ;
That King of *Bashan* (from his iron bed)
Who to oppugne Gods people did arise ;
Some who like Wolves, with flesh of men were fed,
As he whose eye *Vlysses* did surprise :
Though huge, they quake, whil'st feare their pride restraines,
And with their strength, proportion'd are their paines.

75

With those who rail'd on God with horrour nam'd,
Stands *Rabsache*, whose breath the ayre defil'd,
And one who answer'd was when he exclaim'd,
Tell of the Carpenter what doth the childe,
That he for him a fatall coffin fram'd,
Whom death soone seizing from the world exil'd :
Such did pursue, where nothing could be wonne,
Like foolish dogges that barke against the Sunne.

76

There Christ must make that barbarous King afraid,
From whose fierce rage for him, babes were not free,
That with just scorne, the great *Augustus* said,
It better was his Sow then sonne to be :
One durst Gods praise usurpe, till quite dismaid,
His flattering troupes a judgement rare did see,
Whil'st him who swolne with pride, so much presum'd,
A loathsome death by meanes most vile consum'd.

77

Great is the wrath which doth all them pursue,
That from the Sabbath did prophanely stray,
Gave man too much, to God not what was due,
Where all was ow'd, who nothing would repay ;
Whose course ingrate, oft guerdon'd thus we view,
Their yeares are curs'd, who scorn'd to keep one day :
Nor doth his rage lesse flames against them raise,
Who seeke by it their sport, and not his praise.

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78

Of those the griefe no soule save theirs conceives,
Who Parents scorne, like nothing but their States ;
By *Chams* eternall curse, who not perceives
How much the Lord rebellious children hates ?
Since all his race (hereditary slaves)
Are sold like beasts, and at more easie rates :
A monstrous merchandise, unnaturall gaine,
But thirst of gold, what do'st thou not constraine ?

79

Those soules which once enlightned were with grace,
Yet in heavens way abandon'd had their guide,
This present world (like *Demas*) to embrace,
Yea, worse, did fiercely fall, not weakely slide,
What fooles were they who did give over their race,
For falsenesse, faintnesse, or preposterous pride ?
Since like their Lord, they needs would fall from light,
With him darke dungeons they deserve of right.

80

The man most mark'd amidst this damned traine,
Whose soule defection, numbers did annoy,
Is he from Schooles who Christians did restraine,
By ignorance the truth bent to destroy ;
With him (well match'd) his master doth remaine,
Who fondly did too deepe a wit imploy :
Vile *Porphyry*, how wretched is thy state,
Who bought thy learning at too deare a rate ?

81

Yet even then these, whose falles were marked most,
A number now are farre more guilty found,
These but themselves, they many thousands lost ;
These seene were shunn'd, they seeming friends, did wound,
And where made Captaines, did betray the host,
Not forward march'd, did but the Trumpet sound :
Such teachers false, high indignation move,
Who plac'd for lampes, did rockes of ruine prove.

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82

They (whil'st their faith for worldly causes faints)
Who were made Shepheards, do undoe their Sheep,
Religions casks, Church dregges, dissembled Saints,
Where trusted watch-men who fall first asleep ;
O with what palenesse feare their faces paints,
For loosing them whom they were bound to keep !
Such Pastors now stand for all those dismaid,
By their example, or neglect, who strai'd.

83

He (even as spurning at a wall of brasse)
Who (though Gods Priest) his people would misguid,
Where bound to blesse, who there to curse did passe,
Seem'd to consult, yet God to tempt but tri'd,
Who forc'd (when left) him to obey his Asse,
Then it more grosse which first the Angel spi'd ;
Deare proves his counsell when their plaints begin,
Whom he by beauty did betray to sinne.

84

With *Balaam* now this age a troupe doth match,
Who (flattering *Sirens*) some with pleasure charme,
Whil'st they like Tradesmen do their taske dispatch,
Since neither hot, nor cold, spu'd forth luke-warme,
Whose scandalous life choaks what their words do hatch ;
What profit precepts, whil'st examples harme ?
" Of tainted fountains all do flie the streames :
" As bright the Sunne, most pure are all his beames.

85

What great perfection can *Theologues* reach,
Who learne their Science as an Art to gaine,
And, farre from practise, onely strive to preach ?
Such wanting salt would season soules in vaine,
In actions earthly, sprituall but in speech,
Who buy promotions, sell heavens goods againe :
Their money curs'd, detasted may they dye,
Who, what none value can, would basely buy.

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86

There are some Priests whom foolish pride made rave,
(Like *Isis* Asse whose burden was ador'd)
Who of their parts too great opinion have,
And more affect than reason can afford ;
Where humblenesse her chiefe abode should have,
A haughty minde must justly be abhorr'd ;
Vile avarice, and pride, from heaven accurst,
In all are ill, but in a Church-man worst.

87

Sinne sinfull still, and vice is vile in all,
But most abhorr'd by guides of soules when done,
Whose faults seeme ugly, though they be but small,
As stains in Crystall, darknesse in the Moone ;
They when they stumble, make a number fall ;
Where laws scarce urge, example leads us soone ;
Woe to those Shepheards who their flocks betray,
Whose trusted steps make all their followers stray.

88

Next comes a company then these more bad,
Who in some sort made eminent to be,
Did poyson draw, where others honey had,
Blinde by sinnes beams who could it selfe not see,
By curiousnesse grown grosse, by learning mad,
Where *Adam* rob'd the fruits, who rent the Tree :
Confusions slaves, whose course all union wrongs,
They part mens hearts, where *Babel* but the tongues.

89

Those soules impostours, rocks of ruine borne,
Who what they fancied did too much esteeme,
And of Religion held true grounds in scorne,
By strange opinions singular to seeme ;
They who the Church did teare, their hearts are torne,
Whose spirituall errours nothing could redeeme ;
Then all those *Atheists* who the light deny'd,
Strai'd Hereticks are more pernicious try'd.

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90

Their vaine divisions have much mischiefe wrought,
Christs coat still torne, for lots (yet question'd) set,
The figures literall, letters figures thought,
Whil'st forging reasons, they the sense forget,
And catching all within their compasse brought,
Like poysnous Spiders fram'd in aiery net ;
Yet that the world might spie their damned state,
Still jarr'd amongst themselves, did others hate.

91

None gives Religion a more dangerous wound,
(Of which firme union is a certaine signe)
Then *Schismaticks* whose dreames would truth confound,
And do divide what faith should fast combine ;
When learned Doctors do dispute the ground,
How can weake vulgars but from light decline ?
Whil'st parts are question'd, all the whole in doubt,
First Heresie, then Atheisme doth burst out.

92

Whil'st false conceptions do abuse the braine,
Oft monstrous broods have all the world appall'd,
Even when Apostles did themselves explaine,
Some strangely strai'd, yet scorn'd to be recall'd,
Whil'st grosly subtle, learnedly prophane,
To sp'rituall bondage voluntarly thrall'd :
Instruction loath'd, they shamelesse in offence,
Of living Authors did pervert the sense.

93

Ere from mens mindes the Gospels purenesse past,
That vaunting Sect which holy *Iohn* did hate,
With drunkards sober, liv'd with wantons chast,
And bragg'd by strength temptations to abate,
Till falne by standing, them their strength did cast,
Whil'st stumbling blocks had fram'd for sinne a bait :
Then faults they fled farre greater did them staine,
Presumption devillish, weaknesse is humane.

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94

From fountains pure what tainted streames did fall,
By which made drunke huge troups strange dreames conceiv'd,
Nestorians, *Arrians* to grosse errours thrall,
The *Montanists* and *Donatists* deceiv'd ;
The *Manichæans*, and *Pelagians* all,
With millions else who admirably rav'd :
And when they once abandon'd had the light,
Thought all the world was wrong, they onely right.

95

These viprous broods whose course no reason rain'd,
Did when first borne their mothers belly teare,
Bred by contention, and by bloud maintain'd,
Who rent the Church, pretending it to reare,
Then, with themselves, all who would trust them stain'd,
And them to hell led headlong by the eare :
But who for Patrons prais'd such once as Saints,
They curse them now with multipli'd complaints.

96

Of all the gifts that garnish mortals here,
Though for perfection learning most imparts,
And to the Deity draws her followers neare,
Scarce lesse then Angels, more then men for parts,
Yet their accounts some Scholars worst can cleare,
Who lodg'd their knowledge in corrupted hearts :
Whil'st lengthning life by memorable lines,
In spite of death extending bad designes.

97

Ah, of that troupe who can the torments dreame,
Of all hels hosts which with most horrour howls,
The scorne of knowledge, and the Muses shame,
Who with vaine pleasures do empoyson soules,
And (reaching ruine) whil'st they toile for fame,
Do vomit volumes of contagious scrouls,
Which bent for glory (though vaine thoughts they take)
Do but their sinnes, not them immortall make ?

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98

When dead to sinne, to ruine from the grave,
Though hid in th'earth infecting still the ayre !
What greater mischiefe could the devill conceive,
Then like himselfe make men ? what authors rare ?
That they with life can wickednesse not leave,
Whil'st bounded in one place, o're all a snare,
That course doth never end which they begin :
Death but their dayes, scarce Doomsday bounds their sinne.

99

Of each Divine who thoughts to Time commits,
(Whil'st cosening conscience) racking reasons bounds,
With subtle Logicke intricating wits,
(Sophisticating truth) which faith confounds,
Whose aguous fancies with infective fits,
The world abus'd, abusing sacred grounds ;
Their writs which (wresting words) much mischiefe wrought,
To damne the Author are in judgement brought.

100

Of these brave sprits (neglecting vulgar dates)
The tongues of Time, interpreting the dead,
Who entertaine intelligence 'twixt States
By registring all what was famous made,
Of them I heare too many curse their fates,
(When trusted guides) who others wrong did leade ;
And partially a lye for truth gave forth,
To colour vice, or derogate from worth.

101

And therefore Muse, thy purenesse do not spill,
(Though griefe do make thee passionate to prove)
Loath them to taxe whom thou do'st reverence still,
But passe not publicke wrongs for private love,
And whil'st such faults all minds with feare do fill,
This them who live to change their course may move ;
Ah that heavens lampe might still direct our wayes,
Whom Starres should crowne, and not terrestriall Bayes.

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102

That sweet *Mæonian*, minion of each minde,
Who first (creating fame) with Time contract'd,
Then where he pleas'd, for favour it assign'd,
Made gods, and men, till, what he fain'd, seem'd act'd,
All ey'd within, of force without quite blinde,
Whose contemplation never was distract'd ;
Seven Townes in vaine would hide him in their ground,
Whom all the world not at this time can bound.

103

Ah ! this blinde guide made numbers walke astray,
By dreams and fables forcing them to fall,
Who now in darknesse do detaste the day,
And him (as chiefe) most tortur'd of them all ;
The devill could never purchase such a prey,
As those rare sprits, when once to him made thrall ;
Since they to hell made many thousands rinne,
With pleasant colours, masking ugly sinne.

104

Ye dainty wits admir'd for rich conceits,
Which (heavens chiefe sparks) should mortals farre transcend,
For beauties fraile which time with moments dates,
Eternall treasures do not fondly spend ;
Thinke of those Angels (forfeiting their states)
Who from lights height to darknesse did descend :
Rise, rise (bright souls) and for true glory strive,
Ere here dissolv'd we may at heaven arrive.

105

Though these great minds by Satan soone were snar'd,
As pride, ambition, vanity, revenge,
Of loftie thoughts the small repose impair'd,
Which forcing fame engendred monsters strange ;
Huge numbers are (base if with those compar'd)
Who act'd, or aym'd much ill, and borne for change.
By divers wayes to severall sinnes were led,
Which all by drinke or avarice were bred.

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106

Of many Merchants none is then accus'd,
For ten-fold gaines (as partiall spite informes)
That by their hazards justly is excus'd,
Both day and night since toss'd by many stormes ;
They onely smart who have the world abus'd,
Whil'st seeking substance, fraudfull in the formes ;
False weights and measures do procure their paine,
Not for how much, but by what meanes they gaine.

107

There artizans (for too much Art convict'd)
Who falsifi'd the trade that they profess'd,
For abject lucre to foule fraud addict'd,
In forme, or matter, trusted grounds transgress'd,
Not fearing shame, nor what could be inflict'd,
So for the time they some small gaines possess'd :
And when once tax'd, as quite estrang'd from troth,
Of minde to purge, they damn'd themselves by oath.

108

Of this base sort another squadron stands,
Which others lesse, but more themselves did wrong,
Who by their belly did exhaust their hands,
Then they to gaine, a masse to waste more strong,
Who still contentious (staines to civill lands)
To all disorders did confus'dly throng :
Whil'st alwayes drunke they from no fault were free,
Till last by beggery that they bounded be.

109

Though base, not pass'd even beggars here are rife,
Who with procur'd, or counterfeited sores,
That they might live, did lose all use of life,
Not entring Churches, begg'd but at the doores,
Urg'd charity, and yet were still at strife,
By hand who helps them, them in heart abhorr's :
Adultrers, theeves, blasphemers, and ingrate,
The sinks of sinne, as poore in soules, as state.

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110

Now mustring pride, no pompe, nor power protects,
Whil'st none so great as dares (when damn'd) reply,
Nor none so low whom this great Iudge neglects,
Lifes strict accounts when come in wrath to try ;
Contempt, nor reverence, worke no such effects :
Mysts, whence they rose return'd, vaine vapours dye :
For state or birth, all duties due Time frees,
(Save parting paines) no difference in degrees.

111

Not onely soules for deeds are damn'd to fire,
Whose witness'd wrongs were from all colours free,
But even intentions, wishes, and desire,
Which (though none else) yet God himselfe did see ;
The heart advanc'd, what member can retire ?
The Author it, the rest but actors be :
These bent for ill, whom casuall lets did bound,
Then some who acted are more guilty found.

112

Not onely now all these to paine must part,
Who harmfull deeds well witness'd do accuse,
And who not seene (corrupted in the heart)
Were big with thoughts which Satan did infuse :
No, no, with them a number more must smart,
Who had more treasure then they daign'd to use :
This judgement generall all to triall brings,
Both for committed, and omitted things.

113

These wealthie ones whose steps the poore did trace,
Not help'd, not mark'd, not seene from such a height ;
These who had power, and eminent in place,
Yet had no pitty when support they might ;
These who had knowledge, and some seeds of grace,
Yet would with none communicate their light :
Woe, woe to them with whom God ventred most,
Whose Talents hid (since not encreas'd) were lost.

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114

They who by riches nought save pleasure sought,
And griev'd for nothing but when forc'd to dye,
To heaven (poore soules) as hardly can be brought,
As cable-ropes come through a needle eye :
O what huge hosts even more than can be thought,
With shaking joynts, and chattering teeth I spie !
What fertile ages brought so many forth ?
Yet most in number are the least in worth.

115

Hels wayes are large, heavens strict, I would proceed,
But words are weake to shew what I conceive ;
The squadrons damn'd so high a horrour breed,
To look on them that I of force must leave ;
My Muse which melts with griefe doth comfort need,
Which save from heaven, I no where else can have :
Lord cleare mine eyes, and let me see that band,
(The world all conquer'd) which in triumph stand.

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The eighth HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Patriarchs, Kings, and Prophets most renown'd,
Who came with God by conference friends to be,
And (whil'st his Law was of their lives the ground)
By him from wants and dangers were made free,
And in all temporall blessings did abound,
Yet did but Christ by Types and figures see :
O how they joy now to behold his face,
Whom they by faith did whil'st they liv'd imbrace !

I

WHAT sudden lightning cleares my cloudie brow,
And bends faint hopes to follow forth their aimes ?
At Christs right hand a band more bright doth bow,
Then Summers Sun when mustring all his beams ;
The prospect of my thoughts is pleasant now ;
Ioy doth disperse all melancholy dreames ;
Hence, hence all ye whose sprits are still prophane,
This sacred ground no vulgar foot must staine.

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2

The first of them that throng about the Throne,
Is he, save God, who once no fellow had ;
Of all the Syre, and yet a Sonne to none,
Was rich when naked, never poore till clad ;
Long'd not, nor loath'd, nor griev'd, when as alone,
What could displease, where he was best, none bad ?
Though never childe what childishnesse more strange,
Who for an apple Paradise did change ?

3

To that brave Garden with all pleasure stor'd,
When banish'd *Adam* heavily look'd back,
As griev'd to thinke of what he had beene Lord,
Whil'st every object anguish more did make ;
An angry Angel bragg'd him with a sword,
God threatned had, how could he comfort take ?
A Prince depriv'd, forc'd servile works to try,
So tortur'd first, and then condemn'd to dye.

4

But that short griefe, to endlesse joy is chang'd,
He lives more happy, that he once was dead,
The promis'd seed (so *Evah* was reveng'd)
Sting'd in the heele, did bruise the Serpents head ;
O monstrous worke, from reason far estrang'd !
What harm'd him most, hath him more happy made :
He lives (where first he was in feare to fall)
(Free from restrictions) to no danger thrall.

5

Two doe succeed to this great sonne of slime,
(Though one was elder) eldest borne to light,
Who heard their father sigh forth many time
His fall, wives weakenesse, and the Serpents slight,
Not for the losse, griev'd onely for his crime,
And so much more, that it had wrong'd their right :
While as they him, and he his Maker lov'd,
His wail'd rebellion their obedience mov'd.

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6

Loe, (next to *Edens*) *Adams* greatest losse,
That faithfull Sheepheard, whom no staine could taint,
First gold refin'd (all upright) free from drosse,
In whom (it seemes) heaven piety would paint,
Since first (thus goodnesse mischiefe straight must tosse)
Whom persecution did designe a Saint :
An innocent for gratefull offring slaine,
Whose suffring did a Martyrs glory gaine.

7

The old mans griefe with comfort to asswage
(Gods owne when weake are strengthened still by grace)
I here see *Seth*, who after *Cains* rage,
(A pledge of favour) fill'd his brothers place,
With other ancients of that infant age,
Most part of whom from him deriv'd their race :
In his sonnes time (whil'st vice had flow'd ov'r all)
On God againe, who then began to call.

8

He most is mark'd amidst this glorious traine,
Who walk'd with God, when here, as wholly his,
And such perfection did below attaine,
That death not tooke him as the custome is,
But, as secur'd by priviledge from paine ;
The fabulous Grecians fondly glaunc'd at this,
Yet fail'd in forme, and did pervert the sense,
No Eagle, no, but Angels bare him hence.

9

The time of *Adam* first much knowledge bred,
Who told heavens will, and warn'd how Satan rag'd,
For all were learn'd, though bookes they never read.
Whil'st many Ages could not make one ag'd ;
But when Gods sonnes did with mens daughters wed,
(Though Giants, weake) all were to vice engag'd :
And since all those were never purg'd till drown'd,
That time yeelds few for piety renown'd.

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10

Most happy he who first (though scorn'd a space)
To preach repentance, eminently stood,
Both threatning judgement, and yet offring grace,
As he was made, to make the world grow good ;
Then (all else lost) did save some of his race,
Their soules from sinne, their bodies from the floud :
And last (worlds victor) even by Angels prais'd,
His Arke triumphall to the clouds was rais'd.

11

Whil'st widow'd fields which seem'd their guests to waile,
(As all distill'd in teares) could not be dry'd ;
The drooping flowers with hanging heads grown pale,
Did seeme to mourne, that thus all creatures dy'd,
Lest th'earth (thus spoil'd) to bring forth fruits might faile,
Industrious *Noah*, husbandry first try'd :
For which to him, fond Ancients, Altars fram'd,
Whil'st *Saturne*, *Ianus*, and *Ogyges* nam'd.

12

O ! what strange things by deare experience past,
Could this man tell, amazement to constraine ?
Who saw the world first full, then all turn'd waste,
Yet liv'd himselfe to people it againe,
Till from his race great Kings did rise at last,
Who him for Syre not knew, or did disdaine :
Whil'st old (and poore perchance) with toyle and strife,
Glad (by his labour) to maintaine his life.

13

There are two sonnes whom anguish did entrance,
To heare the third, their fathers scorne proclaime,
Who forward, backward, blindely did advance,
Even from themselves to hide their fathers shame,
Lest that their eyes had guilty beene by chance,
As sure their hearts could no such horrour dreame :
The fathers blessing hath effectuall prov'd,
We see how *Cham* was curs'd, they truely lov'd.

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14

Shem, fathers heire, a Lampe of light design'd,
Melchisedech, a mighty Prince, or Priest,
With whom God did communicate his minde,
A speciall labourer after *Noahs* rest,
I see with him some others of his kinde,
Till *Abram* rose, who follow'd him for best :
Arpashad, *Shelah*, *Eber*, *Pelag* stand,
Reu, *Serug*, *Nahor*, *Terah* in one band.

15

Of *Iaphets* race at first, some forward throng,
(The rest (turn'd Gentiles) godlinesse did leave)
Who surfetting on Natures pleasures long,
At last (quite stumbling) drunke with vice did rave,
And when once stray'd, still more and more went wrong,
Till last recall'd, the Lord their seed did save :
In Tents of *Shem*, since *Iaphet* came to dwell,
His numbers now doe all the rest excell.

16

Who shines so bright ? I must to marke him stay,
The Churches stocke, from whom it did descend,
The first cleare Lampe who did direct heavens way,
Perfections patterne, imitations end,
Whom righteousnesse did as a robe array,
Who eate with Angels, was profess'd Gods friend :
Of all the faithfull, call'd the father still,
Whose pleasure was to doe his Makers will.

17

A straying stranger, he (whil'st poore he seem'd)
Gave *Lot* his choice of lands, so peace to bring,
And him when Captive by the sword redeem'd,
Both liberall, valorous, yet a greater thing,
His friend once free, no treasure more esteem'd,
Who scorn'd to be beholding to a King :
Was onely weake when he disclaim'd his wife,
Not firme with God, or else too fond on life.

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18

When *Sodomes* ruine justly was design'd,
God to this man whom he so dearely lov'd,
Would (ere effected) justifie his minde,
By his applause, as glad to be approv'd,
Who durst contest, but could ten good not finde,
Else by his meanes, heavens army was remov'd,
In league with God by Sacrament receiv'd,
Who true religion, heretable leav'd.

19

His lifted hand had aym'd the fatall wound,
(A course most strange, which thoughts can scarce embrace)
Yet not distracted, but in judgement sound,
To kill his sonne, and all the promis'd race ;
(Whil'st faith triumph'd, both sense and reason bound)
Till him an Angell stayd (O wondrous case !)
" Her birth, who barren was, an offring made,
" Had beene by natures course, not borne, nor dead.

20

He in whose bosome, Saints have had their rest,
Who was for God from friends and soile estrang'd,
Hath still his Nephew neere (a wandring guest)
On fields too faire, his roving flockes who rang'd,
Which he at last, as ugly, did detest,
His wife transform'd, himselfe deform'd, both chang'd :
He, though not burn'd, yet smoak'd, had *Sodomes* smell,
Whil'st fled from flames, when safe, as choak'd, he fell.

21

That sacrifice (though offered) who not dy'd,
First type of Christ, his suffering who presag'd,
For whom God did (when famine was) provide,
And for dig'd fountaines budding broyles asswag'd,
Yea, was for fathers cause, his guard and guide,
Till at his wealth for envy, heathens rag'd :
Though substance thought, that but a shadow darke,
Scarce of his riches pointed at a sparke.

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22

There that great wrestler, halfe of one times brood,
Who was ere borne against his brother bent,
And last us'd fraud, when force could doe no good,
(The meanes were bad, though happy the event)
But with heavens Monarch bravely struggling stood,
Till blest by force, he thence a Victor went :
To dreame of Angels, who on th'earth did lye,
A stone his pillow, curtain'd by the skye.

23

He thus whom God nor man could not appall,
(By beauty onely to turne captive mov'd)
Twice seven years sold, was made a wretches thrall,
And yet the time seem'd short because he lov'd ;
Still when high thoughts his hopes to minde did call,
Rough blasts seem'd smooth, even suffrings pleasant prov'd :
No storme him mov'd, save onely *Rachels* frowne,
Whose leavy Garland did his labours crowne.

24

O happy shepheard ! flattring but his flocke,
In minde a Monarch, but more free from toyles,
Whose Crowne an Ivy wreath, whose throne some rocke,
His staffe a Scepter, Lord of many soiles,
At night the Stars, all day the Sunne his clocke,
He fed his sheep, they him, proud of their spoiles :
And whil'st corrivall'd by encroaching beames,
Her eyes his glasse, and hers some Crystall streames.

25

Whil'st poore, thus pleas'd, nought could occurre save good,
But straight when rich, he tortur'd did remaine,
His daughter ravish'd, sonnes involv'd in bloud,
The best belov'd (as he imagin'd) slaine,
When old and weake, forc'd farre to shift for food,
Whence (save his bones) nought was brought back againe :
" His dayes both few and evill, he last confest,
" Not wealth nor honour, death yeelds onely rest.

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26

But what rare beauties ravish now mine eyes,
Of which I thinke her one, who grosly fail'd,
By whom first man was borne, all mankinde dyes,
Whose errour still her ruin'd race hath wail'd ?
But (rack'd with pangs which all her sexe oft tryes)
No doubt repentance many times prevaile :
Whil'st breeding more to plant the world withall,
In place of one, whom she had made to fall.

27

She, whose great beauty, Kings in vaine did crave,
First of her sexe, whom sacred pennes applaud,
Who yong, still barren, did when old conceive,
Yet (fondly curious) did her selfe defraud,
And made a Mayd her equall of a slave,
Her rivals raiser, her owne husbands bawd :
For which due paine, she justly did abide,
" Of slaves preferr'd, none can endure the pride.

28

From drawing water, an attending Mayd,
Whil'st nobly humble, honourably kinde,
Straight (highly match'd) with gorgeous robes array'd,
By struggling twins, a mother was design'd,
Of which for one (as franke affection sway'd)
She boldly ventred, though her mate was blinde,
Whom she beguil'd, not wrong'd, and (calme in strife)
Though alwaies faithfull, was a cunning wife.

29

Of rivall sisters emulous in love,
The Churches mothers, *Iacobs* joyes surmis'd,
The ones weake eyes, now bright as starres doe move,
Whom God would grace, when man too much despis'd ;
She though least faire, yet did most fertile prove,
Whose mate loves oddes, found by opinion pris'd :
In minde, and armes, two brides at once embrac'd,
Whil'st sense and fancy, severall circuits trac'd.

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30

Long after death, she who to waile was spy'd,
When from compassion, *Herod* quite did swerve,
Not mercenarily match'd, whom for a Bryde,
Twice seven years service scarcely could deserve ;
Yet (stain'd by breeding whil'st her Syre was guide)
Imbezled Idols, did with fraud preserve :
Long long'd to beare, yet by her wish was griev'd,
First known, whose death made *Evahs* curse beleev'd.

31

Her mother neere, that ravish'd daughter stayes,
Whose curiousnesse much mischiefe did procure ;
A gorgeous beauty whil'st it guardlesse strayes,
If not inviting, doth at least allure ;
O what huge evils, a moments sport repayes,
Her brothers murtherers, and her selfe a whore ?
Here lust by bloud, and shame was purg'd by teares,
Such bitter fruits a womans wandring beares.

32

The old arch-Fathers chiefe whom Iewes renowne,
Their names by Tribes distinguish did their race,
His fathers strength who might have claym'd the Crowne,
Had not his glory melted in disgrace,
Like water (when rais'd high) which must fall downe,
For pleasure foule, had forfeited his place,
Yet when his brothers would their brother kill,
Then, onely kinde, he stay'd th'intended ill.

33

Hearts big with vengeance, whil'st for bloud they long'd,
Two worst of twelve, in mischiefe, brothers sworne,
Mans sacred match, Gods covenant, both wrong'd,
The mocke of marriage, circumcisions scorne,
To murther numbers by base treason throng'd,
Till for their fault, (with inward anguish torne :)
Their holy father, horrours height conceiv'd,
But though their wrath was curs'd, themselves were sav'd.

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34

He who himselfe with courage should acquite,
Still like a Lyon, fighting for his prey,
Stor'd with abundance, dandled with delight,
Whom all his brothers freely should obey,
With bloud of Grapes made red, with milke made white,
Till *Shiloh* came, who did the Sceptre sway ;
From him did spring the Author of our peace,
The height of goodnesse, and the ground of grace.

35

But yet at home he was unhappy long,
His eldest sonne (high hopes defrauding) dead,
The next (too grosly working nature wrong)
Had straight Gods judgement pour'd upon his head :
The third held backe from whom he did belong,
He (though their Syre) to breed them heires was made,
A whore-like widow tempting him to lust,
Whom first he damn'd, but (bound by signes) held just.

36

Here are the rest of fertile *Leahs* brood,
And of the Mayds for birth, who with her striv'd,
Not stayn'd as ill, nor yet much prais'd for good,
Who sheepheards still in vaguing lodgings liv'd,
Did sell their brother, brought their father food,
And highly griev'd for former harme contriv'd,
With them comes *Rachels* last and dearest boy,
On whom his father doted oft for joy.

37

But then all these, one more transports me now,
Who did of dreames the mysteries unfold,
To whom Sunne, Moone, and Starres eleven did bow,
As for their *Atlas*, who should them uphold ;
" But envies basenesse cannot worth allow :
For, brag'd by death, he for a slave was sold :
Yet wrought they good, who mischiefe did intend,
A bad beginning for so brave an end.

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38

In fortunes favour, and in strength for age,
To taste stayn'd pleasure, him by all their charmes,
Not beauty (grac'd by greatnesse) could engage,
Though offered, and alone, and in his armes ;
Whil'st love to lust, and lust all turn'd to rage,
His chastnesse blame, his goodnesse bred him harmes :
The Syre for love afflicted did remaine,
And onely he because of his disdaine.

39

He whom for state, affliction had prepar'd,
Whil'st from a Prison to a Palace brought,
Where sold a slave, was straight a Prince declar'd,
Clad with rich robes, the chiefe by suiters sought,
In time of plenty, who for famine car'd,
Sav'd all the subjects, yet the kingdome bought :
Both rich and godly, O how rare a thing !
Of God the Prophet, Minion of the King.

40

Not proud, when prosp'ring (as when rais'd o'rethrowne)
His heart grew humble, when his fortune great,
Where some for shame had not his brothers showne,
Whose scorned basenesse might his fame abate,
He (tenderly disposed to his owne,)
Did from distresse redeeme their wretched state :
And, where (unnaturall) they had him betray'd,
Their cruelty with courtesie repay'd.

41

Thrice happy man, as high in worth as place,
Whose fortunes course did strangely ebbe and flow,
From murther, bondage, ruine, and disgrace,
In *Pharo's* kingdome, greatest Prince to grow,
In whom true vertue garnish'd was with grace,
To gaine industrious, liberall to bestow :
And yet in this his chiefe contentment stood,
That he had liv'd to doe his Father good.

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42

Though fail'd in earthly, sharpe in spirituall sight,
When *Ioseph* thought that *Iacob* was beguil'd,
Who (straight whil'st crossing) seeming wrong, went right,
Here are his sonnes from whom two Tribes were stil'd :
In scattred *Levies* roome, one rose in might,
What father knowes how God will blesse a childe ?
Whil'st God his good, by his owne vertue breeds,
The yongest thus the eldest oft exceeds.

43

When raging malice had put off her maske,
All kindenesse, duty, and compassion gone,
The straw abstracted, doubling still their taske,
Even Mid-wives, murtherers, birth and death made one,
Here sundry are, who helpe from God did aske,
And under burdens heavily did grone :
" But though affliction force devotions teares,
" Curs'd are those workes which such oppression reares.

44

From murther scap'd, by flouds for death confin'd,
He when scarce borne, whom God did strangely keepe ;
Of Reeds his Cradle, rocking with the winde,
As lulling him, the softly sounding deepe,
Did seeme to sing (with kisses cold too kinde)
Hence monsters, hence, doe not disturbe his sleepe :
Who makes our Nymphs all passionate to prove,
Whil'st *Egypts* Princesse comes to court his love.

45

Yet with his race he rather choos'd to smart,
Then to be held for *Pharoh's* daughters brood,
And with an Hebrew boldly taking part,
Kill'd one of *Egypt* who against him stood ;
How could base envy poyson so a heart ?
He guerdon'd was with ill for doing good,
Till in exile farre from his friends remov'd,
Great *Pharoh's* nursling *Iethro's* shepheard prov'd.

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46

Though low below, yet much esteem'd above,
He straight was choos'd a Legate for the Lord,
And did to bragge a King heavens Herauld prove,
By sounds from flames with rare instructions stor'd ;
His sacred message wonders did approve,
That it confirm'd, he boldly might record :
The hand soone leprous, was as quickly pure,
Which drugges, nor charmes, did not procure, nor cure.

47

His staffe, though stiffe, in bending circles turn'd,
Left frothy furrowes, where it till'd the ground ;
Eyes, flamie globes (as sparkling poyson) burn'd,
Still stretch'd to strike, else threatning in a round,
Then arch'd, at th'earth (all rais'd in rain-bowes) spurn'd,
Whil'st waving colours did with feare confound :
Whose swelling horrour bragg'd some storme to be,
Both bow and shaft, an animated tree.

48

Who wonders not what wonders then were wrought,
Whil'st bent for God, each element tooke armes ?
Flouds turn'd to bloud, forth croaking squadrons brought,
Th'earth, (pride to curbe) from dust rais'd abject swarmes,
(Th'ayre glooming darke) black clouds of flies long fought ;
Plagues, thunder, tempests, all inflicted harmes :
Till that the kingdome was with anguish fill'd,
Whil'st in each house the hop'd-for heire was kill'd.

49

The parted depths, that God might gaine renowne,
(Though liquid firme,) with waves empall'd a way,
Till in one drop they all at once fell downe,
As which for *Pharoh*, in an ambush lay,
And (even whil'st walking dry) did thousands drowne,
Iewes State a time, still Egypts tombe to stay :
What slaughter huge ? and yet no bloud was spill'd ?
No striker seene, all by one blow were kill'd.

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50

He dry'd the Sea, from rockes a floud did draw,
Chiefe wonder-worker, wonderfull in all,
And yet a farre *Canaan* onely saw,
Since stumbling once, though free from any fall,
Heavens Oracle, the organ of the law ;
When last (sinnes curse) his corps to death was thrall,
An Angell it to hide from Satan reft,
That superstition had no relict left.

51

His brother first did gorgeous garments weare,
With robes in state, a consecrated Priest,
And names of Tribes in pretious stones did reare,
With gold and silke embroydered on his brest,
Whose long worne staffe did straight ripe Almonds beare,
And in the Church a monument did rest :
He though he grudg'd, and Iewes first Idoll made,
Was grac'd alive, and glorifi'd when dead.

52

Their sister *Miriam*, mirrour of her kinde,
With flaming ardour, ravish'd up above,
To sing Gods praise, she with true zeale inclin'd,
Scorn'd mortall matches, courting still his love,
Yet, envy once so tainted had her minde,
Her bodies beauties all did leprous prove :
Till he whose harme she studied to contrive,
Her pardon sought, the meekest man alive.

53

He who from *Israel* forc'd the Plague to part,
The bravest impe of that annoynted brood,
No thirst of praise, nor hatred in his heart,
Whose act seem'd ill, but his intent was good ;
O happy man, how strange was his desert,
By murther saving, blest for shedding bloud !
" A godly zeale, which nothing can controule,
" As pretious incense, offers up the soule.

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54

Neere *Moses* stands that valorous brood of *Nun*,
By whose direction *Israel* reach'd her marke,
From whom for reverence, *Iordan* backe did runne,
As which would not presume to touch the Arke ;
He as his debtor did arrest the Sunne,
Till foes were kill'd, that it should not grow darke :
Weake hornes for trumpets sounding downe a wall,
It, even ere breach'd (as breath'd away) did fall.

55

That man for worth, whom all the world renownes,
With greatest gallants rank'd by fame doth stand,
Their match in conquering, more in scorning crownes,
Who would but God obey, not men command,
And (nations ruin'd) razing States and Townes,
Did not retaine, no, did but part their land :
This warriour onely held for great may be,
From avarice, and from ambition free.

56

His fellow spye, who would not witnesse wrong,
But high in minde, had Gyants in contempt,
And breathing courage, staggering troupes among,
From abject feare, even dastards did exempt,
When eighty sixe yeares old, both stout and strong,
A dangerous conquest bravely did attempt :
" Mindes cleare and calme from guilty stormes secure,
Make Natures strength as doubled to endure.

57

Next him comes he who did his daughter wed,
Who was for valour, a reward design'd,
But in that brest, what host could feare have bred,
Where love and courage both enflam'd the minde ?
He (first of Iudges) grudging squadrons led,
To curbe the pride of heathens haughty kinde :
Who when that *Israel* to base Idols bow'd,
To plague them suffred were, but not allow'd.

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58

When *Moabs* Monarch made Gods people grone,
And them from bondage no way would enlarge,
He who heavens Legat rais'd him from his throne,
A fatall message boldly to discharge ;
And he who kill'd sixe hundred all alone,
Against whose goade, no steele could serve for targe :
" Those shew fraile life, a prey of every hand,
" Who (theirs contemn'd) anothers will command.

59

I see that Dame whom Hebrewes honour most,
The glory of her sexe, a staine to men,
A Prophetesse, a Iudge, chiefe of an host,
Whose parts might furnish Fames most liberall pen ;
Of such a one, no Ethnicke scroule can boast,
Not martiall Ladies, nor Sibyllaes ten :
What greater worth could any brest embrace,
In warre couragious, just in time of peace ?

60

Next her comes he who did refuse to fight,
Unlesse her count'nance gave his courage life,
For which although his foes were put to flight,
The Captaines death gave glory to a wife ;
Which, though he much presum'd, what judgements height ?
Not Sword, nor Launce did grace, no, not a knife :
This did him kill, who armies did command,
A little naile, and in a woman's hand.

61

His mother said (puff'd up by former broiles)
What stayes my Sonne ? he some great matter tryes,
The souldiers to reward, they part the spoiles,
Whil'st vaunting Victors scorne the Captives cryes,
Some dainty Lady doth defray his toyles,
His eares drinke praises, trophees feast his eyes :
Thus she with dreames was flattered all the space,
Whil'st he (poore wretch) was dying with disgrace.

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62

Who *Baal* spoil'd, his clients did deride,
(Though of his race the man neglected most)
From threshing wheate, which he for feare would hide,
Did (call'd by God) come to command an host,
Whose favour twice by severall signes was try'd,
Whil'st staggering doubts his resolution crost :
The fields all faire, his fleece quite drench'd did lye,
And when all else was wet, was onely dry.

63

This victory, God for his owne would stampe,
And lest that it had seem'd by numbers sway'd,
Of every thousand ten, but kept the campe,
The rest remov'd, and of those few who stay'd,
Each crush'd a Pitcher, and held forth a Lampe,
Brave sounds and lightning, to make men dismaid :
A barly cake most monstrous did appeare,
The sword of *Gideon* kill'd ere it came neare.

64

This man when offered fled a Soveraignes place,
So modest first, and afterwards devout,
With all the jewels which his troupes did grace,
An Ephod made (though bright) his onely blote,
Which did procure the ruine of his race,
By making Iewes (too superstitious) dote :
" None should serve God, but as himselfe directs,
" A good intention may breed bad effects.

65

That Gileadite, who when exil'd from home,
In forraine parts a martiall man excell'd,
Not loathing all, for being wrong'd by some,
Did save their states, who him from his expell'd,
And *Ammons* Army two wayes did o'recome,
To yeeld by reason, and by force compell'd :
" Men (not like beasts) should know for what they fight,
" That valour may maintaine, not make a right.

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66

When haughty *Ephraim* out of time too bold,
And basely grudging at anothers good,
With words outragious (arrogantly told)
Him to contemne whom God exalted, stood,
That sudden heate procur'd an endlesse cold,
The pride of thousands quickly quench'd with bloud,
First civile warre, that with the Iewes was seene,
Though since they oft have thus unhappy beene.

67

When generous *Iephte*, did with state returne,
The pointed object of a generall joy,
Whose daughters brest with longing thoughts did burne
Whil'st she made haste, his triumph to convoy ;
Can one from mirth be made so quickly mourne ?
Who sav'd all else, must he his owne destroy ?
She singing came, but straight went backe and wept,
A vow too rash to be so strictly kept.

68

That Nazarite (as singular renown'd)
Whose heads each haire, a man in strength contain'd,
Ah then one woman, all more weake were found,
Whose charming bosome, glories colour stain'd,
She of his soule the mystery did sound,
Who first by bloud, and last for gold was gain'd :
His sacred secret he to her bewray'd,
And she him straight to all his foes betray'd.

69

Strange madnesse thus, did raze his judgements Fort,
What none could force that he would needs afford ;
This gorgeous creature, curious Natures sport,
A living Idoll, by blinde zeale ador'd,
She, she triumphs upon a doting sort,
Who will be slaves, even where there wants a Lord :
And bearing sway, no reason some can move,
" Those who usurpe their power, must tyrants prove

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70

God by this man, strange wonders bent to show,
He curious riddles, *Sphinx*-like could contrive ;
And as his strength, that men his wit might know,
To purchase praise by stratagems would strive ;
Fields forc'd by fire, seem'd lightning from below,
Whil'st those who fled, that which they fled did drive :
This course it seemes did shew his nature right,
The flames his force, the Foxes shew his flight.

71

His deeds farre past the reach of their conceit,
Who fain'd great persons, glosing on things gone ;
He of a Towne did raze the guarded gate,
And (braving numbers) carried it alone ;
He (bursting bands) a thousand dayes did date,
And with no weapon, save an abject bone
Which (whil'st in flouds of sweat he all was drench'd)
His rage with bloud, his thirst with water quench'd.

72

But what behold I now ? how great a change ?
Haires quite raz'd, hands bound, and his eyes put out,
Gaz'd at by troupes (as if some monster strange)
Whom once they fear'd, the flocking Pagans flout,
Till desp'rate courage burning with revenge,
Pull'd downe their Temple, smoothering all about,
Where thousands kill'd, life sold at no base rate,
A famous ruine rear'd his tombe in state.

73

Here with the rest, who judg'd the Hebrew race,
And them from foes, in justice did maintaine,
Though last in number, one comes first in place,
Whom long his mother (griev'd) had wish'd in vaine,
By prayer purchas'd, and bred up in grace,
Who, beg'd from God, was given him backe againe,
By whom when but a childe, he thrice was call'd,
A Iudge, and Prophet, twise in state enstall'd.

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74

Yet when fond Israel urg'd a King to have,
Though grieving God, this much did vex his minde,
The danger showne of that which they did crave,
Not onely freely he their Prince design'd,
But when in wrath the Lord did quite him leave,
Did labour long that he might favour finde ;
This course his heart free from ambition prov'd,
Who thus left rule, and his successour lov'd.

75

Two Hebrews crown'd, he kill'd one heathnish King,
A reverent Iudge who purchas'd true respect ;
He all the people did together bring,
And boldly ask'd what person could object,
Whose oxe or asse he tooke, or any thing
For doing wrong, or justice to neglect ;
A glorious challenge, and a vaunt not vaine,
To brave a state, as free from any staine.

76

Now marke I one, th'earth bred no other such,
For temperance, patience, charitie, and love,
Whom God did praise, till Satan envied much,
And thus did tempt, that he this gold might prove ;
Thou kept'st him so that none his state could touch,
This hirelings heart thy gifts doe onely move ;
Let him but taste of ruine and disgrace,
And he will straight blaspheme thee to thy face.

77

His children feasting whil'st he pensive stands,
What strange ill newes straight all at once arrived ?
Whil'st th'asses fed, the oxen plow'd thy lands,
Sabæans hence them violently drived ;
Robd are thy camels by Chaldean bands,
Thy Sheepe of life flames (sent from heaven) deprived ;
Thy Sonnes are smothered by a houses fall,
Save wee who speake, kill'd are thy servants all.

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78

When passion first prevail'd (as one forlorne)
Their course impetuous did him so confound,
With head all spoild of haires, and garments torne,
He worship'd God (fall'n groveling on the ground)
Then said, As by my dame first naked borne,
So naked last, dust must my body bound ;
The Lord did give, the Lord doth take againe,
Blest be his name ; I grieve, but not complaine.

79

With soares growne loathsome, of all wretches chiefe,
By friends quite left, by servants not obey'd,
Curse God and die (as desperate of reliefe)
His wife first cri'd, that had from duty strai'd ;
Who came to comfort, did augment his griefe,
And thought those plagues his wickednesse bewrai'd,
Till charg'd with anguish grudging at the rod,
He (to debate his cause) durst chalenge God.

80

By golden speeches (with much power) express'd,
How short a time man wrapt in woes did live ;
Last humbling him till he his fault confess'd,
The Lord did speake, as cited there to strive,
Who check'd his friends for having truth transgress'd,
And for his cause would only them forgive ;
His riches doubled, multipli'd his race,
Both old, and happie, *Iob* did die in peace.

81

What stately troope doth dazell so my sight,
As for their worth, so in their number rare ;
Those all are kings, as walking in Gods light,
Who kept his law with a religious care,
And brave lieutenants did his battels fight,
Yea, highly griev'd, when falne in any snare ;
They now have gain'd (all weakenesses laid downe)
A boundlesse kingdome, an eternall Crowne.

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82

He whome the Lord to be a king design'd,
A Shepheard boy (whil'st reckning all his brood)
Whom his owne father scarce could call to mind,
Vs'd (as a drudge) to beare his brothers food,
He (whil'st at his high sprite the rest repin'd)
Did seale his valour with a Giants blood :
And for his love expos'd to dangerous toiles,
In dowry gave two hundred Pagans spoiles.

83

His Thousands *Saul* Ten thousands *David* kill'd ;
This envi'd praise with honour bred him harme :
Sauls troubled brest such Iealous fancies fill'd,
That man whose musick did his Dæmon charme,
His blood (oft ventred) greedie to have spill'd,
As for some conquest did great numbers arme :
And thought his state could in no safety prove
Whil'st such a gallant kept his peoples love.

84

By madnesse fain'd forc'd to delude his foes,
He whom his merits onely did betray,
In wildernesses farre from all repose,
Was like a Partridge hunted for a prey :
Yet twice to him God did his King expose,
And he discharg'd that any him should slay ;
Thus of his raigne bent to abide the time,
He for a Crowne would not commit a crime.

85

Yea, when the Tyrant (tumbled from his seat)
By his owne hand (defrauding foes) was slaine,
He caus'd him dye who did the news relate,
His death to haste though vaunting but in vaine ;
And having heard the ruine of his state,
He (straight made tender) could not teares restraine :
But us'd such griefe that it no pen can paint,
As witnesse may his passionate complaint.

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86

A King, a Prophet, valorous, devout,
That man to Gods owne heart, choice of a land,
(None perfect here) him faults, even foule, did blot,
And where he fell, let no man bragge to stand,
By tempting beauty fondly made to dote,
He act'd adultery, murther did command :
And all his subjects caus'd to count (though dust)
As proud of numbers in his strength to trust.

87

Though these his faults repentance had defrai'd,
The plague for them troupes did from breath seclude,
His concubines deflowr'd, his force decay'd,
Chas'd by his sonne, he in great danger stood ;
And was from building of the Temple stai'd,
As one whose hands polluted were with bloud :
Last (fail'd, ere old) he left a bloudy will,
That who himselfe had spar'd, his Sonne should kill.

88

There walks with him one link'd in love below,
From which not Syre, nor state, his thoughts could bring,
A friendship such what fabulous penne can show ?
In him save God it weigh'd downe every thing :
He with one man an Army did ore-throw,
Both borne, and worthy, to have beene a King :
But farre more great, he (never faulty tri'd)
Whil'st bravely fighting, for his Countrey dy'd.

89

He, when his wish was offred from above,
Who not (like *Midas*) basely gap'd for gold,
Nor yet (like *Paris*) urg'd a Ladies love,
But wish'd for wisedome, judgements height to hold,
Which first two Dames about one childe did prove,
Whil'st who was mother kindnesse did unfold ;
Of plants each vertue whether good or naught,
He from the Cedar to the Thistle taught.

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90

But whil'st by riches riotously led,
And lull'd asleep with pleasures of this life,
He *Pharoah's* faults did with his daughter wed,
And entertain'd the Idoll of each wife ;
But last he was (when fulnesse loathing bred)
With all the world (as vanity) at strife,
And of all states he did the height attaine,
A foole, a wise man, holy, and prophane.

91

There one who Idols highly still abhorr'd,
And their confusion in such manner wrought,
That he his mother when she one ador'd,
Of state depriv'd, and to live private brought ;
And yet (afraid) he *Arams* help implor'd,
And (when diseas'd) not God, but physick sought ;
Yet bravely broke the *Ethiopian* bands,
And here by God rank'd with good Princes stands.

92

His sonne succeeds, a King by goodnesse great,
As just, religious, generally belov'd,
Yet joyn'd with *Achab*, one whom God did hate,
And by the Prophet had his fault reprov'd ;
But when huge armies came to raze his state,
His ardent zeale the Lord of hosts so mov'd :
That (as spectatour) he in safety stood,
Till all his enemies were o're-flow'd with bloud.

93

Now happie he who did all ill detest,
And godly, vertuous, singular, excell'd,
Not like his Father striving to be Priest,
Who from the Temple leprous was expell'd,
But building Towns, and stately works, at rest,
To pay him tribute strangers were compell'd,
" Thus prosper they who do what God directs ;
" No danger dare approach where he protects.

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94

When *Ashur's* Captaine swolne with pride blasphem'd,
And durst our God with *Gentiles* gods compare,
He who (that scorne then ruine worse esteem'd)
(When thus distress'd) did to his strength repaire ;
Who oft from anguish hath his owne redeem'd,
And then himselfe a party did declare :
The *Iews* miraculously were freed from toils,
An Angell fought, they came to take the spoiles.

95

By sicknesse charg'd to leave this lodge of clay,
(This life so sweet, death is so bitter thought)
With teares and sighs he humbly begg'd to stay,
And had a lease of yeares too dearly bought :
Sinne took advantage of this long delay,
And where not tax'd before, he folly wrought :
By vaunted treasures foolishly spread forth,
To make a Prince enamour'd of their worth.

96

The last of those who fortunately raign'd,
Is he for first whom many would preferre,
The Law restor'd, all read what it contain'd,
Who by his teares Gods judgement did deferre,
By dead mens bones the heathenish Altar stain'd,
He still liv'd well, did onely (dying) erre :
Whil'st without cause he needs would go to fight,
And by his losse did cloud all *Iuda's* light.

97

By God anointed comes another sort,
His great familiars, trusted with his will,
When sent to promise, threaten, or exhort,
Whom heavenly thoughts with sacred rage did fill ;
One *Davids* doome did from himselfe extort,
Who, even when doing, yet was damning ill :
Whil'st to a King, from God, he (wisely bold)
His stormy message figuratively told.

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98

That *Shilonite* who (as from heaven advis'd)
To *Ieroboam* prophesy'd a Crowne,
And told his wife (soone knowne though com'd disguis'd)
Since falne from God (all dignity put downe)
That (all their off-spring plagued, and despis'd)
Her sonne should die, straight when she touch'd the towne :
By death made happie to prevent disgrace,
None else should have a grave of all their race.

99

That man of God whom God did earst imploy,
To bragge the Altar, for a signe all torne,
Who nam'd the man who should it quite destroy,
Though after that for many yeares not borne ;
And that old Prophet would him still convoy,
Whose cosening kindnesse did his calling scorne :
He freely ly'd, truth did of force preferre,
His doome denouncing whom he made to erre.

100

When lying sprits had *Achabs* trust deceiv'd,
To tempt him forth for ruine and disgrace,
One truly told (as if at hand perceiv'd)
As Shepheardlesse how *Israel* left their place,
The King enrag'd (as sure he should be sav'd)
Cri'd, Keep him fast, till I returne in peace ;
If thou return'st in peace from mischiefe free,
The Prophet said, then God speaks not by me.

101

Who clos'd the clouds, (of drought an ominous threat)
And (fed by Ravens) wonderfully liv'd,
Who did (by spending) multiply her meat,
Whose breathlesse sonne he straight, when dead, reviv'd ;
Flames swallow'd floods to shew what God was great,
Which *Baals* Priests to follow fondly striv'd ;
But all by him were as abusers slaine,
Who for their Idoll strugled had in vaine.

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102

By Angels fed, for forty dayes to fast,
He reach'd mount *Horeb*, held for sacred ground,
Where first windes roar'd, next gaping earthquakes past,
Then flames of fire his daz'led sight did bound,
A murmur soft, and quiet calme came last,
From which God spoke, as who his friend had found :
And straight he told in spite of Tyrants bosts,
How jealously he lov'd the Lord of hosts.

103

By bands of fiftie for his ruine sought,
Fire at his call from heaven them twice did kill,
Till that to him unarm'd, who never fought,
A Captaine with his troupes did yeeld, at will ;
His cloake (as did the Arke) a wonder wrought,
When parted *Iordan*, till he past, stood still ;
He in his Chariot did in state retire,
(As crown'd with glory) flashing flames of fire.

104

He who this great mans gift redoubled got,
A childe procur'd, and even when dead did cure,
Made leprous *Naman* free from any spot,
And, in his place, his greedy man impure ;
Made weighty iron above the water flot,
And when *Samaria* famine did endure,
Did shew that plenty should it soone releeve,
But he first dye, who would it not beleeve.

105

The *Syrians* counsell told to *Israels* King,
That host in armes which bent to take him stood,
He (quite made blinde) amid'st their foes did bring,
Yet would not harme them, no, but gave them food ;
Thus whil'st alive, well did he every thing,
And (even whil'st dying) alwayes doing good :
By homely signes he did to *Ioash* show,
How *Arams* Army he should thrice o're-throw.

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106

That sonne of *Amos* here much grac'd I spie,
Whose Princely birth all parts conforme approve,
His threatnings thunder, comforts flowing flie ;
This may sinke downe, that ravish up above,
No *Greeke*, nor *Romane* penne, could soare so high ;
His speech (all power) may admiration move :
Whil'st lifting up all them in God who trust,
And levelling proud Nations with the dust.

107

When God in wrath abandon'd had his owne,
Who not prevented, no, did ruine haste,
This man hath oft by sacred vision showne,
That straying *Gentiles* should be call'd at last ;
Of Christ to come as cleare a witnesse knowne,
As were Apostles proving what was past :
Twixt him and them this sympathie is found,
That martyrdome (the Christian badge) both crown'd.

108

He who long mourn'd (as but to anguish borne,
Still passionate) with elegiack straines,
For *Iuda's* bondage, haughty *Babels* scorne,
The which (whil'st free) he oft as captive plains ;
For this by him upbraiding yokes were borne,
Still persecuted, yet despising paines :
He long was kept his prophesy to stay,
In dungeons darke, a stranger to the day.

109

When *Abrahams* off-spring were transported all,
And what they would not trust, did feeling see,
Their daunted courage labouring to recall,
He who them told what God did then decree,
And that they should but for a time be thrall,
As confident as if they had beene free,
Did build their Temple, painting every part,
As it at first was drawn within his heart.

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110

He who declar'd (interpreting his dreame)
To *Ashur's* Monarch, Monarchs aim'd for great ;
Whom straight for this he did a Prince proclaime,
Yet in short space, what height of partiall hate !
A burning fornace (roaring forth a flame)
Of him and his two friends became the seat,
Till them an Angel freed from fires vast pow'r,
And who attended them did soone devoure.

111

Thus highly grac'd, and by this wonder knowne
(Base envy onely mischiefe can asswage)
To Lyons fierce he for a prey was throwne,
Which touch'd not him, yet rent his foes in rage ;
By strange descriptions mystically showne,
He figur'd forth the state of every age,
Yet did not know what he himselfe did teach,
No wonder then though it no other reach.

112

A number more fill up this happy band,
Who did their message faithfully performe,
And scorning danger, resolutely stand,
When raging Tyrants at the truth would storme ;
They as if Signets in their masters hand,
Gave true impressions, keeping still one forme :
Not fearing paine, nor prizing pleasure ought,
Since onely God, and not themselves they sought.

113

When captiv'd *Iews* confus'dly forth did presse,
Though once for state distinguish'd all in ranks,
By bondage equall'd, fellows in distresse,
A rigorous Marshall meriting no thanks,
Whil'st swelling breasts did strugling words represse,
Teares turn'd to flouds, they melted on the banks :
All melodie by misery o're-come,
On trembling willows harps were hanging dumbe.

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114

Even then whil'st thus all did for Sion mourne,
Their scattred remnant recollect'd with paine,
Three at three times to *Iuda* did returne,
The sacred vessels bearing back againe,
And for Gods glory with such zeale did burne,
That though oft hindred, and neare to be slaine :
(Their ruin'd Temple with great toile restor'd)
They kept the Law, what was prophane abhorr'd.

115

Long after borne I see with them before,
That valorous widow who did free her Towne,
By beauty arm'd, which purpos'd to decore,
(Though rich in robes) her modestie did crowne,
No wretch, nor lavish, must'ring Natures store,
To brave an Army vent'ring in a Gowne :
She kill'd a Captaine even amid'st his host,
And triumph'd had ere foes could know they lost.

116

To robeing eyes in ambush for delight,
(Her dainty treasures by strange fate betray'd)
The cheeks turn'd red, to see the rest so white,
Which (even when naked) shamefastnesse arrai'd,
Now pale for feare, and straight enflam'd for spite,
Both beauties colours interchanging strai'd :
Lo, one who lov'd true honour more then fame,
A reall goodnesse, not a studied name.

117

She who for fairenesse choice of all her kinde,
Was made an Empresse, yet how rare a thing !
Though faire of face, was farre more faire in minde ;
This did please God, that did but please a King,
She when her race for ruine was design'd,
Them free from harme in greater grace did bring :
And with her Uncle was for good reserv'd,
He *Persia's* Prince, she all the *Iews* preserv'd.

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118

When heathnish Tyrants insolently ill,
(What sacred was, made to confusion thrall)
Even on Gods Altar beasts uncleane would kill,
Abhomination desolating all ;
Then, for their law some troupes were constant still,
And (suffring freely) did with courage fall :
A reverent Ancient by strange tortures try'd,
And with seven sonnes a woman Martyr dy'd.

119

At *Modin* first a worthie man did rise,
And straight kill'd one who striv'd to be prophane,
His sonnes all arm'd, the Pagans did despise,
And three of them did endlesse glory gaine,
Who oft took Townes, foil'd hosts, did troups surprise,
Yet were at last unfortunately slaine :
One bravely fighting, did last wounds imbrace,
And two by friends betrai'd in time of peace.

120

With those else nam'd here stands a number more,
Well knowne to God, though not to fame, nor mee,
Who lov'd his Prophets, and did him adore,
Though still devout, from superstition free,
Of their redemption confident before,
By faith (as com'd) who did their Saviour see :
Dark figures then just reckonings did contrive,
The law did damne, grace onely doth forgive.

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The ninth HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Christs great fore-runner by him pris'd so much,
And those who his familiars were below,
Th' Evangelists, Apostles, and all such
As did him in the flesh when mortall know :
Then those who freely did their faith avouch,
And for the truth true constancy did show :
The Churches Fathers, and the Martyrs all,
Glad stand they here, who for Christs cause did fall.

I

THE world at first against all good obdur'd,
That sacred Statutes might mens judgements sway,
By wonders mov'd, by benefits allur'd,
Their temporall treasures prosp'ring every way ;
By Covenant who followed God secur'd,
He, even whil'st here, their service did defray,
As by the Ancients evident appeares,
With plenty, peace, posterity and yeares.

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2

But when glad Tidings went divulging grace,
And shew the ground where soules should reape their good,
Those who the truth with ardour did imbrace,
And (it defending) resolutely stood,
Still toss'd with toiles, and in the worlds disgrace,
Scarce having rest, till purchas'd by their blood :
They were so oft expos'd to scorne, and losse,
That Christians long were knowne but by their crosse.

3

Such (whil'st transported with a sprituall Ioy)
Contemplating their happinesse above,
(What earth could give, all but esteem'd a toy)
Were ravish'd up to court their makers love,
Those paines which oft this mortall masse annoy,
Contentment gave, by hasting their remove :
And here by them no pleasure was imbrac'd,
Save when for God by some great suff'ring grac'd.

4

Loe, he whose voice vaste desarts made rebound,
In sprite *Elias*, and in like estate ;
All cloth'd with haire, his loines a girdle bound ;
With Locusts joyn'd wilde hony serv'd for meat ;
He as (Christs Trumpet) ere he came did sound,
Repent, prepare, of men no man more great ;
Yet did he judge himselfe (farre short indeed)
Too base to serve who after should succeed.

5

He humbly modest (as too much esteem'd)
When baptismes fountaine baptisme came to crave,
Since but a Sinner, and to be redeem'd,
That which was sought, wish'd rather to receave ;
Heavens (opening straight) to crave attendance seem'd,
From whence a voice this Testimony gave ;
(Whil'st like a Dove the Sprite vpon him seaz'd)
This is my Sonne in whom I am well pleas'd.

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6

This great Ambassadour whom God did send,
Still taxing sinne, with wickednesse at strife,
A Tyrant fierce admonish'd to amend,
Who slept in incest with his brothers wife ;
What bloody gift to gratifie a friend ?
(Too prodigall of such a pretious life)
He with his head vaine foolery did defray,
A wantons wage, a doting dancers prey.

7

Those three judg'd wise whom nought from Christ could barre,
Though strangely guided, yet to travell bold,
When having found him whom they sought so farre,
Did frankely offer incense, Myrrhe and gold ;
His birth (enrich'd with raies) a flaming starre,
His death the Sunne (all wrapt in darkenesse) told :
But Sunne and Moone bare Ciphers (reckning right)
And Starres turn'd figures cannot count his light.

8

He who by him whom nought save faith confines,
Had beene secur'd ere death his Lord to see,
When in the Temple knowne by spirituall signes,
Did thus burst forth, glad in a high degree,
The Gentils light, and *Israels* glory shines,
Salvation comes to all who seeke it free :
Since thus thou hast perform'd the promis'd grace,
Lord let thy servant now depart in peace.

9

There comes that Captaine (marching with the rest)
Who did beleeve, ere granted, well assur'd,
(His house held base to lodge so great a guest)
That by Christs words his servant should be cur'd ;
Then she (when check'd) who did for Crummes contest,
And even with dogs to be compar'd endur'd :
Thus some, (though Gentiles) have so happie beene,
That with the Iewes no faith like theirs was seene.

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10

That Israelite in whom no guile was founde,
Whose minde still pure from stormy waves was free ;
He (lest that thronging troupes his sight should bound)
To looke on Christ who mounted on a Tree ;
The devills expell'd, who were diseas'd, made sound,
Earst wonders obiects, numbers happie be ;
First from short paines, from endlesse last secur'd,
Whose soules and bodies both at once were cur'd.

11

Haile happie *Mary !* Virgin great in grace,
Thy sexes glory, the eternalls love !
Whom high affection freely did imbrace,
By sacred flames o're-shadow'd from above ;
Not bodies forme, nor colour of a face,
To make this match did the Almighty move :
Her portion was an humble modest minde,
For which the Lord a state in heaven design'd.

12

But how the deity could be joyn'd with dust,
Some curious brains (weake reasons captives) scan :
Not like fain'd *Iove* in flames enflam'd with lust,
Nor in a *Dove*, as he came in a *Swan*,
Who would be sav'd must absolutely trust,
No Male enjoy'd, a Mayd brought forth a Man :
If by Gods word cold earth did life receive,
A woman by his sprite might soone conceive.

13

What wonders rare do now enrich my ryme !
Still Mayd, though mother, free from mortall seed,
Wives childe, not husbands, and yet not her cryme,
Bigge by himselfe, who did her Maker breed ;
Eternity was limited by Time ;
Small bounds did bound who doth all bounds exceed :
How highly *Marie* shouldst thou be esteem'd,
Since *Evah's* fault was by thy birth redeem'd ?

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14

More then all women blessed in thy bloud,
Thou first for him, he for us all did smart,
Who borrow'd milk, but pay'd for it his bloud,
And what thou hadst was his, not thy desart,
Who with the rest of death in danger stood,
Whil'st from his Crosse he did these words impart :
Look woman on thy Sonne : then might'st thou see,
How he (a Lambe) was offred up for thee.

15

She who long childlesse, last conceiv'd a sonne,
As first an Angell did to her divine,
Still till the time that thrise three times were runne,
Whose husbands dumbenesse prov'd a certaine signe,
Her to salute when *Mary* had begun,
The Babe for joy her wombe could scarce confine :
Whose mother prais'd the blessed Virgins state,
As by her birth who did indeed grow great.

16

I see those sisters shining in this ranke,
Whose brother Christ first wail'd, then rais'd when dead,
But chiefly she who circumspectly franke,
A precious oyntment pour'd upon his head ;
Though others grudg'd, *Christ* her for this did thank,
And it for ever memorable made :
Then unto her as one before held deare,
(Pale death dispatch'd) did at the first appeare.

17

Thrice glorious twelve whose parts no tongue can tell,
As his companions by our Lord imbrac'd,
To binde, and loose, with power of heaven and hell,
(Still working wonders wonderfully grac'd)
With whom the holy Ghost did come to dwell,
Who now with Christ to judge the world are plac'd :
You by your suffrings conquer'd have farre more,
Then all men else, by acts, since, or before.

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18

True grounds neglect'd, the doting vulgar throng,
To servile meanes do so ascribe events,
The Gospell planting, that to scape such wrong,
God us'd none great in power, nor rich in rents,
But simple Trades-men, neither learn'd, nor strong,
Brought up in fishing, or in making Tents,
That thus all might their heavenly message know,
The which to earthly helps would nothing owe.

19

He who did first great faith in Christ display,
Which flesh nor bloud could not to him impart,
Commended thus, commanded straight away,
As turn'd a tempter taught by Satans art,
Whose speech did tend salvations course to stay,
Then *Iudas* worse in words, though true in heart:
His pitie cruell, milde the traitours spite;
This hasted grace, that would have barr'd it quite.

20

Still of that minde to fight at last he aym'd,
And rashly did cut one of *Malchus* eares;
But, loe, this Lyon by a Cock was tam'd;
This bragger straight a Mayd o're-whelm'd with feares,
So that remorsefull, angry, and asham'd,
He would have hid his face with flouds of teares:
Yet, even when weeping, with more strength was stor'd,
Then when he walk'd on waves, or drew his sword.

21

Though shaken like a reed, at length a rocke,
In spite of Tempests he was constant found,
Whom jealously Christ trusted with his flocke,
Who thrise deny'd him, thrise by promise bound;
Yet of the Church (though once a stumbling block)
A speciall pillar, not the onely ground:
He girt himselfe when yong in freedome still,
But when grown old, was girt against his will.

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22

That Disciple stil'd by his Masters love,
By speaking signes whom silent *Peter* pray'd,
As one whose credit more then his could move,
To learne by whom the Lord should be betrayd,
Whose bosome did so oft his pillow prove,
Who many thought till Christ return'd had stayd :
These words for him might great regard have wonne ;
Man see thy Mother, woman see thy Sonne.

23

Though Christ disprov'd their foolish strife for state,
If oddes there were, I this man chiefe would call,
Whose life so long, whose troubles were so great,
Two persecutions seene, and *Sions* fall ;
This Eagles flight no brightnesse could abate,
Whose ravish'd thoughts have comprehended all :
His Gospell clearely shewes things that were past,
His revelation what should come at last.

24

There he who first incredulous was found,
Else could not trust what he desir'd so much,
Still wanting faith till he had try'd the wound,
To see too curious, grosse when he did touch ;
Yet last, the truth did to farre Indians sound,
This fault to helpe his fervent zeale was such :
Thus having seene and felt, beleeve he must,
But happy those who never saw, yet trust.

25

That Eunuch who could reade, but not conceive,
Till Christs Apostle taught to him a space,
Who as he strangely came, so did him leave,
In nature lesse, made more then man by grace ;
He whom his Chariot then daign'd to receive,
Whil'st running by, as worthy of no place,
Rais'd now above himselfe with reverence seene,
Perchance shall judge his Ethiopian Queene.

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26

Those barbarous Iewes, O how they suffer must !
When seeing him exalted in their sight,
Whom (though as singular entitled just)
They hurl'd downe head-longs from a Temples height,
Then crush'd his braines, when wallowing in the dust,
As so to quench their Cities second light,
Who of their Church rul'd the converted state,
The first of Bishops, both in time, and seat.

27

He for whose cause two good men jarr'd in will,
Since falling once, not fit to suffer thought,
Yet (never after tax'd) stood constant still,
And was by *Venice*, for her Patron sought ;
That rare Physitian, whose celestiall skill
Cur'd wounded soules by Balme from *Iuda* brought :
Those two, whose pennes seem'd drawne from Angels wings,
Did write two registers of sacred things.

28

But what rare person doth pursue my sight,
Whom Christ of purpose came againe to call ?
Who straight grew blinde whil'st looking on the light,
And rose more strong when bruised by a fall,
Though none of the first twelve each way as bright,
He travell'd, acted, suffred more then all :
This wondrous change, what weight of words can paint ?
A persecutor first, and then a Saint.

29

His speech more powerfull then could flow from Art,
Where eloquence the greatest glory had,
Caus'd learn'd Philosophers, amaz'd to start,
(Their God unknowne best knowne, the rest prov'd bad)
Made *Felix* quake, *Agrippa* neere convert,
Till foolish *Festus* thought he had beene mad ;
His voyce, harmonious Angels sounds might eaven,
Not knowing how since ravish'd up to heaven.

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30

That sacred vessell by the Lord elect'd,
From whom each soule might draw forth streames of grace,
Who doing, suffering, never was deject'd,
Though beaten, bound, in prison, and disgrace,
He boldly did professe what he affect'd,
And kept the faith, till finishing his race
At fatall *Rome*, the mother of much ill,
Where with his bloud at last he seal'd his will.

31

I next see him who minds so much did sway,
That *Paul Mercurius*, he was held for *Iove*,
Till both scarce Priests, (with garlands crown'd) could stay,
From offring Buls, as to their Gods above ;
But whil'st the truth they frankely did display,
What sudden chance so huge a change could move ?
Them whom they thus as Gods would have ador'd,
They straight did stone, as if turn'd divels, abhorr'd.

32

That Publican who did in scroules digest
Those treasures first, whose power each conscience binds :
He whose few lines doe some strange things attest,
From grounds (though true) which now no reader findes :
He who was choic'd by *Lot*, and all the rest
Whose feet Christ wash'd, to humble haughty mindes,
Which forme in vaine, some fondly would affect,
Though bow'd in show, whil'st swelling in effect.

33

Then with those twelve, some happy men did haunt,
(Heavens Messengers, evangelizing peace)
As he who watred after *Paul* did plant,
And circumcis'd to please the Hebrew race,
He (full of faith) who did fraile passions daunt,
Halfe-Iew, halfe-Gentile, joyning both in grace :
Next *Silas*, *Titus* and a troupe I spy,
Who with th'Apostles did their travels try.

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34

She rais'd from death, and prais'd for doing well,
Who charitablie garments made, and gave,
That Theatirian, who did purple sell,
But greater treasure freely did receive ;
That Lady call'd elect, as to excell,
Who hath already fame, shall glory have :
Some of this sexe, beside with those are found,
Whose piety, eternall pennes renown'd.

35

Those guiltlesse babes at *Bethel* kill'd by guesse,
(Loe, jealous mindes each shadow doth affright)
That Martyrs were before they could professe,
By suffring happy, ere to doe of might,
They now in heaven a glorious state possesse,
And from worlds toiles, by time did take their flight :
Thus falne for Christ, before at all they stood,
Those dy'd as Christians, baptiz'd with their bloud.

36

There he whom *Iacobs* farre degener'd race,
By calumnies accus'd, with partiall spite,
The Martyrs mirrour, eminent in place,
Who sacred Scriptures did solemnly cite,
Whil'st like an Angell shining was his face,
Not pale for feare, no, lightning forth delight :
For, he those suffrings farre more glorious thought,
Then all the wonders that by him were wrought.

37

This happy Elder, first of the first seven,
(Whil'st hem'd about by a tumultuous band)
Did looke aloft to the inviting heaven,
And saw the Sonne of man at Gods right hand,
Whose charity he onely then did even,
To pray for them, who stoning him did stand :
Stones bruis'd his body, but could harme no more,
His ravish'd soule had fled to heaven before.

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38

Whil'st ten fierce stormes the Christian state did tosse,
With blasts of blasphemy, and shoures of bloud,
They, not by signes charactring then their crosse,
Did beare it selfe, and try'd by tortures stood ;
Of honour, fortune, friends, or life, the losse,
Did passe (as trifles) for a greater good :
Paine (scorn'd) but rais'd, not rack'd their soule nor heart,
Who (even when suffring) act'd the bravest part.

39

My Muse (ingenuous) gladly would burst forth,
Their praise (when burning) who triumph'd in hearts,
Of whom each one deserves (respecting worth)
An Epicke Poeme, grac'd by all the Arts ;
Would God she could translate unto the North,
Their vertues relicts, not terrestriall parts :
Which (even in soules enshrin'd) might reverence claime,
As hence in glory, living here by fame.

40

Those learned Doctors, primitively great,
The Churches Ancients, whom account we may,
As foster-fathers of her infant state,
Lights set ere noone, yet lightning all the day,
Who did Christs cause by words, by bookes debate,
And banish'd, tortur'd, kill'd, did constant stay :
What rare examples for each following age,
To scorne the fury of a tyrants rage ?

41

When good *Ignatius*, (highly to be priz'd)
Was brag'd by beasts, which roar'd with rouling eyes,
He boldly said (their gaping jawes despis'd)
Fine wheate for Christ this grinding now me tryes ;
Not like that sect which was by one devis'd,
Who had his name, whom heaven farre differing spyes :
Ignatians to inflict, not suffer fire,
Whose too great sprits to vexe the world conspire.

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42

There *Smyrna's* Angell, whom *Iohn* did affect,
In stormy times who did a light appeare,
Whom Easterne Churches did to *Rome* direct,
Of *Hesters* feast the question'd time to cleare,
His death fore-dream'd, as falling in effect,
(Sayd) urg'd to leave his Lord (so long held deare :)
Whom I for Master, foure score yeares did try,
And found so good, I will his servant dye.

43

Like sayles with winde, fires curling waves did swell,
From heaven encourag'd to continue good,
(As gold refin'd, whose brightnesse doth excell)
All crown'd with flames, the reverent old man stood ;
(A Sacrifice which did most sweetly smell,)
They burn'd not him, he quench'd them with his bloud :
To hide his dust, the Pagans did accord,
Lest the beholders had the same ador'd.

44

When *Iustine* sought (as learning did direct)
How one might arme for death, vaine pleasures loath,
Whil'st Christians courage nothing could deject,
(Though try'd extreamely) confident in both,
So that their course bred vertue in effect,
Philosophy but superficiall froth :
He needs would try who did their grounds devise,
Whence resolution did so bravely rise.

45

And when baptiz'd, his beames first clouds were past,
The Gospels light he clearely came to know,
Then, what he gain'd, resolv'd to use, not wast,
Straight what he learn'd, did teach, Christs truth to show,
Till (out of envy) heath'nish *Crescens* last,
When learning fail'd, did him by Art o'rethrow :
Who added one unto the Christian feasts,
Long toss'd by men, and torne in th'end by beasts.

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46

When charg'd with yeares (to dye by Nature ply'd)
Of body weake, but vigorous in minde,
When silver haires (with bloud in crimson dy'd,)
Wept Rubies downe, whil'st th'eyes still tearelesse shin'd,
The wrinckles (raz'd by wounds) could not be spy'd,
By scourging, scorning, torturing, threatning, pin'd :
Old *Photinus* and *Simeon* where long plac'd,
Ierusalem, and *Lions* highly grac'd.

47

Then *Irenæus* after doth succeed
To *Photinus*, in merit, and in place,
Who, whil'st Church-rites did great contention breed,
Would not for them disturbe the common peace ;
With him *Tertullian*, *Tullian* thrise indeed,
For wit and skill, which learnings height did grace :
What pen can to their pennes afford due praise,
Which did afflicted faith defend and raise.

48

By mothers care from Martyrdome restrayn'd,
He who for death confirm'd his fathers will,
But, though in Scriptures by long practise train'd,
One text for chastnesse did interpret ill,
And (even by that in which he gloried stayn'd)
Too superstitiously disposed still :
By offring incense, Idols did adore,
To scape disgrace from a detested More.

49

Barr'd from that Church where falne he made the breach,
Whil'st high remorse his guilty minde did racke,
At *Sion* urg'd some sacred part to teach,
These words of God his ground did chance to make,
My righteousnesse why should a sinner preach,
Or in his mouth my testimony take ?
Then quite confounded, leaving longing eares,
Though words were stay'd, he talk'd with God in teares.

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50

There he (though once to damned Arts a prey)
Who for true knowledge singular did prove,
And did the Church (admir'd by *Affricke*) sway,
Of *Romes* old rivall, when with fame in love,
With righteousnesse all Christians to array,
Who long by tongue, and still by pen doth move :
With greater power then whil'st on th'earth he stood,
" Writs grow, when watred with the Authors bloud.

51

With this bright troupe, Christs Champion doth approach,
Whose torture, no, whose triumph I must praise,
Then earst *Eliah* in his fyery Coach,
Who did himselfe to heaven more bravely raise,
Whil'st on his Gridiron flames did fast encroach,
Those words of his the hearers did amaze :
Now tyrant chuse, since here halfe broild I rest,
If rosted flesh, or raw, doth please thee best.

52

From *Alexandria*, sundry I behold,
Who at this meeting joyfully doe shout,
As *Athanasius* for the truth still bold,
By *Arians* banish'd, but not brought to doubt,
And that *Paphnutius* (happy man when old)
Of whom the eyes Christs en'mies had bor'd out,
Whose feate disfigur'd, *Constantine* did kisse,
Of faith a Trophee, and a badge of blisse.

53

The Easterne Churches first did Christ embrace,
And drew their faith from fountaines that were pure,
What famous Doctours, singular for grace,
Have clear'd those parts, though at this time obscure ?
What glorious Martyrs crowning there their race,
The fyrie tryall, gold-like did endure ?
To thinke of them, my soule for anguish groanes ;
Ah, that base Turkes should tread upon their bones !

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54

But since deare Muse, to grace all worth inclin'd,
Two's fame of force, thy offring must procure,
A modest Virgin, faire of face and minde,
Whose soule and body, all men prais'd, as pure ;
She for Christs faith was to a Stewes confin'd,
There (worse then death) vile basenesse to endure :
Where she though chast, a Strumpets name should gaine,
(Though innocent) forc'd sinne to entertaine.

55

Oft in her cheekes, shame kindled vertues flames,
Though in pale ashes quickly quench'd by feares ;
Yet death to force the desp'rate Virgin dreames,
And haughty fancies, stormy courage reares,
Whose generous fury, straight religion tames,
Yet could not calme sad sighes, nor dry salt teares :
She (as her enemy) beauty did abhorre,
The leprous envy'd, wish'd to be a More.

56

Whil'st thus perplex'd, the pensive Maid did sit,
With hands a crosse, eyes lifted to the sky,
Her fame more weigh'd then life, Christ more then it,
Which she must leave, or him she must deny ;
There was no hope for force, nor place for wit,
When one comes in, as if her first to try :
But in his garments bids her flye away,
And he in hers would as a woman stay.

57

When *Theodora*, *Didymus* did leave,
(Those names of theirs deserve to be express'd)
His danger first he could not but conceive,
A man soone knowne, a Christian he confess'd,
Who could (said he) of worth but seeke to save,
A woman's honour, a poore Mayd distress'd ?
And since you her but for religion blame,
Should thoughts so pure be cross'd by publike shame ?

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58

He straight was damn'd to death by partiall hate,
Though charg'd for nothing but for doing good,
And she who heard the danger of his state,
Came him to free, by offring up her bloud :
Both striv'd for death ; magnanimous debate !
Whil'st with religion, vertue emulous stood :
They generously devout, devoutly brave,
Taught Gentiles worth, true zeale to Christians gave.

59

A Tyrant when contemn'd, more fierce doth prove,
Much haste was us'd, that both might fall by fire ;
Bright were the flames of their immortall love,
Which never burn'd with any base desire :
This match contract'd below, perform'd above,
God grac'd with Angels in heavens highest Quire :
And as their ashes, soules conjoyn'd did flye,
Whil'st each for th'other, both for Christ did dye.

60

Not onely men (whom courage bold doth make)
By conscience prick'd, and by their honour bound,
Nor women fraile, who for each terrour quake,
And cannot see, much lesse endure a wound ;
Even children yong did resolution take,
Of paines with Parents happy partners found :
That from low grounds may rise a glorious height,
" God by weake meanes most magnifies his might.

61

What pen can paint, or yet what heart conceive,
When Christians first to plant the Gospell toil'd,
To them what trouble Pagans daily gave,
Still banish'd, scourg'd, of place, and fortunes spoil'd ?
Not suffred to have life, no, nor a grave,
Drown'd, burn'd, beheaded, torne with beasts, and broil'd;
Their ashes swallow'd, or dispers'd for spite,
As if their being to abolish quite.

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62

Romes Bishops then with care did keep their flocke,
(A sacrifice to every Tyrants wrath)
Not puffed up presuming of a rock,
But *Peter*-like in teares, in bands, and death,
More strong then he when challeng'd by a Cock,
For forfeiting the glory of his faith :
Then *Mitres* now with pompe so proudly borne,
More glorious crownes those Martyrs did adorne.

63

Those Pastors then farre from contentious pride,
All worldly honours did as rocks eschue,
And onely carefull how their flocke to guide,
Not rich, nor haughty, poore, and humble grew ;
None striv'd for place, but where to lurke not spy'd,
Whil'st to their charge still martyrdome was due :
Kings subjects true, though subject to their wrath,
Not torturing others, suffring for the faith.

64

O treacherous riches, hatching many harmes !
The worlds corrupter, though chiefe ground of trust,
Of peace the poyson, daunting men in armes,
The foile of laws, a tempter to the just,
Nurse of all vice, who can allure with charmes,
Till even the chast (at least for thee) do lust ;
The onely Bawd who dost abuse each state ;
Yet for all this whom none on earth doth hate.

65

Thou riches, thou, thou didst deprave each part,
By which *Romes* Church had flourish'd first so long,
Empoysoning with pride her Bishops heart,
More weak with God, when with the world grown strong ;
That gift which *Constantine* was said t'impart,
If forg'd, or true, did make them first go wrong :
A wooden chalice golden Priests did use,
A golden Chalice wooden Priests abuse.

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66

When once grown great, and Lords of many lands,
Church-rulers prov'd the cause of shedding bloud ;
The *Guelphs* and *Gibilins* oft arm'd in bands,
Till on an Emperour one triumphing stood ;
And whil'st a sword flam'd terrour in his hands,
The scorned keyes one drown'd in *Tibers* flood :
Not to perswade, but to compell they went,
As earst to save, then how to ruine bent.

67

But though smooth calmes had blunted many a minde,
Where persecution quickned all before,
Yet some to zeale, franke gratefulnesse did binde,
Even in these times remisse remark'd the more ;
And whil'st by others foils more bright they shin'd,
Their faith by fruits did (though secure) decore :
Oft that which roaring windes could not have reft,
Some flatter'd by the Sunne have freely left.

68

There *Mylans* glory whom (by grace rais'd high)
In civill charge, the Church would needs acquire,
Not suting first, then fayning to deny,
He not the place, the place did him require,
Which when procur'd, he did so well supply,
That his perfection all men did admire :
Who from his Church an Emp'rour did exclude,
Till by repentance purg'd from guiltlesse bloud.

69

Bizantiums Bishop for true Christian care,
Then all her Patriarks may more glory claime,
For eloquence, who exquisitely rare,
A mouth of gold made justly grace his name,
Which taxing sinne, did never person spare,
But even in Princes what was ill did blame ;
O how this all the worlds affection moves,
When eloquence of truth the lanterne proves !

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70

That painfull labourer in the fields of grace,
Interpreting the truth, translating right,
Who for his dwelling singled out the place,
Where first our Saviour view'd this changling light ;
And of fraile thoughts disturbing fleshly peace,
This judgement last with horrour at the height,
Did apprehend (as marking flaming spheares)
That still Christs Trumpet thundred in his eares.

71

That mother, whose kinde teares with ardour shed,
Wise *Ambrose* said could not in vaine be spent,
Here comes her sonne whom with such care she bred,
Much for his body, for his soule more bent ;
Through errours maze long intricately led,
A friend, and she oft urging to repent :
His eare did move his eye to reade these lines,
By which (made famous) his conversion shines.

72

And thus what travell huge behov'd to be,
Ere this great person to the light was brought ?
Who still in toile, the world from harme to free,
Then earst *Alcides*, with more monsters fought,
Of heresies most horrible to see,
Whose learned workes a full confusion wrought,
And yet of them he did some faults redresse,
Even strong in that, his weakenesse to confesse.

73

When barbarous *Vandals* did that place besiege,
Where this rare Pastor his attendance gave,
Not able to resist their boundlesse rage,
Who (grosse) such parts as his could not conceive,
To flye their force, he yeelded unto age,
His towne (ere stayn'd) in purity to leave :
Whose happy rule still lasted with his life :
Thus at his funerals teares of force were rife.

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74

Whil'st emulous judgements who but fame affect,
To praise themselves, all others would abate ;
And where familiar, leaving due respect,
All what they reach, prize at an easie rate ;
In living men, the world doth worth neglect,
Mark'd carelesly, by envy, or by hate :
And they when gone, are by the world admir'd,
As he was straight when once from hence retir'd.

75

Thus *Hippoes* Bishop, th'ornament of Arts,
Scarce free from stormes, was harbour'd in his Port,
When rancour raging in the *Arians* hearts,
In *Affricke* made the Christians peace but short ;
Neare thousands five dispers'd in sundry parts,
Were after kill'd by cruelties worst sort :
And some dismembred, yet enjoy'd their breath,
Who (living Martyrs) had triumph'd o're death.

76

A generall meeting publikely decreed,
As to consult about the Churches state,
Foure hundred Fathers joyn'd themselves with speed,
Where doubts did challenge, freely to debate ;
Ah ! can religion so much mischiefe breed,
As under trust to shew the height of hate ?
Religions shew, Gods Bishops did beguile :
Who met for peace, went parting in exile.

77

Then some were burn'd to terrifie the rest,
Whose banishment their constancy decor'd,
Till that fierce tyrant (*Affrickes* fatall pest)
For erring *Arrians* fought against the Lord,
And dy'd by vermine, with a stormy brest,
Whil'st (as his minde) his body was abhorr'd :
Thus he like *Herod*, like to him did end,
" Such monsters strange, strange judgements doe attend.

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78

Loe, selfe-divisions still the Church did marre,
Superfluous knowledge toiling clouds to cleare ;
Worse then with Turkes, with Christians, Christians jarre ;
In levell grounds, all ruptures most appeare,
And each small distance seemes exceeding farre,
In them who (if not joyn'd) are naught, though neare :
Those curious doubts which good men doe eschew,
Make many Atheists, and doe better few.

79

But vent'rous Muse, a troupe we now must trace,
Prais'd for their rarenesse at the higher rate,
As eminent for parts, as in their place,
Their peoples better each way as in state ;
Them Soveraignty did show, they it did grace,
Not by opinion, but with reason great :
Fraile Diadems did earst adorne their brow,
These everlasting are, which decke them now.

80

Great *Constantine*, who but commend thee must ?
Afflicting furies thou didst soone asswage,
Whom (ere adventring) victory to trust,
A signe in heaven for surety did engage ;
Thou quench'd in *Tibers* streames, a tyrants lust,
Which did in *Rome* exorbitantly rage :
And (persecution brought unto an end)
The Christian faith didst first by armes defend.

81

Though great with power, a stranger still to pride,
By warre prevailing, yet a friend to peace,
He rul'd, not raign'd, worlds Emperour, no, her Guide,
As then with men, now high with God in place ;
He for the Church (as father) did provide,
And to be gorgeous, brought her from disgrace :
That she who late for feare durst not be seene,
Straight rais'd with pompe, was courted as a Queene.

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82

A brave intention, bad effects may breed,
And things once good, may be deprav'd by time ;
This Prince bent to supply the Churches need,
Did taint that purenesse which adorn'd her prime,
And choak'd with surfet, where he sought to feed,
The guiltlesse authour of a casuall crime :
That towne for Christians thus which rear'd he had,
The Turkes chiefe seate, makes many a Christian sad.

83

His father once (as heath'nish) did pretend,
That in his Campe no Christian more should dwell,
And numbers (straight lest him they should offend)
From their profession impudently fell ;
But them who constant were, he did commend,
And from his Court the others did expell :
For those whose basenesse all men thus might view,
Since false to God, could not to him be true.

84

Next comes a Lady crown'd with glory forth,
Of these first two the mother, and the wife,
Whose birth and vertue did adorne the North,
Where first this Ile did give such goodnesse life ;
O how great persons doe make worth more worth !
Her zeale in thousands bred a godly strife,
Like *Sparta*'s Queene for beauty, and in name,
Not of so great, but of farre better fame.

85

Devotion at the height, (yet not a sinne,)
The scorn'd extreame did come so neare to touch,
That they who follow'd, did fall grosly in ;
Thus superstition taught, by zeale grew such,
Which pilgrimage and relicts did begin ;
That crosse she found, did since crosse Christ too much :
Of whose true crosse, we but by suff'ring share,
Here but of wood, her sonnes was drawn in th'ayre.

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86

That Emp'rours sight doth next my thoughts invite,
Who was by *Ambrose* from the Church restrain'd,
Whil'st once (transported with impetuous spite)
His place in time of peace with bloud he stayn'd ;
Romes power by parting, who did ruine quite,
Though his weake sonnes (when halfe) too much attain'd.:
He dy'd in time, whil'st still held good, and great,
Ere barbarous squadrons came to crush the state.

87

That ebbing time can but few Emp'rours show,
For piety, or any worth renown'd,
Some servants rose (while as their Lords fell low)
Deserving, and desiring to be crown'd,
As he who did *Alaricus* o'rethrow,
Whose beaten remnant did his hoast confound,
Though Victor still, and (save him) wanting none ;
So great a moment may depend on one.

88

Brave *Ætius* thus a bloudy praise may claime,
Who more perform'd then Emp'rours durst attempt ;
That great Commander, with the martiall name,
Who *Italy* from bondage did exempt,
Whose Trophees fill'd both th'East and West, with fame,
Yet dy'd a beggar, sunke below contempt :
That Eunuch (mock'd) repaid his Empresse soone,
Who spun a web which never was undone.

89

I scarce can know a Christian at this houre,
Of them who sway'd the Empire of the East,
Whose soveraignty seem'd sweet, but still prov'd soure,
Who raign'd in state, oft ending like a beast)
Though Image-breakers, foes to Papall power,
In whose vast minde, religions part was least :
Those barbarous Lords whom dying *Greece* did breed,
Were types of Turkes that after should succeed.

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90

Brave *Martells* sonne, great *Charles* the pride of *France*,
To plague the Pagans heritably borne,
Who over th'Alpes his ensignes did advance,
The *Germans* terrour, the *Italians* scorne,
Who from old foes begg'd helpe (what worse could chance ?)
And with new titles did a Gaule adorne :
Ambition here joyn'd two by mutuall hopes,
But since few Emp'rours could agree with Popes.

91

That dignity whose Virgin flower was due,
To brave Commanders, victory to crowne,
Whil'st but in name, and not in essence true,
A Roman relict in a Grecian towne,
They gave it him (as after did ensue)
That gratefulnesse might godlinesse presse downe :
Yet even when his owne Tutor had the seate,
He oft tax'd *Rome*, which straight grew grosse, when great.

92

The next great Christian grac'd by sacred armes,
A glorious plant from the same bounds did spring,
From Infidels who back (by fierce alarmes)
The Tombe of *Christ*, and *Davids* throne did bring ;
His foes all vanquish'd, and the worlds base charmes,
When both by conquest, and by choice a King :
He would for state be onely crown'd with Thorne,
To him for glory, though given *Christ* for scorne.

93

Some else with him whom heavens chiefe stamp did seale,
And in their breasts just fury did infuse,
Not for fraile glory, but enflam'd with zeale,
Who for good ends, warre (mans worst meanes) did use,
Their praise from fame no treacherous time can steale,
Immortalliz'd by ravish'd *Tassoes* Muse,
To crowne their conquest (scorning latter broils)
With stately trophees rear'd of *Pagans* spoils.

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94

That Towne (a Garden long for heavens choice flowers)
By baptiz'd Kings commanded for a space,
Was brought to bondage by *Barbarian* powers,
Farre from faire *Sion* when with God in grace,
Yet once againe to free her stately Towers,
The steps of *Godfrey* sundry striv'd to trace,
With *German, English, French*, and other bands,
But fail'd in fortune, not in hearts, nor hands.

95

When Purgatory gold enough not gave,
Croisadoes then did holy warres pretend,
And (cosening kingdomes) did franke zeale deceive,
Whil'st publick aymes did maske a private end ;
Oft Princes thus (that they lesse power might have)
Romes powerfull threatnings did to *Syria* send,
Who (jarring still) fear'd their abandon'd states,
Of neighbours jealous, emulous of Mates.

96

But what great conquest could those Kings acquire,
To take the Crosse whom crosses did constraine,
And not resolv'dly of their owne desire,
As courting glory, or expecting gaine ?
Some (whose brave minds conceiv'd a generous ire)
More by their friends, then by their foes in paine,
With shows of vantage gladly did remove ;
And all that warre infortunate did prove.

97

That simple age (rul'd by religious feares)
As Priests were pleas'd in every thing did deale,
Who did the grounds of truth from vulgar eares,
(To breed devotion) cunningly conceale,
Thus urging almes, and for each sinne true teares,
Whil'st want of knowledge bred prepost'rous zeale :
Then superstition (lavishly devout)
Not truly worship'd, but did grosly dote.

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98

When minds of light base ignorance depriv'd,
(His beauties grac'd with many foils plac'd neare)
To banish darknesse godly *Bernard* striv'd,
A starre by night, more eminently cleare,
Not smelling of that age in which he liv'd,
His works were wonders then, and still are deare ;
Those whom that doltish time with him brought forth,
He makes their faults seeme worse, they grace his worth.

99

That dainty Towne, the pearle of *Arnes* rich plains,
A Nurcery of good wits, still friend to Arts,
Not mother (as one said) of haplesse Swaines,
Doth now yeeld three, all prais'd for vertuous parts ;
The first old *Dante* (swolne with just disdaines)
To see the errours of corrupted hearts :
Who doth their wayes (a censure) strictly trace,
Yet more then God did make doth grant one place.

100

The next is one whose brows were crown'd with bayes,
Who (chastly loving) worth did finde, or faine,
And (never jealous but of *Phœbus* rayes)
His lines (still pure) no sparke of lust could staine,
When marking well of *Rome* the wandring wayes,
Which in his soule he highly did disdaine.
(Iust fury bursting forth, indeed divine)
Her faults (since tax'd) first clearly did designe.

101

Then this great Poet hath a Preacher neare,
Who when French *Charles* the eighth would *Naples* try,
Did tell (if bent the Church from faults to cleare)
He prosper should, and else unhappy dye,
And when that King did faile (truth must appeare)
He had a minde his errour to supply ;
But whil'st this man for heaven a passage urg'd,
His body first fire from corruption purg'd.

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102

Ere taught to swimme, those soules who straight did sinke,
And (not set right) can scarce be said to stray,
Farre, farre be it from any minde to thinke,
That all were lost, who thus did lose their way :
Some seeking Christ no toile could make to shrinke,
Though oft wrong grounds, good works, and zeale did sway :
They did mistake, yet what seem'd best preferr'd,
Not in intention, but in knowledge err'd.

103

What troupes of late damnations number fill,
Who (clouds remov'd) the truth did clearly know,
And reading Scriptures, hearing Sermons still,
Had wicked hearts, were holy but in show ?
Where such are sav'd who had more faith, lesse skill,
And gave good fruits, when none their seed did sow :
Though once in merits too much trust they plac'd,
Who dying theirs disclaim'd, and Christs imbrac'd.

104

Whil'st ignorance to blinde the world prevail'd,
Some through her darknesse did behold the light,
And marking how (their Guide) example fail'd,
Left shows, and sought what really was right,
Then with true courage, by no danger quail'd,
Did venter boldly in faiths sprituall fight,
Sure, whil'st they liv'd, a numbers souls to save,
And that when dead they should due guerdon have.

105

Last troupes at once griev'd at the Churches wrong,
(Milde piety transform'd in sacred rage)
As the *Waldenses* and *Albigois* long,
Did strive against the errours of their age,
Till *Rome* with passion, not in reason strong,
As 'gainst the *Turks*, a generall warre did wage,
To which the reverenc'd Crosse did armies call,
Not to convert, but to subvert them all.

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106

This stately Isle which still for worth excell'd,
The first great bounds which (of it selfe intire)
Both *Paganisme*, and *Popery* quite expell'd,
And to perfection alwayes did aspire ;
With sacred rage though first some *Germans* swell'd,
Here rose the sparke, whence they themselves took fire :
Who clear'd the way to many strugling ones,
Yet dy'd in peace, though spite did burne his bones.

107

Straight (boldly building on so solid ground)
From *Bohem* two for glory are design'd,
With learned *Hierome*, holy *Hus* renown'd,
A second *Stephen*, first Martyr of one kinde ;
He for that faith which in himselfe was found,
And want in others whom no faith could binde,
For too much goodnesse prov'd a guilty man,
Though call'd a Goose, succeeded by a Swanne.

108

Salvations worke performing as fore-told,
Our great Redeemer offred up his bloud ;
And with like inke their blisse doth rest enrold,
To nourish soules with a celestiall food,
Who (when grown strong) the truth so to unfold,
Could but by death make their profession good :
Thus cruelty the foes of Christ doth prove,
And suffring is their badge whom he doth love.

109

Their severall parts what volume could containe,
Whom (whil'st they guiltlesse scorn'd for feare to flie)
French Massacres, and *Mary's* bloudy raigne,
As Christ for them, for Christ did make to dye ;
And in all states which did the truth restraine,
The faith of numbers raging flames did try.
Yet naming some, lest silence others wrong,
As now in heaven, Muse joyne them in my song.

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110

And Martyrs you who bravely march'd before,
Whil'st match'd with Moderns do not wrath conceive ;
When press'd by *Pagans* Idols to adore,
You chus'd to dye, ere quite your Lord to leave ;
These suffred have as much, and aym'd at more,
Who (though they might themselves as Christians save)
Did dye ere that they would Christs will transgresse.
In substance, forme, or any way made lesse.

111

The *Levites* long a darknesse huge endur'd,
Till that those books which did Gods will containe,
When found, and read, a publicke griefe procur'd,
Each soule from sinne divorcing with disdaine ;
Even so the truth (which ignorance obscur'd)
Iames (like *Iosias*) did divulge againe :
But Priests of purpose would the Gospell hide,
Where Priests were glad to get the Law for Guide.

112

O happy you whose pennes in *nectar* steept !
To flye the like, doe draw immortall lines,
Which well deserve in marble to be kept,
Since light enlarg'd by them more clearely shines ;
Whil'st all securely cloath'd with darkenesse slept,
Religions difference quickned good engines,
Which courting knowledge now tosse learned scroules,
Not by implicite faith adventring soules.

113

A number, loe, I view made happy here,
Who by their travell, spirituall gold refin'd,
And mysteries which doubtfull were, made cleere,
Instructing all, confirming many minde,
Not aym'd to others till themselves were neere,
Did leade their flockes, not driv'd, yet stay'd behinde :
Such (as their doctrine) were reputed pure ;
" Words but direct, example must allure.

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114

Thrice happy those, who now in time beginne,
Themselves first judging, judgement to prevent,
Ere swallow'd quite, opposing horrid sinne
By pale remorse, with inward anguish rent ;
As wing'd with winde, houres ayery glasse doth rinne,
And can no more be turn'd, repent, repent.
That fatall Serjeant, death, spares no degree,
And heavens straight hast to give their last decree.

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The tenth HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

To this great Court, all come from every land,
T'attend the sentence of their joy, or paine,
And straight the blessed and the damned band,
Are here to part, no more to meet againe;
But first the wicked and the divell doe stand,
Against Christs justice grudging, to complaine:
Till both are straight transported unto hell,
Where they together must for ever dwell.

I

HEAVENS Monarch with great Majesty doth sit,
His count'nance flaming from a stately throne;
This processe doth no deputy admit,
But he himselfe is Iudge of every one;
Due reverence forc'd with circumstances fit,
Whil'st murmuring guiltinesse doth sadly grone,
The bookes of conscience open doe remaine,
And all accuse of that which they containe.

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2

Some seeme not apt to heare by distance made,
(Much place possess'd) when all the world are met,
O ! but his voyce (which they even heard when dead)
May to their eares who live soone passage get ;
And some would thinke their noyse for feare who fade,
Should all heavens circuit with confusion set :
If from his Court each Iudge can tumult take,
Who order'd order may an order make.

3

Who can that Throne imagine in his minde,
Where starres would be but staines, and terrours grace ?
Yet (as in gold a Diamond enshrin'd)
More glorious he who doth adorne that place ;
All darknesse is, which any where hath shin'd,
If match'd with rayes of that majesticke face :
And all to crowne what further can be told ?
There God in person his chiefe Court doth hold.

4

This mighty Iudge that comes downe from above,
No end at all in any sort can sway ;
No intercession can his judgement move,
No Advocates defend, no, not delay,
No witnesse wants, nor circumstance to prove,
Time so to gaine, as something were away :
Hence none appeales, nor can revoke when done ;
A doome eternall is concluded soone.

5

Large is the count of life (though short) when gone,
The parting violent, the passage short,
The judgement bitter, terrible the throne,
Which even from Saints a terrour must extort ;
Huge are the faults, weake the discharge, else none,
The Iudge is just, which rigour doth import :
A court from whence all goe with God to dwell,
Or with the divels for ever in the hell.

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6

The harvests Lord straight takes his fanne in hand,
And fines the fine, thence the refuse doth chase ;
The guilty Goates are gathered in one band,
The Sheepe (as pretious) take apart their place ;
The godly all are rang'd at his right hand,
And all the wicked wrap'd in blacke disgrace :
Then from the wheate, the darnell he removes,
A separation which eternall proves.

7

No shifting here, the processe must be short,
Whereas there needs no proofe, since none deny,
No torture strange, confession doth extort,
More fit mens patience, then the truth to try,
Which (joyn'd with conscience) witnesses report,
Whil'st thoughts depose what hid in hearts did lye :
Men, Angels, divels, not onely them accuse,
But God against themselves, themselves doth use.

8

All those who are for endlesse wrath prepar'd,
With, and within themselves (poore wretches) bring
Those witnesses, by which should be declar'd,
All ends, or aymes, each thought, or acted thing,
That (ere examin'd) damned, since despair'd,
Their guilty soules a thousand Serpents sting :
Breasts then transparent, hearts are clearely knowne,
And what was hid, to all the world is showne.

9

That which is clear'd, and by such sure records,
None can impugne, nor controvert in ought ;
It were a folly to contest in words,
(Where deeds doe damne) with him who knowes each thought;
Then wit, nor power, no power to purge affords,
All science else to joyne with conscience brought :
Sinnes deeps long smooth'd (when stirr'd) do ugly grow,
And toss'd by monsters of themselves o're-flow.

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10

The hoasts of darkenesse with accustom'd gall,
Mindes which they long have smooth'd to tosse beginne,
And (as their partners) privy unto all,
Cite every circumstance that proves the sinne,
Then urge, and aggravate each forme of fall,
(Since damn'd themselves) so to draw others in :
What refuge (ah) can guilty caitives chuse,
Within whil'st conscience, divels without accuse ?

11

Ere Time dismiss'd, surrender up his charge,
To cleare old reck'nings, cited at this Throne,
Of all earst fayn'd to passe the fatall barge,
He (still a witnesse) tels each action gone ;
And like a scroule wrapt up, (which had beene large,)
Past, present, future, all contract'd in one,
Straight (so united) straines his dying flight,
Else stayes accomplish'd ever all in sight.

12

Vaine mortalls sinnes in which they pleasure take,
Like mountaines them to crush remembred be,
Which swallow'd sweet, but bitter when spu'd backe,
Breed burning Agues, Pests of high degree ;
So foule a forme, not *Styx* it selfe could make,
As in mindes glasse the gazing soule doth see :
The minde a fury, and the thoughts turn'd snakes,
To sting the soule, hels ugly monster shakes.

13

Those brests like earth-quakes, which rebounding grone,
Charg'd with a monstrous weight, press'd by despaire,
To driry dungeons, would with haste be gone,
Where of hels horrours, many thousands share :
It grieves the griev'd to stand, where any one,
Much more where numbers joyfull doe repaire :
Whil'st mock'd by divels, whose flight no more them blindes,
Their state no helpe, no, nor yet pitty findes.

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14

As Theeves, the object of contempt, and shame,
Though others prove, and they their crime confesse,
Must stand till some their sentence doe proclame,
That righted rigour have lawes power to presse,
So those stain'd troupes whom sinnes black scroules defame,
Must stay a space to apprehend distresse ;
Till all their processe formally be made,
That devills them thence to execution leade.

15

But whil'st pale squadrons shrinke (as pinch'd by feare)
And would themselves, even willingly destroy,
The bands design'd for blisse their Courage reare
Farre from each thought that can the soule annoy,
And (like bright starres triumphing in their spheare)
With shouts burst forth the height of heavenly joy ;
Not as made happie, or from trouble free,
But ravish'd with delight their Lord to see.

16

Whil'st Pilgrimes here amidst afflictions field,
Though sometime foil'd, those still did fight with sinne,
And had of faith a diamantine shield,
Which oft was bruis'd, but never entred in ;
Their forts they (forc'd) but for a time did yeeld,
To death by Covenant, life so to beginne ;
Then marching hence with all that was their owne,
Left earth to th'earth, remov'd, but not o'rethrowne.

17

At that last conflict confidently bold,
Besides the earnest which they had before,
Then satisfi'd, their surety rests enroll'd,
Free from defects, not to be question'd more,
And (by good Angels naughty sprits contrould,
Who seeke their Shipwrack, when almost at shoare)
They with the world all worldly troubles leave :
Ere th'earth their bodies, heavens their soules receave.

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18

Thus (farre from feare of any further ill)
Sweet Quiristers enstall'd in state above,
With troupes of Angels keeping concord still,
As then their life, so infinite their love ;
Now that his worke their maker may fulfill,
Those come rebodied where they first did move ;
Not to be judg'd, no, but to be made cleere,
And that in them Gods goodnesse may appeare.

19

And he who most affects the fruits of grace,
Ere forc'd to punish, franke to give reliefe,
Whose Clemency of justice takes the place,
As, even for heaven, held of all vertues chiefe,
He did afford, and doth confirme their peace,
To wicked men the first degree of griefe ;
Who marke by them what happinesse they misse,
And weigh their torments by upbrayding blisse.

20

Christ lightning love surveighes that joyfull band,
Since them (even then while as they wretched seem'd)
He did foresee by grace reserv'd to stand,
And could not faile to know whom he redeem'd,
Their honour now (when plac'd at his right hand)
Can by no meanes be high enough esteem'd ;
He doth delight in them as his owne broode,
Who had their being onely from his bloode.

21

That happie squadron is not question'd now,
What ill they did, what good they did neglect,
No circumstance is urg'd, when, where, nor how,
They oft had fail'd, in what God did direct ;
He trusts, not tries, not counts, but doth allow ;
The Lord in Israell will no fault detect,
But absolutely doth absolve them all,
And from their bondage to a kingdome call.

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22

You whom my Father bless'd (noe more dismai'd)
Come, and enjoy that boundlesse kingdom now,
Which ere the worlds foundations first were lai'd,
By heavens decree hath beene prepar'd for you,
With raies more bright, then are the Sunnes, arrai'd,
Before the Throne you shall with reverence bow ;
The height of pleasure which you should possesse,
No tongue of man is able to expresse.

23

When press'd by famine you me friendly fed,
And did with drinke my scorching thirst allay ;
You with your garments mee (when naked) cled,
Whose kindely visits sickenesse could not stay ;
No, even in prison, they mee comfort bred,
Thus (Charity extended every way)
Your treasures (kept in heaven) for int'rest gaine,
That you enrich'd eternally remaine.

24

With sprituall joy each one transported sings,
And (lifted up) to heaven in haste would flie,
But yet this speech so great amazement brings,
That modestly they (as with doubt) replie ;
Unbounded Lord, when didst thou lack such things,
That there was cause our willingnesse to try ?
Who nothing had but what thou gav'st to us ;
How couldst thou need, or we afford it thus ?

25

That which was given (as now I do reveale)
Unto the least of those whom I held deare,
(Saith Christ) deep grav'd with an eternall seale,
As due by me, I do acknowledge here ;
Those were the objects prompted for your zeale,
By which your goodnesse onely could appeare ;
" Best Magazines for wealth the poore did prove,
" Where, when laid up, no thiefe could it remove.

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26

Thus helpfull almes the off'ring most esteem'd,
Doth men on th'earth, the Lord in heaven content,
How many are (if time might be redeem'd)
Who wish they thus their revenues had spent ?
If this on th'earth so profitable seem'd,
What Usurer would for others gaines be bent ?
But would the poore with plenty oft supply,
Though they themselves for want were like to die.

27

Those who (affecting vaine ambitions end)
To gaine opinion muster all in show,
And (prodigall) superfluously spend,
All what they have, or able are to owe,
For pleasures fraile whil'st straying fancies tend,
As Paradise could yet be found below :
Still pamp'ring flesh with all that th'earth can give,
No happinesse more seek but here to live.

28

Those if not gorgeous who do garments scorne,
And not in warmnesse, but for cost exceed,
Though as of wormes they have the entrails worne,
Wormes shall at last upon their entrails feed ;
Those dainty tastes who (as for eating borne)
That they may feast, strive appetite to breed :
And (curious gluttons) even of vilenesse vaunt,
Whil'st surfetting when thousands starve for want.

29

The worlds chiefe Idoll, nurse of fretting cares,
Dumbe trafficker, yet understood o're all,
States chaine, lifes maintenance, load-starre of affaires,
Which makes all Nations voluntar'ly thrall,
A subtle Sorcerer, alwayes laying snares ;
How many (money) hast thou made to fall !
The generall jewell, of all things the price,
To vertue sparing, lavish unto vice.

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30

The foole that is unfortunately rich,
His goods perchance doth from the poore extort,
Yet leaves his brother dying in a ditch,
Whom one excesse (if spar'd) would well support ;
And (whil'st the love of gold doth him bewitch)
This Misers misery gives others sport ;
" The prodigall Gods creatures doth abuse,
And them the wretch not necessar'ly use.

31

Those roving thoughts which did at randome soare,
And (though they had conveniently to live)
Would never look behinde, but farre before,
And (scorning goodnesse) to be great did strive ;
For (still projecting how to purchase more)
Thus (bent to get) they could not dreame to give.
" Such mindes whom envy hath fill'd up with grudge,
Have left no roome, where charity may lodge.

32

Ah ! who of those can well expresse the griefe,
Whom once this earth did for most happy hold ?
Of all their neighbours still esteem'd the chiefe,
Whil'st strai'd opinion ballanc'd worth by gold ;
That which to thousands might have given reliefe,
Wrong spent, or spar'd, is for their ruine told ;
Thus pleasures past, what anguish now doth even ?
We see how hardly rich men go to heaven.

33

That speech pronounc'd to the elected band,
May make the wicked apprehend their part,
Whose black accounts, ere them the Iudge demand,
Strict conscience offers, summ'd in every heart :
Thus (freez'd with horrour) they dejected stand,
Not hoping help by power, nor yet from Art :
And whil'st their souls are swallow'd up by feare,
This fatall sentence thunders in each eare.

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34

You souls accurst who have provok'd mine ire,
(Detested crue) not worthy of my sight,
Go, get you hence to hels tormenting fire,
Which hath of heat, that which it lacks of light ;
Where (with his Angels) Satan must retire,
To be entomb'd in an eternall night :
This as their due was first for them prepard
But (since their Mates) it must with you be shar'd.

35

When I was hungry, you refus'd me meat ;
When I was thirsty, would afford no drink ;
When I was naked, cloth'd me not of late ;
When I was sick, did of no kindenesse think,
And when a stranger, held me at the gate ;
Then when in prison, quite away did shrink :
Thus as compassion never mov'd your minde,
You from henceforth shall no compassion finde.

36

Though griev'd to look upon his flaming face,
They thus dare tempt, yet without hope to move ;
When saw we thee (O Lord !) in any place,
Where our support might have procur'd thy love ?
Who had not wish'd that he himselfe might grace,
By helping one descended from above ?
If such can here be found, damn'd may they be,
Who would not lodge, feed, clothe, and visit thee.

37

With fortunes trifles confidently proud,
And puffed up with an applauding noise,
You for the poore (saith Christ) no share allow'd,
Yet choak'd your owne desires with pleasures choice,
Whil'st at your feet they (fainting) humbly bow'd,
Though heard in heaven, you scorn'd to heare their voice ;
These men thus us'd who were my members pris'd,
Even me in them you likewise then despis'd.

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38

The sentenc'd squadron sunk below despaire,
At first o're-whelm'd (as if distract'd) remaine ;
And have their breasts all torne with stormy care,
Both for their losse, and for th'approaching paine,
Yet mindes perverse their course doth still declare,
Who when condemn'd, do straight accuse, and plaine :
Not that they seek to have the truth be seene,
No, hate, and envy do provoke their spleene.

39

That which thou hast decreed obey we must,
Nor will we seek (say they) the same to breake,
Yet since as judge most great, so be most just,
Ere damn'd for ever, heare us once to speake ;
Ah ! abject creatures fetter'd in the dust,
In minde, and body, every way too weake :
Though huge our sinnes, and scarce to be excus'd,
To make us fall too many wayes were us'd.

40

Each seed must grow as by the labourer sown,
Though earthen vessels, vessels of thy hand,
We were expos'd (to make thy justice known)
Where sinne was strong, a weake neglected band,
And those whom thou selected for thine owne,
(As mercies objects) strengthned were to stand ;
Thus as at first made fit for wrath, or grace,
How could thy creatures but direct their race ?

41

How could we scape where dangers were so rife,
Of thy support whom thou didst quite deprive ?
Since those whom thou appointed had'st for life,
By thy protection did securely live ;
And thou wast still when they succumb'd in strife,
As first to helpe, straight ready to forgive :
And oft in them who have beene guarded thus,
Thou pardon'd more then punish'd is in us.

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42

What way could we, fraile fortresses, defend,
Against Hels Lord with legions bent for ill,
Who even in heaven so proudly durst contend,
Whil'st flying armies shining fields did fill ?
And though he fail'd in compassing his end,
Yet here below was refractary still ;
Though by this meanes unto confusion brought,
Whil'st bold to vaunt, that once with God he fought.

43

Our earth-bred Parents when they seem'd most sure,
With vigorous souls, both strong, and free from staine,
These monsters straight their ruine did procure,
And made them lose what they themselves not gaine,
Even Paradise where we had liv'd secure,
Were not for others faults what we sustaine :
Thus long ere borne our processe did begin,
When so made weake, and apt for further sinne.

44

That roaring Tyrant who still loath'd the light,
Did first tempt thee to have made bread of stones,
Then would have mov'd thee from a Temples height,
By falling headlong to have crush'd thy bones ;
Last, on a Mountaine (mounted out of sight)
The worlds great kingdomes offred all at once ;
He durst demand that thou should'st him adore,
Then judge by these if his assaults were sore.

45

Still compassing the earth his prey to spie,
Not onely of him selfe he aym'd at all,
But by direction did some persons plie,
Who were given o're to his invasion thrall ;
As when he made proud *Achabs* Prophets lye,
And train'd him forth where as ordain'd to fall ;
What mortall strength could scape to be subdu'd,
When warranted by God, the devill pursu'd ?

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46

Thus left by thee, and by him courted still,
Thy grace with-drawn, his favours mustred faire,
How could poore wretches wrestling with selfe-will,
But soone be catch'd by such a subtle snare ?
We but through weaknesse, not in spite wrought ill,
Kept from repentance onely by despaire :
Then let not rigour take up mercies place,
Thy greatest glory is in giving grace.

47

All tendernesse by justice quite exil'd,
Whil'st this their grudge doth indignation move,
That Lambe of God who still hath beene so milde,
Of *Iudas* Tribe doth then the Lyon prove,
And marking them whom filthie sinnes defil'd,
Like abject swine not looking up above :
At their repining taking just offence,
Perchance his answer may import this sense.

48

O faulty Fathers, execrable race,
Though by your birth you but of death could boast,
What forfeitures have I restor'd by grace ?
You might have gain'd more then your Parents lost,
Some (forcing heaven) with zeale did me embrace,
Who now triumph as a victorious hoast ;
To do the like they oft did you exhort,
Whom I (if sought) was ready to support.

49

For frivolous toyes (if with true joyes compar'd)
You rebels first, then obstinate did prove,
And drunk with vanity, by pleasures snar'd,
Still (mocking mercy) did contemne my love ;
Whil'st glu'd to th'earth you for no further car'd,
But how things fraile by pleasure to improve :
And working mischiefe more then words can even,
Rais'd mounts of sinne to barre your selves from heaven.

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50

Though long ere done, your faults were knowne to me,
For which in vaine selfe-love excuses frames,
I them discern'd, but never did decree ;
No time, nor place could bound the deities beames ;
In contemplation of what was to be,
I from lifes books excluded had your names :
And did foresee, but not fore-doome your parts,
My mercies were more ready then your hearts.

51

For many wrongs which *Israel* had indur'd,
The Lord their safety, *Pharaohs* ruine sought,
As Surgeons for their practise have procur'd
An executed corps, when odious thought,
His heart (pass'd hope) of purpose was obdur'd,
That for our glory wonders might be wrought :
Thus meanes were us'd exempling such a one,
That *Achab* might by bloud fall from his Throne.

52

Your wayes were cross'd by many a stumbling block,
But you gave eare to every whispered charme,
Whil'st waving pleasures plastred ruines rock,
Where Satans ambush lay to do you harme ;
Nor shall that Traitor at your judgement mock,
Who still his troups against all good did arme :
Come sprits impure, come and receive your due,
You never would repent, but now must rue.

53

To muse what muster every Monster makes,
I scarce for feare my fancies dare engage ;
If every one a hideous bodie takes,
Vile like their minde, to tread this fatall stage :
What *Gorgons*, *Hidras*, *Lynx*, *Chimeras*, snakes,
By hissing, howling, lowing, roaring rage ?
What strange aspects, what intricated sounds,
A dreadfull horrour all in one confounds ?

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54

But all such masks (poore jugling tricks) grow stale,
Though they (like Bug-beares) frighted some before,
They now themselves defend, none else assaile,
And terrour take, not give ; all them abhorre,
But at this time no person can grow pale,
Since apprehensions power can move no more ;
Each doubtfull thing, that day doth fully cleare,
And as first made, all creatures must appeare.

55

Infernall fiends now no man can affright,
For all the godly whom they oft had brav'd,
Do look upon them, comfortably bright,
As glad to thinke that they from such were sav'd ;
And in the wicked anguish (at the height)
Then shows can move, hath deeper thoughts engrav'd :
So that this object all with ease can beare,
" Despaire, and confidence, both banish feare.

56

Yet marking them by whom so many fell,
Huge exclamations burst abruptly out ;
Those vagabonds who did from God rebell,
To tempt (it seemes) still walk'd the world about,
And (bent with guests to grace their driry hell)
Made oft toss'd souls of their salvation doubt :
Who when for heaven they hunting were the way,
Turn'd headlong backward, train'd by them to stray.

57

Great Naturalists, of Art chiefe masters made,
By starres, and times, they could each course disclose,
And marking still when lifes first powers were spread,
What influence affections did dispose,
Or to what custome education led,
Where every heart for pleasure did repose :
They having found each inclinations square,
As best might fit the same did frame some snare.

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58

When lustfull fancies had enflam'd the minde,
Then liberall beauties charm'd the wand'ring eye ;
When to contention one was knowne inclin'd,
Occasions offred were franke wrath to try ;
When Avarice did make the judgement blinde,
Straight meanes were us'd that it might never dye ;
Thus did they nurse by tempting objects still,
The vice predominant that swayd the will.

59

This generall course (extended unto all)
Not onely did insensibly betray,
Whil'st souls for pleasure voluntar'ly thrall,
Were (by prevailing) made their enemies prey ;
Some whom they did perswade, or else appall,
For feare, or gaine, did to their will give way :
Yet (heaven exchang'd for toyes which th'earth affords)
Were but deluded by ambiguous words.

60

Those with much passion bitterly declare
How they the devill (by him seduc'd) ador'd,
Who storm'd by sea, and thundred in the aire,
(As he affirm'd) of all the world sole Lord ;
That they with him should (when dissolv'd) repaire,
Where they should be with all contentment stor'd :
Thus pointing out how they had beene abus'd,
The great accuser is by them accus'd.

61

But he who once durst dreame in heaven to raigne,
Whose pride prepostrous (swolne with madnesse) raves
Though that designe attempted was in vaine,
And he throwne headlong to *Tartarian* caves :
Loe, when at last, even ready to arraigne,
He doth not seek to purge, nor pardon craves ;
Though just excuses something might acquite,
But this bursts forth with his accustom'd spite.

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62

Since fled from heaven to pacifie your spleene,
Whose jealousies my fall could onely free,
I of your wrath a minister have beene,
To execute all what you did decree :
Thus all your ends to take effect were seene,
Whil'st still the hate reflected back on me,
To whom the world imputed every ill,
Though all my power was bounded by your will.

63

That excrement of th'earth, that drosse of dust,
Who wanting courage publick force to try,
Though not so stout, yet did prove as unjust,
And would have beene like thee, as well as I ;
He serv'd for nothing but in thee to trust,
Yet for all this, did oft thy name deny :
He broke thy law, had power to do no more,
Yet by his fault is better than before.

64

From abject basenesse rais'd to such a state,
Till damn'd to die, no bounds could man containe ;
Nor was his change by that decree made great,
Since, but by it whence drawne, turn'd backe againe ;
Yet though these worms were still (when grac'd) ingrate,
Thou by thy suffering did'st prevent their paine ;
Whom though immortall we did mortall see,
That these vile mortalls might Immortall be.

65

But I who was a fountaine once of light,
Whose envied beauties Angels did commend,
With those the partners of my wretched flight,
Who suffer did because they lov'd their friend ;
We might have serv'd to make the heavens more bright,
In indignation whom thou mad'st descend :
And would'st not unto us one fault forgive,
Though sacrific'd, to make great sinners live.

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66

Man (pittied thus) his pardon did procure,
That still his weakenesse might thy power admire,
Where we whose power thou no way could'st indure,
Are persecuted with an endlesse ire ;
Imprison us, that thou maist live secure ;
Nor will we daigne thy favour to require ;
But since defrauded earst of hopes so high,
Must live in anguish since we cannot die.

67

But this indignity doth make me storme,
In heaven, in th'earth, in th'aire since long so great,
That this poore Creature, this detested worme,
Whom I have troad upon so oft of late,
By partiall hate both ballanc'd in one forme,
Where earst my Slave, must now become my Mate :
Yea, and reduc'd to a more base degree,
I must his Iaylour, and Tormenter be.

68

This hatefull monster to confusion thrall,
Was once an Angell, innocently white,
And had continu'd so but for his fall,
Whil'st pride and envy did engender spite ;
The sprituall substance tainted then with gall,
(Turn'd diabolicke) was extinguish'd quite :
So that thenceforth he nought save ill could doe,
When leaving God, all goodnesse left him too.

69

He fell of malice, mankind was deceav'd ;
That Syre of sinne to nurse it always striv'd,
And since by him that plague was first conceav'd,
Each sinne is his from whom all sinne deriv'd ;
What due reward can be by him receav'd,
By whom of heaven so many were depriv'd ?
Who guilty is of every mischiefe gone,
Still tempting all, yet tempted was by none.

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70

Yet bent for mischiefe, as he first beganne,
Farre from remorse, thus sparkling poison still,
He dare contest with Christ, outrageing man,
Though barr'd from acting, yet intending ill,
And those his thoughts which rest not suffer can,
(Since obiects want where he might use his will)
Turn'd backe as furies shall himselfe afflict,
Who still on some just vengeance must inflict.

71

Christ first doth show how he rebell'd above,
From whence expell'd with a deserv'd disgrace,
He straight did tempt the man whom God did love,
As he had done, to make him loose his place ;
Then all the meanes (that hate could hatch) did prove,
(No cause first given) to persecute his race ;
Though God had told that one of them at last,
Should punish him for all offences past.

72

Of all his course when casting up the scroules,
They finde each moment did some harme conspire,
That (even when dying) he distress'd weake soules,
So that no end could mitigate his ire ;
But Christ the same for ever now controules,
And damnes him straight to hells eternall fire :
Where with his Angels he must alwayes stay,
As long reserv'd in chaines for that great day.

73

This damned squadron sentenc'd thus to hell,
The godly doe applaud Christs just decree,
And his great judgment with amazement tell,
Which by effects they ravish'd are to see ;
Their approbation doth content him well,
As assisters whom he admits to bee.
O what contentment do their soules imbrace,
Who now to judge the rest with him take place !

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74

They now behold some of the wicked sort,
Who straight the worst that hell can yeeld attend,
With whose vaine pride no creature could comport,
Whil'st them for happy worldlings did commend ;
Yet were their pleasures but both deare, and short,
Yea often times before themselves did end :
And by their suffrage, now they stand condemn'd,
Whom they as abject many times contemn'd.

75

Some now with glory eminently sit,
As Christs deare friends, though here of humble race,
Whom they had scorn'd for fellowes to admit,
Or at their Table to have taken place ;
Yea, would have thought it for their state not fit,
Them with a signe of least regard to grace :
Yet (marking them so highly honour'd) now
They would be glad still at their feet to bow.

76

But this distresse one vantage doth unfold,
Though out of time, when it can help no more,
They heare the truth, and all their faults are told,
Which had been still estrang'd from them before,
Whil'st awfull reverence dutious love controul'd,
So that what they affirm'd, their followers swore,
Whom now they blame, that they so base could be,
As bent to please, not daring to be free.

77

The reprobate (as obstinately ill)
Expostulating blasphemy doe use,
And with their crimes would burden others still,
Not to be clear'd, but that they may accuse ;
Not onely doe they taxe Gods spotlesse will,
And Satans fraud, for what it did infuse :
But likewise men as meanes that they were lost,
And of all men they blame their Parents most.

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78

Their whole endeavours every Parent strains,
By fortunes treasures to advance his heirs,
Who many times do loose by guilty gains,
Not (as was hop'd) true helps, but onely snares ;
But few advis'dly do respect the pains
Which leade to vertue, and religious cares :
Such fondly are in breeding of their brood,
For goods too carefull, carelesse of their good.

79

Yet, oft they faile even in that temporall end,
Who seeke by riches to secure their race,
Which by their death doth it at last attend,
And long-sought conquests waste in little space ;
Where indigence, and education bend,
Some left more poore, each way for wealth do trace,
Which oftentimes, the Syres damnations price,
But strengneth his that they may follow vice.

80

Nor is this glistring course the safest way,
By which to stand, one stablish may a state,
Since it oft times the owner doth betray,
To vice and envy, an inviting baite,
So that they thus are tempted more to stray,
Or are o'rethrowne by some mans hopefull hate :
Thus riches swolne with pride, is crush'd by spite,
Or doth (made soft) dissolve the owner quite.

81

Some foolish fathers with prepostrous love,
(To flattring children too indulgent still)
Even by their favour pestilent doe prove,
Like toying Apes that doe with kindnesse kill,
Who whil'st they them should by their judgement move,
Are carried head-long with the others will :
And must their griefe by any meanes appease,
Not striving to instruct, but how to please.

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82

Their off-springs course, each parent should direct,
And as a patterne by example lead ;
Then when they faile in yeelding due respect,
As insolent by too much favour made,
They should rebuke, reforme, and last correct ;
For, better then whil'st quicke, to waile them dead :
Who would preserve, must many times annoy,
Where those that dote by sparing doe destroy.

83

Amongst the rest, some here their moane doe make,
Whom parents strictnesse did from good restraine,
That of their state would no compassion take,
Nor lend the meanes that might their life maintaine ;
But (as their coyne) did keep their count'nance backe
For wretchednesse, yet other grounds did faine :
By which in children such ill thoughts were bred,
That they to mischiefe easily were led.

84

What gallants thus did perish in their prime,
By desp'rate wayes whil'st ventring for reliefe,
And prov'd (though little might have help'd in time)
A bloudy murtherer, or an abject Thiefe ;
Till at the last damn'd for some filthie crime,
As venging this, they forc'd their fathers griefe :
(With infamy when com'd to end their race)
Whil'st left an heire unto his heires disgrace ?

85

And many thus dispers'd in forraine parts,
Have sold their souls that they their lives might save,
Who (whil'st by want) expos'd to all mens arts,
When they by ruine onely help could have,
Against their knowledge, and against their hearts,
In spite of conscience, did Religion leave :
And would (though first asham'd) at last grown strong,
Ere scorn'd for changing, justifie a wrong.

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86

O, what contentment shall those Parents finde !
Who for all those whom to the world they bring,
Still mildly rigorous, and austerely kinde,
(Excesses barr'd) do seek each needfull thing,
And do plant early in the tender minde,
The love of God, whose praise at last they sing.
All those with Christ thrice happy now do stand,
Who thus did strive how to increase that band.

87

Great Magistrates by sundry are accus'd,
For feare, for love, for gaine, or some such end,
Who had that power due by their charge not us'd,
To purge the Land of them who did offend ;
Who (when by pardons having them excus'd)
Their faults (as favour'd) seem'd to recommend :
There where examples should with terrour strike,
This did tempt others to attempt the like.

88

When insolency kills, or doth oppresse,
Those guilty are of each ensuing harme,
Who curbe them not who do the laws transgresse,
Ere indignation generous courage warme ;
When parties wrong'd must needs themselves redresse,
Whil'st lack of justice doth them justly arme :
As bound by credit vengeance to procure,
The braving object scorning to endure.

89

When great offendors Iustice not removes,
And chiefly them by whom to death one bleeds,
Since, given to broils, such persons no man loves,
And each occasion still more mischiefe breeds ;
Their safety many a time their ruine proves :
For Malefactors whil'st that their misdeeds
Repentance expiats, made happy so,
Do (as from Beds) to heaven from Scaffolds go.

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90

Thus in like sort they blame some Masters now,
Who them with whom they had by power prevail'd,
Not unto God, but to themselves made bow,
If not to them, not caring how they fail'd ;
And did sometimes command, at least allow
Those faults whose fruits to profit them avail'd ;
Such soules as pretious should have been preserv'd,
Who were Gods creatures, though that them they serv'd.

91

But thousands here with anguish curse all those,
Who had in charge their safety to procure,
Yet did their course to fit the time compose,
And errours grosse most grosly did endure ;
So that their flocke, when falling never rose,
But suff'red were to live in sinne secure :
And they to heaven could hardly others leade,
Whose selves to court the world all means had made.

92

Since Robbers are abhorr'd (as beasts prophane)
Who steale but stones which to the Church belong ;
Pretended Priests that sprituall states attaine,
Like waspes with Bees, crept holy hives among,
Who wasting honey, poyson give againe ;
Are (as farre worse) accus'd for doing wrong ;
Since they barre others from ministring grace,
Yet (save in coats and rents) not use the place.

93

Some who (their hearers swaying where they would)
Could force affections, comfort, and deject,
With learned Lectures eloquently told,
(Though flourish'd faire, not fruitfull in effect)
Are highly tax'd, that they (when thus extold)
What taught to others, did themselves neglect :
And given to vice (brought comparatively in)
They lost that freedome which rebukes for sinne.

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94

And how can any man another move
To flye those dainties that with him are rife,
Who talke of Temperance, yet vaine pleasures love,
Call peace a blessing, whil'st they live at strife,
Praise deeds of Almes, yet avaritious prove,
Chast but in words, not continent in life ?
Of such th'excellency is all in Art,
Whil'st vertue but their tongue, vice hath the heart.

95

Such (following *Cains* way) like *Core* exclaime,
By *Balaams* wages, to deceit inclin'd ;
Seas raging waves, still foaming forth their shame,
Clouds void of water, carried with the wind,
Trees without fruit, spots which the faith defame,
As wandring starres whose course hath them design'd :
Of such did *Enoch* prophesy of old,
That which this judgement doth at last unfold.

96

Those stumbling blockes, rockes which with ruine swell,
Destructions traynes, obnoxious unto all,
Not onely with the rest, are damn'd to hell,
Whose threatned torments quaking soules appall,
But railing at them many thousands tell,
How they had beene the meanes to make them fall :
" This wretched comfort, the afflicted love,
" That for their faults, they others may reprove.

97

But though they thus to make their faults seem lesse,
The Lord himselfe, the divels and men doe blame,
All doth afford no helpe for their distresse,
Nor workes it pitty, but augments their shame :
Like anguish doth their fellow-partners presse,
And others doe with shouts their joyes proclaime :
Thus quite neglected in a desp'rate state,
They by contesting, but procure more hate.

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98

As some (by sentence when condemn'd to dye)
By gazing troupes and friends, hemm'd round about,
The executioner attending by,
The Coffin gaping, and the hatchet out,
Th'earth sometimes view, looke sometimes to the sky,
And loth to leave them, doe pretend some doubt :
Which they must cleare, as which concernes their crime,
So glad to gaine some space from posting time.

99

The wicked thus (it seemes) could wish to stay,
The full performance of Christs great decree,
As loth to leave this (though most fearefull) day,
The last of light that they shall ever see ;
The eyes deare objects vanish must away ;
No prospect more for them can pleasant be :
No wonder though they seeke to shift a space,
Their dreadfull entry to that driry place.

100

But such delayes can yeeld their soules no ease,
Who rack'd by conscience, inwardly doe smart ;
Save all to suffer, not what to appease,
No other thought can harbour in their heart ;
That glorious face which doth the godly please,
To them strange feares with horrour doth impart :
So that their present paine hath so much force,
They scarce imagine any can be worse.

101

Those who were swift to sinne, to goodnesse slow,
And onely striv'd in folly to exceed,
O ! when they finde that which they justly owe,
The endlesse paines which ended joyes doe breed !
They, as they alwaies liv'd like beasts below,
Would gladly now that they were beasts indeed :
To scape the hell whose horrours then are seene,
Who wish their being never to have beene.

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102

When looking backe how traines of treach'rous houres
(As Mines) at unawares had blowne up all,
And blasted oft (ere ripe) fraile pleasures flowres,
Whose time hath beene so short, whose joy so small;
They wonder now how they could spend their pow'rs,
In gayning toyes to such a tyrant thrall,
Which hath them made that happinesse to misse,
Where still eternity abounds in blisse.

103

All longing mindes for what they much require,
The time appointed, when they doe attend,
Doe wish the space betweene, should straight expire,
And so the like to have some other end;
By giving way to mans infirme desire,
His course contract'd few moments thus would spend:
And thus to gaine some flying fortunes soone,
His life by what he wish'd would be undone.

104

The loving youth whose brest with thoughts doth burne,
Would lose whole yeares to have one nights delight;
The Merchant waiting for his Shippes returne,
Not onely dayes, but winds as slow doth cite;
The greedy Usurer, so to serve his turne,
(Save Termes for payment) all dayes else would quite:
Since these for pleasure lavish are of life,
What would they doe, whose miseries are rife?

105

But whil'st too late, the wicked count their dayes,
Which (ere they wakened) vanish like a dreame,
(So to remove the meanes of all delayes)
Their sentence given, an Angell doth proclaime,
The which with feare each count'nance quite dismayes,
And they in darkenesse haste to hide their shame:
From this sad sentence, backe to the Stygian state,
What horrid clamour sounds the last retreat.

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106

If for affaires which mutuall good impart,
A little way till some few houres be runne,
Kinde wives and husbands, doe but chance to part,
A friend from friend, a mother from her sonne,
So sensibly with tender thoughts all smart,
That love is glad to have some moments wonne :
" Priz'd by privations, beings are held deare,
" And presence pretious absence makes appeare.

107

O blacke divorce, even worse then thoughts can faine !
Griefe past expressing, losse above all bounds,
They now must part who never meet againe,
And straight to goe where horrour most abounds,
From sight of pleasure ravish'd unto paine,
No wonder though they howle forth dolorous sounds :
Who must this cheerefull light with darkenesse change,
Saints joyes first seene, to make their state more strange.

108

'Twixt Parents, Brethren, Sisters, kindred, friends,
And all those bands which mortals held most deare ;
The naturall love (worne out of date) quite ends,
Eternally whil'st separated here ;
That strict regard which tender passion bends,
None of the godly now can make draw neere
To any one of those whom damn'd they see,
Though ty'd by nature in the first degree.

109

The beds deare partners here, each fortunes mate,
Who once (hearts joy) sunke in the bosome slept ;
Some dandled children, doted on of late,
Whom with such care too tender Parents kept ;
Companions earst who swayd the mindes conceit,
All now are left, and they no teare have wept :
Who praise Gods judgement which this parting wrought :
His love hath swallow'd up each other thought.

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110

But by this meanes the reprobate are mov'd,
To apprehend their misery the more,
Whil'st forc'd to leave them whom so much they lov'd,
Who having seen their happinesse before,
And having heard their losse by them approv'd,
Who once had wish'd them well, but then abhor :
This grieves their soule, till they for anguish groane,
And though to hell, are earnest to be gone.

111

Whil'st stormy conscience holds invective bookes,
That th'inward sight can onely reade of ire,
O ! how doe heavy eyes with lingring lookes,
From worlds last prospects languishing retire ?
A windy cloud of sighes, each mouth forth smoakes,
As burning, even ere entring the fire :
They are not blinde, yet better so to be,
Since heaven, nor earth, they never more shall see.

112

The raging fiends all girt with foaming snakes,
Doe haste them downe together with their charge,
Whereas no Porter any hindrance makes,
They passe hels deeps, attending on no Barge ;
This thronging troup at dreadfull earth-quakes quakes,
Whil'st gaping gulphes doe make an entry large :
All looking backe as loth to leave the light,
Are at an instant swallow'd out of sight.

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The eleventh HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of dolefull hell the horrid seat is sought,
Whereas the damned howling still remaine :
And in the world as wickedly they wrought,
Must suffer what Christ's justice doth ordaine ;
The sensuall creatures senses here are brought,
By what once pleas'd, now to be rack'd with paine :
And with the devils whereas they are to stay,
The wicked are tormented every way.

I

WHIL'ST wandring now where I can finde no light,
Of guests below the damned state to mark,
No raving *Ethnick* can direct me right,
Whose selfe is captive in the dungeons darke ;
Yet, all hels horrours can me not affright,
Though Serpents hisse, and *Cerberus* do barke ;
But lest I stagger, and be still in doubt,
I must go seek some guide to leade me out.

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2

Deare Saviour thou who thence my soule to quite,
Exposed wast a prey to paine, and scorne,
Whil'st beaten, mock'd, and spitted at in spite,
Made Vinegar to drink, and crown'd with Thorne ;
Then sweating bloud, encrimson'd beauties white,
Till all hels horrours constantly were borne ;
Thou, onely thou, canst this discovery make,
Who forc'd her forts, and turn'd in triumph backe.

3

O Sonne of God, be thou my guide, and cleare
The cloudy Cloisters of *Tartarian* deeps,
That (drawn from darknesse) plainly may appeare,
From what strange torments thine thy suffring keepes,
Who (marking this afarre) may not come neare,
Where teeth shall gnash, where th'eye for ever weeps ;
But trust in thee, and flie sinnes tempting snare,
Not too secure, nor falling in despaire.

4

That place for paine so fearfull to the minde,
That dreames of it have desperation wrought,
Hath beene by some (to search such deeps inclin'd)
No locall ground, but a privation thought :
From God secluded, yet no where confin'd,
As damned souls were to some freedome brought :
No paine impos'd, but to be barr'd Gods sight,
Hell so made darke, as Sunnes remove breeds night.

5

Not onely wretches banish'd from Gods face,
In endlesse anguish languishing remaine,
Whil'st apprehending in that dreadfull place,
How Saints above with God in glory raigne ;
But they must have with horrour, griefe, disgrace,
As want of pleasure, so a sense of paine :
Want would but grieve where feeling will torment,
The minde with wormes, with wounds the body rent.

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6

The sentenc'd squadron must retyre alone,
In dungeons darke eternally to smart,
Where they still bounded heavily must grone,
Whil'st not one moment can repose impart ;
Christ said to them, when damn'd: Go, get you gone,
To dwell with devils in their appointed part ;
And sacred Writs most clearly do declare,
That from the godly they divided are.

7

But curiousnesse no satisfaction gets,
When searching out the mysteries of hell ;
At least no where it with assurance sets,
But Ghosts to paine from pleasure doth expell ;
And with the rest who fall in fancies nets,
No wonder though I doubt their state to tell :
For that to others which these lines would show,
I labour that my selfe may never know.

8

It may be plac't amidst the fierie spheare,
Whence joyn'd with lightning dreadfull thunders flie,
Whil'st frowning heavens by day nights colours reare
Till scarce some flashes can point out the skie ;
So that as hell inflicting harme and feare,
By thunder-bolts, and haile, troups tortur'd lye :
Thus in effect, affinity they hold
By light, and darknesse, horrour, heat, and cold.

9

That cloudy clymate (hatching stormes when faire)
May still foule sprits where first they fell restraine ;
And wretched soules to have with them their share,
Of substance light, (though stayn'd) may mount againe ;
Since Sathan hath beene held Lord of the ayre,
He last may smart where he so long doth raigne :
And though suppos'd a Parable to be,
Why might not *Abraham* there the Glutton see ?

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10

If God thus hang that monstrous masse of night,
In which to pine the tortur'd bands are throwne,
The hoasts of heaven importing virtuall light,
May pierce hels clouds, till all their guests be knowne,
With mutuall prospects, interchanging sight,
By others states that both may judge their owne :
" What is oppos'd, compar'd, brings truth to light :
" When set with shadowes, stars doe shine more bright.

11

O how the godly triumph would with joy !
Whil'st compassing that damned band about,
To see the fiends their furies all imploy,
Till ghosts with dreadfull cryes confus'dly shout ;
They with no sigh, their pittied plaints convoy,
Though earst knowne friends, all kindenesse then worn out ;
But straight shall praise (transported from the place)
In them Gods justice, in themselves his grace.

12

A place below the chiefe of Northerne Starres,
To fit the hell a situation yeelds,
Which passengers from passing further barres,
By desolate and melancholy fields,
And Navigation absolutely marres,
Whil'st there from harme no kinde of shelter shields :
Not that the Ocean doth too stormy prove,
No, but because that it can no way move.

13

The liquid kingdome all becoming dry,
Farre distant shores (as if cimented) meet,
The waves all dead entomb'd in Crystall lye,
Not having power to drowne, no, not to weet,
Whil'st barren beauty doth delude the eye,
And slippery firmenesse doth betray the feet,
Which both on flouds, and solid grounds they see,
And yet can neither earth, nor water be.

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14

Amidst that large inhabitable Zone,
Where raging winter doth admit no bounds,
Perchance (for terrour) the Tartarian Throne,
With strengthlesse beames the flying sunne surrounds,
And (as if thousands multipli'd a grone)
There sulph'rous *Vulcans* roare continuall sounds :
Whil'st Ghosts do never sleep, yet alwaies dreame,
Rack'd by remorse with griefe, past sense of shame.

15

But that great God on whom this All depends,
And (as he pleaseth) quickly fades, or springs,
Even with a thought can compasse all his ends,
Not daigning to take helpe of temporall things,
And yet to worke what ever he intends,
Each creature straight a contribution brings :
He in new moulds can cast the world againe,
Make beauty ugly, what gave joy, give paine.

16

Earst *Adams Eden*, pleasures speciall ground,
Worlds quint-essence, the Garden of the Lord,
The pretious stone of this enameld round,
Which God did guard as with his treasures stor'd,
It now turn'd common earth (by flouds since drown'd,)
Of what it was no token doth afford :
That dainty Vale which curious *Lot* did chuse,
Did soone grow loathsome, all the worlds refuse.

17

Those parts below which most delight the eye,
As pleasant, fertile, crown'd with flowres, or streames,
Where nature doth with many colours dye
Her curious robes, all bright with glistring beames,
Some there at last may greater torments try,
Then Sathan can devise, or mankinde dreames :
And it would stand with justice in these times,
That all should suffer where they wrought their crimes.

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18

But th'earth o'reburden'd, must to sinne give place,
If so commanded by the worlds great Iudge,
Loe, how we all who fondly love her face,
Must at the last within her bosome lodge !
But them she swallow'd quicke, though *Abrahams* race,
Who tempting God against his will, did grudge :
All sinnes engross'd in one, what monstrous weight
May soone sinke thousands to the centre straight !

19

Who knowes but th'earth which still men wastes, or feeds,
Hath vast concavities where darknesse blinds,
And that from it the secret cause proceeds
Of dreadfull earth-quakes, and of restlesse winds,
Which, Schismes in Schooles, no satisfaction breeds ?
The deepes deepe mystery none clearly finds :
Whil'st bent to study who doth thousands teach,
Seas compast him who could their course not reach.

20

The fertile earth for that infernall seate,
May furnish stuffe to feede the flames apace,
For, as without, Sunnes active beames do beat,
Till plenties horne doth garnish every place ;
So it would seeme, within, some vigorous heate
Of metalls strong doth breed the rockie race :
Th'earth must have fire, of which, to serve our turne,
Both superficiall parts, and entrails burne.

21

Vaine Pagans did in every fancy fixe,
That Stygian darkenesse diverse floods did bound,
And all their Gods did sweare by dreadfull Styx,
That straight their oath in *Lethe* might be drown'd ;
These waters with so many things did mixe,
Ere they could reach the Centre of the ground,
That stain'd and poison'd whil'st estrang'd from th'aire,
They filthy were (no doubt) when once come there.

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22

Since (by Conjectures with much travell sought)
This fearefull place none can precisely know,
Then by what meanes from darknesse can be brought,
Those Mysteries which some dare seeke to show ?
The roome indeed may justly large be thought,
Where all the wicked should be lodg'd below :
Though to their Clients devils do much reveale,
Yet they for frighting them hells state conceale.

23

They (as great pleasures) painting out their paines,
By foolish fables please vaine vulgars much,
With gorgeous Gardens, and Elysian plaines,
Which (like themselves) cannot abide the touch ;
Then will they seeme (this reputation gaines)
Fawnes, *Silvans*, *Satyres*, *Fairies*, *Nymphes*, and such :
That fooles may hope to be (whil'st spoil'd of sence)
Gods, demi-gods, and Heroes, when gone hence.

24

What then confusion doth more mischiefe bring,
As oft hath beene made knowne in every age ?
And it in hell would seeme a needefull thing,
To torture them who there beare Satans badge,
From which in darknesse, grosse effects must spring,
Where desp'rat troupes (past hope of helpe) doe rage ;
Yet even in it some order shall be found,
Though *Chaos* darkning, *Babel* to confound.

25

The world may thinke, amidst that damned Crue,
Though (as elsewhere) distinguish'd in degree,
Each one doth reape that which to him is due ;
Their paines may differ, yet their griefe agree ;
When law below a party doth pursue,
As crimes require, the Iudges do decree :
Since God on earth so many plagues doth send,
How huge be these which hels blacke hostes attend ?

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26

This crystall spheare, the lanterne of the sight,
A generall spie that every thing doth marke,
I doubt, if drawing, or dispersing light,
Of all mans body the most heavenly sparke,
The life of beauty, natures glories height,
Which straight (when clos'd) makes all the world seme dark,
It of chiefe pleasures doth the Centre prove,
Both from the earth below, and heaven aboue.

27

Those Sunnes of Sences, mirrours of the minde,
The windows of the heart till light doth faile,
How bodies may be glorifi'd we find,
Since their perfection doth so much prevaile ;
These dainty lights which have so sweetely shin'd,
Though cleere like diamonds, like Crystall fraile,
While as abus'd by them that were unjust,
Did turne to starres of pride, and flames of lust.

28

By them the wretch to Avarice was swai'd,
Externall objects tempting the desire ;
By them the heart to envy was betrai'd,
And made to hate what it could not acquire ;
Their sight urg'd vengeance whil'st it did upbraid
Such brests as boil'd with a vindictive ire,
By them (as dores) much mischiefe entred in,
The baits, the bauds, the guid's, the gates of sinne.

29

These eyes that did so oft to vice invite,
(Whil'st still attracting, or directing wrong)
Now barr'd from all which did them once delight,
Where fearfull Monsters for confusion throng ;
Them from some paine no moment can acquite,
For objects strange infortunately strong :
Prodigious sights since still they must indure,
Like owles (Nights driry birds) in caves obscure.

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30

In place of beauty (which did earst bewitch)
The foaming Fiends came charg'd with crawling Snakes ;
For stately roomes a dungeon (dropping pitch)
Doth contribute to the *Tartarian* lakes ;
And for companions (groaning in a ditch)
A number burns, and yet for cold still quakes.
Eyes thus have no reliefe, not when they weep,
But (though in darknesse) they still see, not sleep.

31

This living lab'rinth entertaining sounds,
By severall turnes, till made for hearing fit,
(Lest otherwise (if rude) words might give wounds)
Which (thus prepar'd) they by degrees admit ;
These bring the stuffe on which the judgement grounds,
As ready porters that support the wit ;
And oft with pleasure smooth afflicting care,
Whil'st dainty voices quintessence the aire.

32

These oft (like strumpets dissolutely strong)
Are prostituted, suffring what is foule ;
Then mediating 'twixt a tempting tongue
And fraile desires, all goodnesse oft controul ;
They first corrupted do seduce to wrong,
And poure (like pleasure) poyson in the soule :
By them assaulting sinne doth breach the heart,
As of the body still the weakest part.

33

This is the Myne which doth blow up the minde,
Gainst sense, or reasons charge, a guardlesse way ;
To lust, to fraud, or faults of any kinde,
Which all the strength by treaties doth betray ;
As Sathan soone in Paradise did finde,
In *Evahs* eare who first in ambush lay ;
This patent entry can hold nothing out,
But braves brave minds with grounds for feare, or doubt.

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34

This spirituall taster, understandings eye,
(Growne needlesse now amongst these hopelesse moanes,
Since all well known, none then can further try)
In place of Musicke that did charme it once,
Heares teeth to gnash, and howling creatures cry,
Redoubling sobs, and melancholy groanes :
For dreadfull sounds who can imagine more ?
There fiends and men (still rack'd) together roare.

35

That dainty sense which comfort doth the braines,
And all the vitall sprits more pregnant make,
Which (when the aire a grosse corruption staines)
Doth by sweet odours drive the danger backe,
It with the Lord so highly pris'd remaines,
That he himselfe in it doth pleasure take :
And he was said a sacrifice to smell,
In which sweet incense chiefly did excell.

36

Those (though extorting Natures usuall store)
That were perfum'd with artificiall things,
In place of what affected was before,
A filthy stench perpetually there stings ;
This sinke of sinne which theirs so oft made more,
The dregs of all the world together brings :
Whose Sent though loathsome now endure they must,
Who (weakning courage thus) gave strength to lust.

37

Those to the taste who did their judgement give,
And (more then Nature) fancy striv'd to feed,
What creatures daily dy'd that they might live,
Who would for pompe, or gluttony exceed,
And curious were all courses to contrive,
How sawces strange an appetite might breed :
While as the poore did starve (they thus at feasts)
And could not get what they did give to beasts ?

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38

Though food for maintenance none shall need below,
Yet Gluttons mindes by longing are turmoil'd ;
And many meats may mustred be in show,
All fry'd in flames, or in *Cocytus* boil'd,
Which straight (when neare to touch) devils may o'rethrow ;
Or they may be by monstrous Harpies spoil'd ;
Or (as from *Tantalus* the apple slips)
Such tempting objects may delude their lips.

39

These drunkards that have drown'd their wits in wine,
(Till quite benumn'd, they long ere dying dye)
Whil'st tortur'd now continually to pine,
As in a Feaver (loe) they burning lye :
If roaring flames a puddle could designe,
They for a drop to quench their thirst would cry :
That this to mark it might our judgement leade,
The like entreaty one to *Abraham* made.

40

These dainty fingers entertain'd by pride,
Whose sense (though grosse) was pleas'd in sundry sorts,
Which could no touch save what was soft abide,
Oft us'd for Avarice, or wanton sports,
Those now in vaine would strive themselves to hide,
Which (whil'st stretch'd forth as cruell paine transports)
Where fearfull darknesse doth no light admit,
May unawares some fiend, or serpent hit.

41

Some who below had domineer'd of late,
In wealth abounding, by abundance cloy'd,
Whil'st (pleasures purchas'd at too high a rate)
As want did others, surfeits them annoy'd ;
They (wanting stomacke) did not feed, but eate,
Till faint, and dull, what had, they not enjoy'd ;
Those naked now in misery remaine,
And nothing rests, save never resting paine.

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42

The lazie man whose memory Time foils,
As wanting sinews, who could scarcely move,
Whom faintnesse, and not pride, did keep from toils,
Save abject ease who nothing else did love ;
Now when his foot at every step still broils,
If but to change, of force must restlesse prove :
And lest he languish with too dull a paine,
By Bodkins hot tormented may remaine.

43

These hauty mindes whose swelling thoughts were such,
That still in state they gloried to be seene ;
So richly cloath'd, that it had griev'd them much,
If on their garments any spot had beene ;
So dainty then that they disdain'd to touch,
Farre lesse to lye, or sit, on parts uncleane :
And whil'st presuming on their wealth, or race,
Were alwayes striving how to take their place.

44

Those on themselves who did so fondly dote,
And their vile carkasse curious were to grace,
Though (like the flowres which frailty do denote)
But must'ring beauty for a little space ;
They never care how much the minde they blot,
So they of Nature (during lifes short race)
May help defects by Arts defective aid,
The soule to sinne by vanity betrai'd.

45

They Natures need could not by sleep supply,
Save in faire roomes which pleasure did procure ;
Each vulgar object straight did wound their eye,
Whose tender sight no grosse thing could endure ;
They well attended softly sought to lye,
Though so more sumptuous, and the lesse secure :
Not thinking how when dead they straight should have
Wormes for companions, and for bed a grave.

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46

Loe, now retir'd amid'st *Tartarian* caves,
With driry shadows in eternall night,
They lodge more low then some that were their slaves,
As sinking farre, since falling from a height ;
And every fiend them (as their equall) braves,
With mocks remembring of their wonted might :
They, they through flames with scourging whips them drive,
The which to flie in boiling deeps they dive.

47

Smooth beauties grounds which did so much delight,
From pleasant plains with furrows gathered in,
By fire, or filth, are now disfigur'd quite,
Till they become as ugly as their sinne ;
And (persecuted with continuall spite)
Hot pitch and brimstone drop upon their skinne :
But such a losse as this, paine quickly bounds,
The feeling, not the fancy, them confounds.

48

The heavens great Iudge, in all things who is just,
Each paine imposed severally designes ;
The proud (trod down) lye wallowing in the dust ;
The glutton starves ; by thirst the drunkard pines ;
The lecherous burne, but not as earst with lust ;
The wretch in vaine to covet still inclines ;
Who did Gods day to violate contest,
No Iubile nor Sabbath yeelds them rest.

49

O how each soule most highly doth abhorre
The fault which them to this confusion sends !
Which (though they would) they now can use no more,
Yet, onely one, even at this time not ends ;
Those who were given to blasphemy before,
They still curse God, their parents, and their friends ;
This sinne which malice, and not weaknesse breeds,
In height, in place, and time, all else exceeds.

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50

That vice in hell the Reprobate may use,
Which from the minde all kinde of goodnesse blots ;
Each other fault some colour may excuse,
Whil'st baited fancy, on some pleasure dotes ;
But blasphemy the furies do infuse,
In mindes perverse, which as a badge it notes,
And of all things should greatest feare impart,
Since it bewrayes the vilenesse of the heart.

51

They faine that one continually doth feele
His smarting entrails by a Vulture torne ;
A stone (still toss'd) another faint makes reele,
And braving food a famish'd mouth doth scorne ;
Ambitions type is rack'd upon a wheele,
Still barr'd from rest, since backe, or forward borne ;
In vaine these Sisters tosse the *Stygian* deep,
Who must bestow on that which cannot keep.

52

But yet these torments which the world did faine,
In sinners minds a just remorse to breed,
From working mischiefe that they might refraine,
Whil'st they strive how for horrour to exceed,
As onely forg'd, is but a painted paine,
If match'd with these that must be felt indeed :
Which so extreamly breed the souls distresse,
That even the suffrer can it not expresse.

53

What height of words were able to dilate
The severall torments that are us'd below ?
Each sense must suffer what it most doth hate,
The *Stygian* forge whil'st foaming furies blow ;
Short pleasures purchas'd at a hideous rate,
They still (yet not discharg'd) pay what they owe :
" All sorts of sinnes since none can well recount,
" No doubt hells paines in number must surmount.

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54

These mysteries which darknesse doth enfold,
What mortall colours can expresse them right ?
Or who can know what ground is fit to hold,
Where contraries do with confusion fright ?
Some laid on flames not see, yet quake for cold ;
Thus fire doth burne, but cannot cleare with light :
To comfort it no quality retaines,
But multiplies in all that may give paines.

55

Though seeming strange, imagination frames
A possibility how this may prove ;
No busie breath then irritating flames,
Doth make them waste the meanes by which they move :
Whil'st want of aire fires lightning fury tames,
That it no way can vent it selfe above :
Though all the brightnesse be entomb'd in smoak,
It lacks but beauty, may both burne, and choak.

56

Some member then perchance extreamely smarts,
A captive compass'd with encroaching fire,
(What here doth fright, may then confound all hearts,
Chiefe element for executing ire :)
And yet cold Snakes (enfolding other parts)
May make the bloud all languishing retire :
What stormie clymate can afford this seat,
Where both they freeze for cold, and rage for heat ?

57

The secret nature of this fire to finde,
Of some who curious were the thoughts did crosse ;
If it were spirituall, how to be confinde
In hell for torture of terrestriall drosse ;
Then if materiall, and to waste inclin'd,
Could souls be reach'd by such a substance grosse ?
For all impressions working paine or feare,
Must have an object fit their blows to beare.

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58

The fiends from fire (some thinke) must needs scape free,
Whose subtle substance none can touch with hands,
Yet, they (as Lords) distinguish'd in degree,
Can (tossing th'aire) disturbe both Seas, and Lands ;
They bodies have the which may taken be,
And have a being capable of bands :
The devill was bound a thousand yeares time past,
And shall for ever live in chains at last.

59

The sprits, of th'aire may beare a burden light,
Whose course impulsive sometimes makes it known ;
The aire enflam'd (when *Phœbus* takes the height)
Is apt to burne, and flames by it are blowne ;
Or, since of late, so to delude the sight,
They borrow'd shapes (if wanting of their owne)
All may be forc'd of bodies to admit,
As loads, or jayls, for suff'ring onely fit.

60

As souls (whil'st here) have beene to bodies bound,
And when next joyn'd shall never part againe ;
By fires condensed flames in hels vast round,
Ill sprits at last imbodied may remaine,
Which both may strictly presse, and deeply wound,
A weight, a prison, so redoubling paine :
They if thus match'd, have but a passive part,
Who burn'd, not warm'd, do onely live to smart.

61

How farre doth this transcend the reach of wit,
That bodies then continually shall burne,
Yet not diminish, whil'st on flames they sit,
But though quite swallow'd, not to dust do turne ;
That racks their course no moment intermit,
Yet can a wretch not dye, but lives to mourne ?
Death still doth wound, but hath no power to kill,
They want his good, and onely have his ill.

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62

I have beheld a cheating fellow stand,
To sell some oyle that he reserv'd in store,
And in the presence of a thronging band,
By vertue of some drug was us'd before,
In melted lead straight boldly rush his hand,
Then fall downe groveling, as to move no more :
Yet quickly rose by cosening Art kept sound,
As if strange vertue in his oyle were found.

63

If man (weake man) by meanes of question'd Art,
May fortifie against the force of heat,
That he may suffer thus, and yet not smart ;
May not the Lord (omnipotently great)
A quality (when as he list) impart,
To all the guests of *Pluto's* ugly seat :
That (freez'd in fire) they burne, yet not decay,
Do pine, not dye, as Monsters every way ?

64

What us'd to waste, not having power to warme,
Of three that were amid'st a fornace plac'd,
No member, fire, no, not one haire did harme,
By raging flames, though every where embrac'd :
The Lord their force did so in secret charme,
That they (as set in gold) his servants grac'd ;
And in such sort when pleas'd himselfe to serve,
By ruines engines he can thus preserve.

65

That force of fire did not effectuall prove,
Elias body did with pompe display,
A winglesse weight whil'st it through th'aire did move ;
Th'earth divers times her burden did betray,
By swallowing that which she did beare above ;
And *Peters* feet on flouds found solid way :
Each element we see when God directs,
To Nature contrary can breed effects.

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66

Fires torturing power in the *Tartarian* cave,
Doth need for help no irritating blast,
And wanting food, no excrement can have ;
For fed by nothing, it doth nothing waste ;
An ominous Torch in *Pluto's* gaping grave,
Not more, nor lesse, it still alike doth last ;
Flames torrent doth but drowne, not burne the hell,
And, at a height, can neither sinke, nor swell.

67

One fire for all shall here Gods power expresse,
Which doth from divers diversly extort ;
So heats the Sunne, though all alike it presse,
As bodies are dispos'd, or can comport ;
And, things combustible, burne more, or lesse,
As dry, or humid, in a sundry sort :
Thus severall paines each damned soule endures,
As (aptly tempering) guiltinesse procures.

68

And, that their suff'rings may augment the more,
When fully capable of being pin'd,
The Lord each sense, and member doth restore,
(Enabling so the lame, the deafe, the blinde)
To every one that wanted them before,
That they of paine the greatest height may finde :
At least to shew their griefe each tortur'd soule
Must men have eyes to weepe, a tongue to howle.

69

That faculty inhabiting the braine,
Though once a comfort, now becomes a crosse,
The onely meanes that can bring time againe,
Though serving but to cast accounts of losse ;
The nurse of knowledge, universall chaine,
Which in small bounds all kind of things can tosse ;
It was a mirrour to direct the mind,
But them, damn'd soules to suffer more doth bind.

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70

Those sinnes that once so pleasant did appeare,
The dandled Idols of a doting heart,
Then all the ugly Fiends that stand them neare,
More hatefull now doe make the wretches smart,
Who curse themselves that could such guests hold deare ;
Though no remorse, what griefe doth this impart ?
First looking backe, then on their present state,
When they must thinke what they had bin of late.

71

They find those pleasures that did them betray,
As dreames and shadowes, readie to descend,
Even, in imbracing, vanishing away,
A fancie first, an extasie in end,
Whose vanity the issue did bewray,
Hopes left farre short of what they did attend ;
And all enticements that to this alur'd,
A loathing still or wearinesse procur'd.

72

They now remember every time and place,
That by their meanes a mischiefe was devis'd,
And how they needs would madly runne their race,
All admonitions scornefully despis'd ;
They proudly quensh'd the sparkes of kindling grace,
And hated them that any good advis'd,
Then laugh'd at them as most ridiculous fooles,
That sought to learne when having left the schooles.

73

Of counsels past that any parent gave,
A Schoole master, a Preacher, or a friend ;
Each circumstance now fresh in mind they have,
And how that then it highlie did offend,
When meanes were us'd that they their soules might save,
Who did to ruine obstinately tend :
They loath'd instruction, and rebukes did hate,
As which (thus tax'd) their value did abate.

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74

Some words that entred at a carelesse eare,
And in the mind could no impression make,
That they in judgment true record might beare,
Then in the soule a secret seate did take,
Which now (discovered) cruelly they teare,
When (out of time still) making it looke back :
" Neglected warnings must remembred be,
" At last to binde, since first they could not free.

75

Whil'st restlesse wormes doe gnaw the minde within,
Externall torments racking other parts,
Some fiend beside that had provok'd their sinne,
(What treacherous guest to harbour in mens hearts ?)
To aggravate their anguish doth beginne,
And though with them in like estate he smarts ;
Yet wonted malice making silence breake,
He thus upbrayding them may chance to speake.

76

What travells huge have I for you indur'd,
By bending all my meanes of power, and skill,
That satisfaction might be so procur'd,
For every wish of yours (though changing still)
In pleasures deepes ye lay by me secur'd,
Who both directed, and obey'd your will ;
And as ye earst would not abandon mee,
In spite of paine I shall your partner bee.

77

All what ye crav'd was compast by my care,
Who onely labour'd to content your mind ;
There wanted not a creature that was fayre,
When curious thoughts to wantonnesse inclin'd ;
While kindling wrath for vengeance did prepare,
A fitt occasion was by me design'd ;
To make you rich how many have beene spoil'd,
That you might idle be whil'st still I toil'd ?

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78

And your contentment was to me so deare,
That when some striv'd your courses to restraine,
I would not let you their perswasions heare,
But made the Preacher spend his power in vaine,
And still (obsequiously attending neare)
What was suggested ready to maintaine ;
Your purposes to such perfection brought,
That of all men you were most happie thought.

79

Since ye for joy have oft almost been mad,
Of which some taste, ye cannot but reserve,
What wonder now though ye againe be sad,
Who justly suffer what ye did deserve ?
But I who never any pleasure had,
And as a drudge for you did onely serve :
Why am I punish'd by superiour powers ?
The torment which I feele should all be yours.

80

Degener'd soules (though once by God belov'd)
That would descend to such a base degree,
I you to please, have thus too carefull prov'd,
And from an Angell daign'd your slave to be,
Yet, most ingrate, ye (with my griefe not mov'd)
Doe moane your selves, and never pitty me :
Iust indignation hath so strongly seiz'd,
I must revenge, but cannot be appeas'd.

81

These monsters straight to plague all meanes doe ply,
Whil'st ratling chaines make all hels dungeons ring ;
The crawling globes of clustring Serpents flye,
And at an instant, both doe lash, and sting ;
In vessels then from deeps that never dry,
The scalding sulphure they with fury fling :
Who can imagine how the wretches mourne,
By flouds and flames, that both must boyle and burne ?

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82

A wooden body, membred all with hands,
(When digging Seas) of this an embleme shewes,
Of groaning captives whil'st a band in bands,
To suffer sure, no hope of guerdon knowes,
Whil'st them above, their proud Commander stands,
With threatning words, fierce looks, and cruell blowes :
They lesse then servants, worse then beasts, are slaves :
" The Gallyes fall is lower then the graves.

83

All kinde of paines that mortalls can comprise,
The least below exceedingly exceed ;
The bed that rack'd all whom it did surprise ;
The stalles whereas each horse mans flesh did feed ;
The Bull and all that tyrants did devise,
Which yet in mindes (when nam'd) must horrour breed,
They all (if joyn'd) could not such paine import,
As in the hels one moment can extort.

84

But yet all paines which corporall plagues impose
On senses fraile, dispatching life in post,
Are as in time, by measure short of those,
Which must at last defray sinnes fatall cost,
Whil'st ravenous thoughts (excluded from repose)
Doe oft revolve what happinesse they lost :
The minde would wish a lethargy in vaine,
That it eclips'd might never cleare againe.

85

They now remember then, when forc'd to part,
(The sentence given, and execution crav'd)
From Christs bright face, which with a heavy heart,
They first did see, as by the object brav'd ;
What height of glory he did straight impart,
To happy bands that by his bloud were sav'd :
When this the wicked have with envy seene,
It makes them marke what they might once have beene.

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86

The parts earst knowne, they many times compare,
With these below, where they in anguish lye ;
Their recreations taken in the ayre,
Whil'st heaven for prospect ravish did the eye ;
Their walkes on fields adorn'd with beauties rare,
Whose Crystall flouds did emulate the skie,
And all the creatures both by sea and land,
Which they for use, or pleasure might command.

87

Since here fraile things, where man from glory fell,
And must to toyles his servile strength imploy,
For all perfections which doe thus excell,
A weeke did make, a moment doth destroy ;
This little cottage, where poore slaves doe dwell,
This fatal prison, farre from reall joy ;
If it (base earth) in beauty doth abound,
All pav'd with greene, with gold and azure crown'd.

88

How gorgeous then must that faire building prove,
Of endlesse glory which doth lodge the King ;
By whom all creatures that have life doe move,
From whom all goodnesse, and true worth doth spring ;
To whom enstall'd in Crystall seats above,
A Quire of Angels *Hallelujah* sing ?
Then they imagine (which doth grieve them more)
What hoasts of Saints their Soveraign doe adore.

89

And what their judgement cannot apprehend,
Like birds of darknesse, feeble in the light,
Their ancient Lord on whom they did depend,
Who oft by lyes had drawn them from the right,
He now tels truth, but with as bad an end,
To doe them mischiefe bending all his might :
" No greater falshood malice can conceive,
" Then truth to tell, of purpose to deceive.

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90

He then at large doth labour to dilate,
What was observ'd in heaven before his fall,
While he (a creature mighty in the state)
Mark'd by his betters, was to envy thrall,
And shewes the glory there to be more great,
Then can be thought, farre lesse express'd at all :
And for their losse, them with more griefe to charge,
If possibly he could, he would enlarge.

91

Thus doe they weigh their losse with fancies strong,
Which was at first so easie to prevent ;
Then tell to Satan how (suggesting wrong)
He for their ruine had been alwaies bent,
And like a traitor had abus'd them long,
Till now in end made knowne by the event :
And yet with them amidst one furnace throwne,
He mockes their paine, though mourning for his owne.

92

Loe, in this world, men of the stronger sort,
To scape from death, or some disgrace they feare,
Can frustrate justice that would truth extort,
And, when press'd downe, more high their courage reare,
Yea, constantly with tortures can comport,
Not daigning once a word, a sigh, a teare :
" With divers engines, though sterne paine assailes,
" A generous patience joyn'd with hope, prevailes.

93

But all the fires which still are burning there,
Where every one a severall torment pines,
Doe no way thaw the frosts of cold despaire,
Whose raging course no season then confines ;
No limits are allotted unto care,
To give them ease, no kinde of comfort shines :
And though they finde a weight of huge distresse,
Hope dares not promise that it shall be lesse.

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94

What height of horrour must this justly breed,
To meditate upon the last decree ?
How that the wicked, whom vaine pleasures feed,
(By death disclaym'd) must still tormented be ?
That which they suffer, doth all bounds exceed,
In time, in measure, and in each degree,
So that they oft most earnestly desire,
That like to beasts, their being might expire.

95

Some fondly dream'd a superstitious lye,
And for hels paines, a period did attend,
Though Christs owne words the contrary imply,
Goe, get you gone to fires that never end ;
Their shame still lasts, their worme doth never dye,
Their torments smoake for ever doth ascend :
And all of this, that sacred writs report,
The paine perpetuall clearely doth import.

96

Though as the wicked wickedly have wrought,
Each one of them a due reward shall have,
And when before the Lord in judgement brought,
Shall get againe the measure that they gave ;
Yet is their doome by some too rigorous thought,
Who on Gods justice would aspersions leave :
And thinke, at this they justly may repine,
For temporall faults eternally to pine.

97

Those that did come to work, in Christs Vine-yard,
All, as in time, in merit differ might,
Yet did at last enjoy the like reward,
All having more, none lesse, then was his right ;
So those in hell whom Sathan gets to guard,
How ever come, are still entomb'd in night :
As *Dracons* lawes for every fault gave death,
Each sinner doth deserve eternall wrath.

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98

But justice still to goodnesse would direct,
And sparingly sterne rigour doth extend,
To cut them off, that others might infect,
That ones example many may amend ;
Not bent to ruine, onely to correct,
All punish'd are, conforme as they offend :
And none give doomes more cruell then the crimes,
Save fearefull tyrants at suspected times.

99

If that great King who all the world doth judge,
Damne every one who from the light did stray,
In endlesse shadowes dririly to lodge,
Salt flouds of griefe inunding every way ;
It seemes to some that they have cause to grudge,
Who trifling things so dearely doe defray,
And for short joyes which but a time did staine,
Still suffer must intollerable paine.

100

This from Gods judgement derogating nought,
The greater reverence doth from men require ;
He markes both what they will'd, and what they wrought,
From wickednesse that never would retire
Till drawn by death, yea still more time they sought,
And if they could have compass'd their desire,
Their filthy aymes affecting things uncleane,
As boundlesse then, had likewise endlesse beene.

101

The hand may kill, and yet from bloud be free,
Whil'st casualty, not cruelty doth arme,
And many times the heart may guilty be,
Though being hindred from inflicting harme ;
The Lord of it that every thought doth see,
When vanity, or violence doth charme,
He verdict gives according to their will,
Though never acting, if affecting ill.

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102

He knew how much they mischiefe did intend,
That vices current death did onely stay,
Which otherwise had never had an end,
As oft their wishes, vainely did bewray ;
They who to sinne did all their strength extend,
Should suffer now what possibly they may :
Since him they wrong'd by all the meanes they might,
God punish may with all his power of right.

103

Loe, treason makes them whom it doth convict,
To loose all that they have, yea, urging more,
Doth on their off-spring punishments inflict,
Whose tainted bloud, time never can restore :
This sentence then cannot be counted strict,
In torments still, which makes the wicked roare :
It onely plagues themselves, but none of theirs,
Who to themselves in misery are heires.

104

These fearefull tyrants (jealous of their state)
Who would by rigour fright the world from change ;
They who did use (the Christians to abate)
In persecutions executions strange ;
The inquisition raging now of late,
Whom with the worst we may (as cruell) range ;
The torments that they did all three contrive,
To one in hell, can no way neare arrive.

105

Not onely are both soule and body pin'd,
By sympathie which mutuall paine imparts,
But each one suffers in a severall kinde,
Sprits from within, and from without the hearts ;
Though much the body, more to racke the minde,
New engines are devis'd by which it smarts,
Whose spirituall tortures, soules asunder draw,
Worse than the worme that inwardly doth gnaw.

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106

If these againe were to beginne their race,
And by their carriage, freedome could procure,
What course so strange that they would not embrace ?
No charming pleasure could them then allure ;
Even sicknesse, torment, poverty, disgrace,
They whil'st alive, would willingly endure ;
Yea, though their life a thousand yeares should last,
So that their griefe might end when it were past.

107

And if they would doe this to scape from paine,
Though otherwise the Lord should them neglect,
What would they doe that happinesse to gaine,
Which is design'd for them that are elect ?
That they for ever might in heaven remaine,
As those whom God most dearely doth affect ;
Iobs suffrings all for this would small appeare,
Though multipli'd so long as they were here.

108

You who as yet doe draw this common ayre,
And have the meanes salvation to acquire,
Now whil'st the season doth continue faire,
Provide against the storme of swelling ire ;
To compasse this extend industrious care,
Before the hasting tearme of grace expire :
That treasure which we should so much esteeme,
All now may have, none can when lost redeeme.

109

Loose not your thoughts in fancies fields to stray,
Lest charming pleasures doe the judgement blinde,
Which reasons fort to vanity betray,
And (weakening virtue) mollifie the minde ;
Then onely leave (when vanishing away)
Remorse, or shame, or wearinesse behinde :
As drunke, or mad, or dreaming at the best,
Fooles thus may rave, but never soundly rest.

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110

Remember that the bounds where we remaine,
Was given to man when as from God he fell,
Not for delight, but in a high disdaine,
Where damn'd to dye, that he a wretch might dwell,
Here first to plague him with continuall paine,
When barr'd from *Eden*, this was *Adams* hell,
As hell at last shall be to all his race,
Who proudly sinne, and doe not seek for grace.

111

And let none thinke (reducing heavens decree)
That they can make this mansion of annoyes,
(As if a Paradise) from trouble free,
A ground for rest, a lodging fit for joyes ;
Though numbers (smooth'd with shewes) deluded be,
In place of reall good, affecting toyes :
This is the lists where all a proofe must give,
Who suffring here, more blest when hence shall live.

112

Loe, thousands oft where dangers are most rife,
With honour, Fortune, or what else held deare,
To all deaths engines, dare expose their life,
Whil'st losse and travell, pleasure doe appeare,
And all the end expected by this strife,
Is but to gaine some towne, or fortresse neare,
Which in their fury, with confusion foil'd,
Is raz'd, ere gayn'd, and soone thereafter spoil'd.

113

And should not we our whole endeavours bend,
To force that City which triumphs above ?
Which doth invite, and not it selfe defend,
With sacred armes, if we couragious prove ;
No furniture is needfull for this end,
But patience, hope, faith, charity and love :
And all who doe this holy City gaine,
Shall there for ever (crown'd with glory) raigne.

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114

My Muse abandoning the Stygian bounds,
Which nought but griefe and horrour can afford,
Would gladly mount above the Crystall rounds,
To celebrate the glory of the Lord,
Who by his bounteous pow'r with Angels sounds,
My humble accents sweetly may accord,
And me at length amidst that Quire may bring,
Where I desire eternally to sing.

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DOOMES-DAY,

OR

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

The twelfth HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The height of joy the cleared soules attends ;
The Earth and Sea suppos'd are new to be ;
The new Ierusalem from heaven descends,
Where still to dwell God doth with men agree ;
The heavenly blisse, all humane sense transcends,
Which Saints attaine when thus from trouble free ;
The joyes of heaven for blessed soules prepar'd,
Are pointed at, but cannot be declar'd.

I

TH'EARES have not heard, nor th'eyes have never seen
The joyes of heaven, more great then can be thought ;
To touch my lippes, that stain'd so oft have been,
Lord, from thine Altar, let a coale be brought ;
Make me cast off what ever is uncleane,
That sacred grounds with reverence may be sought :
Thy inner Temple let thy servant see,
Where of things holy, the most holy be.

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2

What glorious change doth dazle thus mine eye ?
In place of th'earth where miseries are rife,
The torturing racke that did mans patience try,
With wasting travels, and dividing strife,
Who (by these labours) did but dearely buy
Terrestriall things fit for a temporall life :
I see an earth that greater pleasure yeelds,
Then Gentiles dream'd in their Elysian fields.

3

Time (as for sport) now quickly deckes and spoiles,
This passive ground which alwaies worke requires,
To punish man (as sentenc'd first) with toiles,
The meanes by which his maint'nance he acquires,
Whil'st sometime barren, sometime fertile soiles
Give joy, or griefe, with agues of desires :
Still fighting with the same, till yeeld he must,
A fettred captive humbled in the dust.

4

We daily see the earth (doe what we can)
How it the cares of wretched worldlings scornes,
(Bloud-colour'd furrowes frowning upon man)
Her vapours poison, and she prickes with thornes ;
But now farre from that state which first began,
It (which the Lord as his delight adornes :)
Is (alwaies faire) much chang'd from what before,
A Virgin now, not violable more.

5

Then *Edens* garden growne more glorious farre,
Her fruits she freely in abundance brings,
No more the lists where blustring stormes make warre,
With killing winters, and with quickning springs ;
A constant course still kept, no kinde of jarre
Shall then disturbe the generall peace of things :
Milde *Zephires* gentle breath more sweetly smels,
Then Indian odours, or what most excels.

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6

No threatning cloud, all charg'd with haile-stones lowres ;
Then silke dy'd greene the grasse more pleasant growes,
When bath'd with liquid pearles, not blansh'd with showrs,
No raging floud her tender face o'reflowes,
Whose bosome all embroidered is with flowres,
Not natures worke, nor Arts that man bestowes :
The curious knots and plots most prais'd below,
To figure this, can no resemblance show.

7

There whites perfection, embleme of things pure,
The lightning Lilies, beauties colours reare,
And blushing Roses modestly allure,
As which of shamefastnesse the badge doe beare ;
Of Violets the purple doth endure,
Though pale, they seem to hide their heads for feare :
As if extracted out of all the three,
The Gilly-flower a quint-essence may be.

8

These with all else that here most rare have beene,
In smell or shew, the sent or sight to feed,
Have gorgeous garments of eternall greene,
And eminently emulously breed,
With many sorts that we have never seene,
Which for excellencies these farre exceed :
They (mix'd in workes) mosaically grow,
And yet each part doth every kinde bestow.

9

Though here no hearb shall need for health, nor food,
Where neither hunger can, nor sicknesse be,
Yet there shall want no creatures that are good,
Since with Gods glory this doth best agree ;
His wisedome by his workes is understood,
Whose daily wonders all the world may see :
That earth no doubt we shall most perfect view,
Since (this quite raz'd) he makes the same all new.

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10

O ! what excellency endeeres all things ?
For store, not use, for pleasure, not for gaine,
Th'earth dainty fruits still in abundance brings,
Which never fade, nor doe fall downe in vaine,
And even as one is pluck'd, another springs ;
No leafe is lost, no, nor no way doth staine :
The Orangers, not singular then be,
Where fruit and flourish garnish every tree.

11

In walkes distinguish'd, trees some grounds may grace,
With divers baits inviting smell and taste,
Then (as indented) differing sorts a space,
In groves grown thicker, would a shadow cast,
And them betwixt the playnes in every place,
Are dainty Gardens which doe alwaies last
In more perfection, then all these attain'd,
Which Art or Nature made, or fancy fayn'd.

12

Meandring Rivers smoothly smiling passe,
And whil'st they (lover-like) kisse courted lands,
Would emulate the emerauld-like grasse,
All pav'd with pearle, empall'd with golden sands ;
To make a mirrour of their moving glasse,
For usuall creatures, Angels come in bands :
The noyse is Musicke, when their course ought chockes,
As mounts of Diamonds, of Rubies rockes.

13

All Countries purchase now with strangers spoiles,
Even what is daily us'd to cloath, or feed,
And that with many mercenary toiles
Though but superfluous, not the things we need,
But as each place had quintessenc'd all soiles,
It what can be desir'd, doth freely breed :
The honey there from every flower may flow,
And on each Reed taste-pleasing sugars grow.

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14

The Mountaines that so long have hid their store,
Lest avarice their bowels might have torne,
May turne without, what was within before,
Free from deforming rockes, and pestring thorne ;
Whil'st silver fin'd from the confining Ore,
And veynes of perfect gold, their breasts adorne,
All cloath'd with metalls thus, they shining bright,
And deck'd with jewels, may seeme flames of light.

15

O what brave prospect would these hils impart,
If this new earth were to perfection brought,
Not dress'd by Nature, nor by creeping Art,
But by the Lord miraculously wrought,
With rarities enrich'd in every part,
Above the reach of the most curious thought ?
The ayre is all but smels of pretious things,
And with melodious sounds, sweet Musicke brings.

16

It may be all that *Eden* could afford,
Ere sinnes contagious seed it first did staine,
Shall be with encrease to this earth restor'd,
In more excellency then wit can fayne ;
And, O, who knowes but it may please the Lord
To cast the same in other moulds againe,
And creatures make such qualities receive,
As we till glorifi'd, cannot conceive ?

17

As they encreas'd, constrained to disperse,
When people parted farre in sundry bands,
The deeps then onely did afford commerce,
(By sparing feet, all travelling with hands,)
That distant states together might converse,
Firme ground for Ships, a liquid bridge 'twixt lands :
Thus her vast desert, meanes for traffique yeelds,
And with least labour, hath most fertile fields.

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18

But now things to export, or to import,
There needs no Sea, facilitating gaine,
All may their bodies where they please transport,
Not fearing danger, nor not feeling paine ;
Yet may some depth, though in another sort,
To decke the earth, an ornament remaine :
Or as a glasse where soules themselves may see,
Whil'st beauties wonders there reflected be.

19

By contemplation (farre from mortalls led)
I thinke I see a Sea, a moving ground,
(Not from the clouds by secret conducts fed)
In azure fields, as Emeraulds had been drown'd,
Or melted Saphirs on an Amber bed,
Which rockes of Pearle, and Corall banks doe bound :
It seems this heaven, or else like stuffe and forme,
Is layd below, all starres, and free from storme.

20

How weakely doth my Muse this taske pursue,
With strengthlesse lines such lofty things to sound ?
I scarce can comprehend that which I view,
Much lesse can tell, what beauties shall abound,
When as the Lord doth this worne earth renue,
Heavens treasures then embellishing the ground :
My ravish'd judgement quite confounded rests,
Which on each side, variety invests.

21

But then what soule will daigne to looke so low,
As to take pleasure in so meane a sight,
When they of heaven the heavenly beauties know,
And shine aloft like starres, yea farre more bright,
When they that kingdome then securely owe,
By promise first, last by possessions right :
From which no doubt so great contentment springs,
That they esteeme not of inferiour things.

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22

The stately building, admirably round,
Above the compasse of encroaching houres,
With strength and beauty that doth still abound,
To lodge the happie host of heavenly powers,
The worlds great maker curiously did found,
On fields of Pearle with diamantine Towers ;
Which (though most pretious) do no wonder breed,
The forme so farre the matter doth exceed.

23

The sight-confining-crystall-covered skies,
That mirrour cleere through which in every part
The heaven (as jealous) lookes with many eyes,
To marke mens actions, and to weigh each heart,
That spheare of light whose stately course none tries,
To imitate, or æmulate by Art,
That which to us so gorgeous is in show,
The buildings botome is, the part most low.

24

The bounds of heaven, the forme, or matter here,
Where God enthron'd with majestie doth sit,
Who durst but aime by mortall types to cleere
(As fondly trusting to deluding wit ;)
Might make his madnesse, nothing else appeere,
And should a crime more monstrous thus commit,
Then thence one (stealing fire) was fain'd to do,
And should for punishment farre passe him too.

25

Who can (though dayly seene) describe the sky,
By which (poore curtaine) better is enclos'd,
(With mustred beauties courting still the eye)
Though eminent to every age expos'd ?
Of Sunne, Moone, Starres, who doth the substance try,
Or how their bodies are for light compos'd ?
The very soules by which we reason thus,
Are for their essence strangers unto vs.

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26

Then of heavens mysteries if we should judge,
The work would prove (our makers wrath to tempt)
Ridiculous folly, arrogancy huge,
Presumption still encount'ring with contempt ;
And if that we (base wormes whom clay doth lodge)
By scaling Clouds, heavens stately Towers attempt ;
To paint their glory, in the least degree,
The Sunne it selfe would scarce a shadow be.

27

The Lords chiefe house is built of living stone,
But certainely celestiall roomes excell,
Which Christ himselfe prepares for every one,
Where they at last eternally may dwell ;
With Majestie there stands his stately throne ;
The bounds about doe all with glory swell :
Let this content, no words such worth can eaven,
He who made all the world, made this his heaven.

28

What sacred vision calls us from the skie,
A mystery with reverence to attend ?
From starry Towers the silver streamers flie,
Whil'st th'azure rounds their ports with pompe extend :
A glorious Towne with glistring walls I spie !
Which falls not downe, but softly doth descend,
And straight sweet sounds melodiouslie tell ;
This is Gods Tent, he comes with men to dwell.

29

The gorgeous Citty (garnish'd like a bride)
Where Christ for spouse expected is to passe,
With walles of jasper compass'd on each side,
Hath streets all pav'd with gold, more bright then glasse ;
Twelve pretious stones for walkes her waies divide,
Where still there is ingrav'd in lasting brasse,
Of happie twelve the celebrated names ;
" An honour due defraying former shames.

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30

Lifes water pure forth from the throne doth flow,
With mutuall joy where Saints and Angels meete ;
On every side of it lifes tree doth grow,
Where streames of Nectar beautifie the streete,
With colours like the Sacramentall bow,
To looke on pleasant, and in tasting sweete ;
Then from all feare her Citizens to free,
We still his people, He our God will be.

31

Of that brave City where the Saints doe dwell,
Which ravish'd *Iohn* by earthly types designes,
Who would the beauty, and perfection tell,
(As he then saw) had need of Angels lines ;
But this is certaine, that it must excell,
Where glory still in the Meridian shines ;
No shadow there can ever cloud the light,
Where every thing is of it selfe still bright.

32

Each stone amidst the street doth shine afarre,
And like to lightning, light about bestows ;
As in the firmament a radiant starre,
Each just mans beauty now for brightnesse grows ;
Then he whose presence darknesse quite must barre,
The life of light, the fountaine whence it flows ;
Is (that great day which at a height still stayes)
The Sunne of glory, and the just his rayes.

33

There none shall need like mortals with complaints,
(Worlds common care) for want of roome to grudge,
But he in granting grace who never faints,
Doth them reward of whom he had beene judge ;
And (clear'd from sinne) all justly then call'd Saints,
Doth daigne himselfe (as harbenger) to lodge,
Since gone before (where we shall him embrace)
Of purpose to prepare the promis'd place.

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34

The swelling earth where hils such heights do reare,
To be our jayle, which heaven a space decrees,
Man, cattell, corne, and what these need doth beare,
Whose whole none yet (though still in travell) sees ;
It compass'd is by a farre distant spheare,
And that by others, growing by degrees ;
Of which in bounds the highest must abound,
A large circumference, an endlesse round.

35

Heavens store of roomes by Christ is clearly shown,
Yet would not this extended be so farre,
To make each place peculiarly ones owne,
Where one may be, and thence may others barre ;
This smels too much of what we here have known,
Which most of minds the harmony doth marre ;
These words of mine, and thine, chiefe grounds of strife,
The fountains are of all the toils of life.

36

Soules glorifi'd may where they please repaire,
Then made secure, that nought can them annoy,
For, no restraint their freedome doth impaire,
Who as his host the Lord of hosts convoy ;
As fishes in the Seas, fowls in the ayre,
None claimes a share, but all do all enjoy :
With partiall eyes not making choice of parts,
Save onely God, no object draws their hearts.

37

Though here strange longings bred by strong desires,
With restlesse passions racke the doubtfull minde,
That it (still flaming with some fancies fires)
Is by free choice affectionately pin'd ;
Now fully pleas'd with all that it requires,
Each soule in heaven perfections height doth finde :
Where neither want, nor wearinesse molests,
All had ere wish'd, no expectation rests.

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38

Calm'd are the tumbling waves of stormy cares,
(Whil'st frustrated of what they do attend)
Which tosse poore soules on rocks of black despaires,
That shunning shallow shelfes, with straits contend ;
No thirst of knowledge flattering ease impaires,
A groundlesse deep, a circle without end :
Since they of good things have continuall store,
And (knowing all) do need to learne no more.

39

I wonder much how any man can doubt,
That this our knowledge should continue still,
As if we were (all memory worne out)
Depriv'd of power, or else deprav'd in will ;
Shall we not know who compasse us about ?
No beings are quite raz'd save onely ill ;
The very earth that stain'd so oft hath beene,
Is not abolish'd, but made new, and cleane.

40

No doubt these spirituall parts must still remaine,
Not rais'd but rectifi'd, in value more,
Else faith (too credulous) doth beleeve in vaine,
That all shall rise in substance as before ;
If these dissolve, and that we get againe,
New gifts for them from the eternalls store ;
Then should the meanes by which at last we move,
(No resurrection) a creation prove.

41

These faculties that of themselves were good,
In soules from heaven as their chiefe wealth infus'd,
Had man (as first created) constant stood,
Were excellent when innocently us'd,
But since that sinne did sway vaine mortals brood,
To serve their lusts, these treasures are abus'd ;
Yet when renu'd, and to perfection brought,
By them then earst farre more may now be wrought.

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42

Mans Father first ere blinded by his fall,
(Free from Informers) whil'st he liv'd alone,
Knew *Evah* clearly whom he straight did call
Flesh of my flesh, and of my bone the bone ;
And *Peter* knew (though to fraile dust still thrall)
Two that were buried many ages gone ;
Let Tabernacles, Lord, here builded be
For *Moses*, for *Elias*, and for thee.

43

This pretious jewell (by wits toils refin'd)
Which joynes with judgement to determine strife,
The end of travell, treasure of the minde,
The spoils of Paradise, the price of life,
Whose light to get (as ignorant) when blinde,
Our simple Father, and his curious wife
Did suffer death, yet grudg'd not at their crosse,
As if that knowledge recompenc'd their losse.

44

This heavenly wealth one with much toyle attaines,
By reading, acting, and observing still,
And then (though slowly wax'd) it quickly waines,
Which long ere perfect doth begin to spill ;
Rage first doth burne, last, rheumes do drowne the brains,
Youth knowledge scornes, it doting age doth kill :
None can engrosse, nor yet exhaust this store,
But all have by degrees, some lesse, some more.

45

Loe, that which made so slow a progresse here,
By childhood, folly, or by errour staid,
Now (wholly perfect) doth at first appeare,
Not in fraile lodgings by grosse organs sway'd ;
The happie souls from all corruption cleare,
Do shine like starres, with righteousnesse array'd ;
And bodies glorifi'd do enter in,
Not bow'd by sicknesse, nor abus'd by sinne.

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46

If on the face one now may reade the minde,
In characters which griefe, or joy imparts,
The same reflected (then) we clearly finde,
By sympathie the secrets of all hearts ;
If *Moses* face upon the mountaine shin'd,
Much more when glorifi'd these other parts,
Then there must prove, where nothing can be foule,
All eye the body, and the eye all soule.

47

Then pleasures height is onely in the Lord,
Who ill extirpates, what is good extends ;
Yet how could this but just delight afford ?
(Though publick zeale presse downe all private ends)
To see at last with like contentment stor'd,
Them whom we lov'd, wife, children, servants, friends :
Communicated joyes (as sowen) do grow,
Whil'st increase comes by that which we bestow.

48

All must rejoyce to see the godlys good,
Though for the wicked no man shall be griev'd ;
At least this is (if rightly understood)
A pleasant errour, and may be beleev'd ;
When seeing them with whom long toss'd we stood,
Till by the Lord (who heard our cryes) reliev'd
Shall we not joyne in him with mutuall joy,
Whil'st it then comforts, which did earst annoy ?

49

A senselesse pourtrait curious to acquire,
We seek the shadow of a vanish'd show,
If thought like them (rapt with celestiall fire)
Whose deeds, or words, were singular below ;
Yea, even of *Ethnicks*, if they did aspire,
By morall vertues fames applause to owe :
And every monument do much esteeme,
Which did from death such memories redeeme.

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50

Who would not purchase, though with charge, and strife
A lively peece that would resemble right,
Gods earth-begotten sonne, his selfe-borne wife,
When both were happie, and at beauties height ?
Farre more of his owne Sonne, the Lord of life,
Man deifi'd, God mortall made, whose sight
The Fathers wish'd, ere forc'd from hence to flie,
And which made *Simeon* straight grow glad to dye.

51

Who then can thinke with what exceeding joy,
We shall our Saviours selfe, our Soveraigne see,
Who suffered death, that he might death destroy,
And us poore captives from that Tyrant free ?
Whil'st all these Saints in person him convoy,
Whose pictures wish'd, would now so pretious be :
O ! what a holy host together throngs,
To magnifie the Lord with heavenly songs ?

52

We at that time not onely shall behold,
Milde *Moses* there, just *Samuel*, and the best
That for the cause of God have beene so bold,
Whil'st sacred fury breath'd out of their breast,
But even with them that are so much extold,
We shall be partners of eternall rest,
And spying with what zeale they act their parts,
The greater ardour may enflame our hearts.

53

As earst on th'earth he did divinely use,
That man thrice sacred, Prophet, Poet, King,
Whil'st heavenly furie doth high thoughts infuse,
Then to his Harp an holy Hymne may sing,
Thrice happie thou that thus imploy'dst thy Muse,
Whose pen, it seemes, was from an Angels wing,
Since thy harmonious sounds still mount, and move
With melodie to charme the spheares above.

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54

This is the way to have eternall lines,
That all the hosts of heaven may them approve,
Whose loftie flight no fatall date confines,
Whil'st fraughted onely with a sprituall love,
This is a subject which all else declines,
And in request for Quiristers above,
Which must these Authors all immortall make,
That for Gods glory thus a course do take.

55

The Prophets, and the Patriarchs rejoyce,
To see the things fulfill'd which they fore-told,
And all that were the Lords peculiar choice,
To whom he did his mysteries unfold,
There many millions multiply a voice,
And above measure do a measure hold ;
These whom the Lambe of God as his doth seale,
Are kindled all with love, and burne with zeale.

56

The noble Martyrs (Champions of the faith)
Who straight when challeng'd, scorn'd both force, and art,
(Encount'ring bravely with a Tyrants wrath)
Whose chearfull countenance smilingly did smart ;
Then as inviting, not avoyding death,
(Their drosse first burn'd) well purifi'd did part ;
Not out of haste to have their torments done,
But that in heaven they so might settle soone.

57

They now do reape the fruits of former toils,
All crown'd with starres, like *Phœbus* in the face,
In white, perchance adorn'd with Princes spoyls,
Whom they (whil'st raging) did o'recome in peace ;
Of all their bodies drawn from sundry soils,
The wounds for pompe do give the greatest grace,
Which shine, as Rubies set in Crystall rings,
And make them to be like the King of Kings.

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58

Triumphing victors entring heaven with state,
A golden Trumpet may their praise proclaime,
And some great Angell all their deeds dilate,
Which glory doth reward, not envi'd fame ;
Then when enstall'd, where eminent in seat,
The voice of thousands celebrates their name :
With eager eares attending their discourse,
Though knowing all, from them to heare their course.

59

If there admitted, as whil'st here we live,
With mutuall pleasure to exchange our mindes,
Oh what contentment would that conference give,
For sweet variety of sundrie kindes !
Nor need we feare that some would fraud contrive :
Base hate, nor flattery, there no object findes.
And if they would (as none can do in ought)
The breast transparent would bewray each thought.

60

There one from *Adam*, *Edens* state might heare,
How large it was, and in what region plac't,
What pleasures did most singular appeare,
What hearbs, what fruits, or flowers the garden grac'd ;
How *Evah* first was knowne, why straight held deare,
And if he there that new-borne Bride imbrac'd :
What these two trees were like in forme, or hew,
Where life, and knowledge, vegetable grew.

61

Who would not gladly know (before he err'd)
His first designes, what thoughts he entertain'd,
Each circumstance how he with God conferr'd,
How will (by him not rein'd) above him raign'd,
If there to stay, or where to be preferr'd,
Then in what forme the Serpent Satan fain'd ;
What taste the Apples had, what change, both finde,
By sight, and knowledge, when grown weake, and blinde.

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62

He tels how short a time their blisse did last,
And seem'd thereafter but a vanish'd dreame ;
How Angels them from Paradise did cast,
Where first their souls were seiz'd by feare, and shame ;
Then through what lands these banish'd pilgrims past,
And (forc'd to labour) what rude tools they frame :
What race they had, what progresse mankinde made,
And all their crosses till that both were dead.

63

When *Adam* ends, then *Noah* calls to minde
The History of all before the Flood,
And how the Arke could hold of every kinde,
One of each sexe, to propagate their brood,
How it was well contriv'd, for wave, and winde,
To void their excrements, and keep their food :
And whil'st the Seas did wash the earth from sinne,
How that small remnant spent their time within.

64

He can report the worlds new growth againe,
Which at the first no living penne renownes ;
How every person did a house attaine,
The house a village, villages grew townes ;
Then Provinces all peopled did remaine,
And straight Ambition mounted up to Crownes ;
That in his time (though all was once his owne)
The Floud was quite forgot, and he not knowne.

65

We there may learne how that the Lord of old,
By dreames and visions did declare his will ;
How all who crav'd, had straight his Counsell told,
By *Vrim*, *Thummim*, and by *Ephod* still ;
And well they might to prosecute be bold,
What Prophets first secur'd by sacred skill,
Whom then (though great) the world with scorne did view,
For till first dead, men never get their due.

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66

This by *Helias* there may be resolv'd,
How he and *Enoch* were from hence estrang'd ;
If wing'd with flames, or in some cloud involv'd,
(No usuall guests) along'st the ayre they rang'd ;
If they their bodies kept, or were dissolv'd,
Or in what forme to scape, corruption chang'd :
Christs Ushers thus, their passage serves to prove,
How we with glory once may mount above.

67

Who try'd each state, both best, and worst, a space,
The spite of Satan, mercies of the Lord,
In body wounded, spoil'd of goods, and race,
By heaven abandon'd, by the world abhorr'd,
By wife, and friends accus'd, as falne from grace,
Yet what was lost had (multipli'd) restor'd :
With many other doubts he this can cleare,
How he (a *Gentile*) then to God was deare.

68

If one would know the deeps of Naturall things,
How farre that wisedome could her power extend ;
What usuall issue every cause forth brings,
The meanes most apt to compasse any end ;
The wisest then of men, or yet of Kings,
Whose spatious judgement all could comprehend,
Great *Solomon* such mysteries can teach,
As all Philosophers could never reach.

69

Of these ten Tribes that were the *Gentiles* prey,
We then may learne the course how good, or ill,
If they with them incorporated stay,
Or if that there the Lord their race did kill,
Or else from thence did leade them all away,
By Seas, and deserts, working wonders still :
As yet reserv'd their ancient lands to gaine,
If he by them would show his power againe.

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70

As from the Ancients that best understood,
We there may learne the grounds whence knowledge springs,
So they may know from us (a greater good)
What their beginnings to perfection brings ;
Who (babe-like first) were nurs'd with tender food,
By Types, and figures, masking sprituall things,
Whil'st temporall blessings entertain'd their faith,
Who scarcely knew true grace, were fear'd for wrath.

71

The ancient Fathers of her infant state,
For constancy by persecution crown'd,
The Churches progresse chearfully relate,
In spite of Tyrants which no power could bound ;
Which wax'd in trouble, bath'd by bloud, grew great,
Till all the world behov'd to heare her sound ;
And where on earth long militant before,
She now triumphs in heaven for evermore.

72

The greatest comfort that on earth we finde,
Is to converse with them whose gifts we love,
So variously to recreate the minde,
And that this meanes our judgment may improve,
Loe here are all by sacred pennes design'd,
Whose parts not onely men, but God did move :
Some of each science can all doubts resolve,
Which wits in errours maze did oft involve.

73

But what great folly to imagine this ?
Since here each man can every thing discerne,
When all perfection full accomplish'd is,
And nothing rests more requisite to learne ;
The Lord such qualities, as onely his,
Doth freely give to them whom they concerne :
None needs to borrow, as penurious now,
The Lord to all doth liberally allow.

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74

He earst would have the Priests of each degree,
That at his Altar were to serve approv'd,
From all deformities by Nature free,
With bodies sound, as fit to be belov'd ;
Perchance because all else by custome be,•
(As obvious to scorne) too quickly mov'd;
Where his should have what others would allure,
A Count'nance calme, affections that are pure.

75

And shall not these appointed to have place,
(Triumphing still) in the eternall towne,
The new *Ierusalem*, the seate of grace,
Whom Christ with glory doth as conq'rours crowne,
Shall they not have true beauty in the face,
Which never blush shall burne, nor teare shall drowne ?
There every member perfect made at length,
Shall have proportion, comelinesse and strength.

76

These eyes that here were lock'd up from the light,
And scarce had beene acquainted with the day,
Then (lightning glory) shall appeare more bright
Nor is the Mornings torch, which rayes array ;
They that were deafe shall heare each accent right ;
Some who were dumbe, shall then Gods praise display :
Who all the bodie doth to strength restore,
That with defects had tainted beene before.

77

They whom sterne death when infants did surprise,
And even ere borne abortives did pursue,
What such might be though none can now surmise,
Till demonstration prove conjectures true,
Shall at the last in the same stature rise,
The which to them potentially was due :
(Their litle dust then all extended soone,)
A moment doth what yeares should earst have done.

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78

Exhausted age (Times prey) that hath runne post,
Whose eyes as if asham'd (when fail'd) sinke in,
Which onely serves of what hath beene to boast,
With shaking joynts, and with a withered skin,
Shall then revive, recovering what was lost ;
All is restor'd that forfeited for sinne ;
And Phenix-like new beauties all display,
" They must be perfect that in heaven can stay.

79

Babes from the Cradle carried to the ground,
Who did not live to get, nor give offence ;
The ag'd by weakenesse that to bed were bound,
Of lifes three kinds scarce keeping that of sense ;
Both rysing now may of these yeares be found,
Which Christ might count when as he parted hence :
Or else they shall all in that state be seene,
For health and beauty, which their best hath beene.

80

Our bodies shall not then as now grow grosse,
(Exulting humors tending to excesse)
Nor can extenuate, since free from crosse,
Which might distemper, alter, or make lesse;
They have no excrements, corruptions drosse,
Which doth our vilenesse palpablie expresse :
For in that Citty nothing shall be seene,
That either is infirme, or yet uncleane.

81

What wonder must the shining substance move,
Of sprituall bodies, when divinely borne ?
Iudge by some parts what all the rest may prove,
This onely uselesse fleece from Creatures shorne,
(More bright then are *Berinthia's* haires above)
As beames the Sunne shall every head adorne ;
Then pretious stones for ornament most meete,
More glorious are the nailes of hands and feete.

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82

The face, heavens frontispice, the braines chiefe spheares,
Where intellectuall powers their course doe sway ;
The eyes are starres, externall orbes the eares,
Lips, mornings blushing flames, cheeks, lightning day ;
Legs, not their burden, them their burden beares,
The Armes, like Angels wings, through th'ayre doe stray,
Man skie-like bright, but still from tempest free,
(Earst little world) a little heaven may be.

83

As *Adam* once (whil'st naked) free from sinne,
Was not asham'd to walke before the Lord,
So shall the Saints (when glory doth begin)
Be to the same integrity restor'd ;
No barenesse, robes, but brightnesse deckes the skinne,
Which no way else could be so much decor'd :
For, nakednesse when shining every where,
Is purenesse, and not impudency there.

84

The rayments held most rich for silke or gold,
Would but deforme, and no way could adorne,
Nor shall we need a guard against the cold,
Of things too oft superfluously borne ;
As simple, sluggish, poore, none can unfold
What scandall can procure, contempt, or scorne :
No weakenesse is that any covering needs,
But all are shown, both bodies, thoughts, and deeds.

85

The bodies beauties that are thus expos'd,
Though both the sexes haunt together must,
(Nought can take fire, where fire is not enclos'd)
Shall neither snare, nor tempt the minde with lust ;
Since generations period is impos'd,
We leave such thoughts when rising with the dust :
All carnall fancies quite extinguish'd rest,
And sprituall love doth ravish every brest.

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86

As naked Angels innocently live,
With pure affections, quite estrang'd from ill,
And covet nothing, but doe onely give
To God attendance, and obey his will ;
So shall we then with mutuall ardour strive,
(All concupiscence past) whom zeale doth fill
To love the Lord, and still his praise to sing,
Not capable of any other thing.

87

Though beauty thus a blessing doth remain,
And (made immortall) not by time surpris'd,
Yet this even here is but the least we gaine,
A quality, no vertue, meanely priz'd,
We shall more strength and nimblenesse attaine,
Then ever hath been found, or yet devis'd,
Not vex'd to conquer, from invasion free,
We cannot wish but that which straight shall be.

88

The greatest cause of wearinesse below,
By building Babels of confounding doubt,
(To search out truth still making us too slow)
Is this grosse burden that we beare about ;
So that whil'st bent what is remote to know,
From this strict jayle, still strugling to be out :
What labour hath the interrupted minde,
Though sleep arrest, which scarce can be confin'd ?

89

But when the Lord doth these defects supply,
By which the bodies pow'rs are thus impair'd,
As Planets keep their course above the sky,
They move, as bright and swift, and when compar'd,
To Angels every where like them they flye,
By secret vertue, spritually prepar'd :
No weakenesse then the bodies can controule,
And they in motion second may the soule.

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90

Infirmities abandon'd all with sinnes,
The body as it would past faults defray,
To serve the soule, obsequiously beginnes,
Which us most gorgeously doth then array,
To Fowles as feathers, to the Fishes finnes,
Affording meanes to further still their way :
The bodies then (as soules direct) doe move,
And have no stop below, nor yet above.

91

No painefull sicknesse, nor consuming sore,
Which now with new alarmes us oft invest,
Shall vexe the soule with anguish any more,
As charging this fraile fort to yeeld her guest,
Nor shall she then, with passions (as before)
Of her deare partner interrupt the rest ;
With mutuall pleasures multipli'd in force,
This second marriage nothing can divorce.

92

Through heaven and earth (though travelling o're all)
In these two volumes, Gods great workes to see,
No danger is that can their course appall,
Nor can they faint who still in triumph be,
And may themselves in stately seats enstall,
As Kings, or Priests, or greater in degree :
Whil'st they (all light) see all about them light,
Immortall Minions in their makers sight.

93

O ! happy soules, who fil'd with heavenly things,
There for your mates continually shall have
The holy Prophets, Patriarchs, and Kings,
Apostles, Martyrs, all whom Christ did save ;
This to my minde so great contentment brings,
Words cannot utter what my thoughts conceive :
But what more good can be surmiz'd then this ?
The Lord their King, and heaven their kingdome is.

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94

Nor were it much such happinesse to finde,
But quickly might make all our pleasures vaine,
If to decay at any time design'd,
We possibly were capable of paine,
The feare of that would still torment the minde,
Which true contentment thus could not attaine :
" For the more pretious that a treasure proves,
" The greater care the jealous owner moves.

95

All that could perish, to confusion past,
Extinguish'd time no period can pretend,
No expectation now accounts shall cast,
Whose progresse doth on Natures course depend :
All then expir'd, or perfected, at last,
We have no ends, nor nothing then can end :
But all things there from bounds and measure free,
Eternall are, and infinite must be.

96

We neither then can doe, nor suffer ill,
Nor need wee feare (as earst before) to fall.
The man who first had Paradise at will,
Made all who followed by his forfeit thrall ;
The man who first tooke heaven (there raigning still)
Our great Redeemer hath secur'd us all :
So that obeying what he doth command,
Though Angels fell, wee shall be sure to stand.

97

The tyrants here that most disturbe our rest,
Are viprous passions, Parricides unkinde,
Though breeding them, who burst out through the breast,
A wretched Parent by her off-spring pin'd,
Whil'st sometime longings sweetly doe molest,
And sometime feares doe shrewdly vexe the minde,
Which alwaies like a Sea some storme must tosse,
Whil'st wishing what we want, or fear'd for losse.

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98

But now a never interrupted blisse,
With constant joy doth full contentment give,
While as the minde not bended, nor remisse,
Can neither wish, nor feare, nor doubt, nor strive,
It having all, what had can never misse,
And (satisfi'd) with confidence doth live :
For (still in peace) we nought save God can love,
And him we have eternally above.

99

Whil'st thus made free from all that can annoy,
To thinke what pleasures soules shall then attaine,
Though all the world their wits in one employ,
Their course would prove ridiculously vaine,
That which was sow'd in teares, is reap'd with joy,
Who here seem'd base, shall then with glory raigne :
This, ravish'd *Paul*, could by no meanes expresse,
Who got a glance of what we shall possesse.

100

Yet shall not all be in like manner grac'd,
But may for glory differ in degree,
Some, shining brighter, or else higher plac'd,
Then all the rest more eminent may be,
And may by Christ more kindely be embrac'd,
Whose love (not merited) must needs rest free.
By *Iohns* example, this on earth was prov'd,
Who on his bosome slept as best belov'd.

101

The Lord even here doth in this course delight,
All sorts distinguish'd both in Church and State,
The Angels that, above, their charge acquite,
As is their ranke and turne, in order wait :
The Elders (plac'd in chayres) were cloath'd in white,
The holy Towne, by Tribes, names every gate :
And these are said of all to shine most bright,
Who by their meanes brought others to the light.

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102

Of all that are in heavens great booke enrol'd,
The meanest man, though many goe before,
More pleas'd then wretches can be made by gold,
Shall envy none ; nor can he covet more :
Some vessels as the big abound in store,
When having all that they are fit to hold,
And every soule that once the heavens receive,
Hath as much pleasure as it can conceive.

103

Here with their gifts, none fully pleas'd doth prove,
But seeke that Nature may be help'd by Art,
Yet, with themselves all are so much in love,
That though in others they may praise some part,
I know not what selfe-flatt'ring thoughts doe move,
There is not one that would exchange his heart :
" Our owne intentions still we perfect finde ;
" Their fortunes many, none would change their minde.

104

Then, this farre rather may beliefe procure,
That those in heaven (how ever in degree,
Free from defects) still joyfull, and secure,
Can nothing wish, enjoying all they see,
And so for ever certaine to endure,
Then what they are, no other way would be :
They true contentment absolutely gaine,
Which wanting here, is cause of all our paine.

105

This vaste triangle, this most huge small thing,
Lifes quaking center, still first quicke, last kill'd,
Which all the world within it selfe can bring,
Yet like an empty gulfe cannot be fil'd,
From whence deep flouds of raging thoughts do spring,
By which the peace of mans short space is spill'd :
The ground of courage, all the bodies strength,
It still is pin'd, till spent by paine at length.

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106

Or else this sparke, though under cloud ; yet cleare,
(As rayes the Sunne) which doth the deity show,
And to the same still striving to draw neare,
From whence we are, would gladly make us know,
In heaven a native, and a stranger here,
As in antipathie with things below,
Till once arriv'd, where it doth alwaies tend ;
" Cares lingring progresse cannot have an end.

107

But when the Lord, his (farre from what before,
Whil'st they on th'earth (as worms) were earst despis'd)
From forfeiture entirely shall restore,
Amongst the blessed bands to be compris'd,
Then they themselves could wish, they shall have more,
Or yet then could by mankinde be devis'd :
Imaginations reach this farre exceeds,
And with contentment an amazement breeds.

108

There pleasures height no words can serve to tell,
Since for their measure infinitely great,
Whose qualities (as quint-essenc'd) excell,
For time, eternall, which no bounds can date,
The place is heaven, where they with God doe dwell,
And are advanc'd to a most glorious state :
Like man and Angels earst, to sinne not thrall,
And certifi'd that they shall never fall.

109

These mysteries no mortals wit can try,
Nor could corruption with their light comport ;
Which, though like *Paul* admitted them to spy,
None could conceive, farre lesse could them report :
The Ancients all were straight afraid to dye,
When having seene the Lord in any sort :
And of such things who capable would prove,
Must first be glorified, as guests above.

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110

This is the joy that every soule doth fill,
That they the Lord continually shall see,
With humble reverence waiting on his will,
To minister, as marshal'd in degree ;
And, there contemplating his glory still,
All zeale and love, as cloath'd with flames, shall be :
And him who did them thus so highly raise,
Celestiall Quiristers, not pray, but praise.

111

Where we were earst a prey to cold and heat,
Mechanickly engag'd to abject toyles,
Whose bread behov'd to have a sawce of sweat,
Who for apparell rob'd each creatures spoyles,
Whil'st compassing the Lambs majesticke feat,
That every breast with sacred ardour boyles :
As needlesse then this week for worke removes,
And all for God an endlesse Sabbath proves.

112

We shall Gods people be, and he our Lord,
Who comes with us continually to stay,
(Death, griefe, nor paine, no more) with goodnesse stor'd,
He from our eyes shall wipe all teares away,
And of life's water freely shall afford
To them who thirst, that they no more decay :
Whom (all accomplish'd) we may justly call
The first, the last, the three, the one, the all.

113

Thou that didst guide me through such divers grounds,
Imparting strength to reach my wished port,
Here make me rest amid'st this heavenly bounds,
With Saints and Angels freely to resort,
That (these my notes accorded with their sounds)
I by experience clearely may report
The state of heaven, to magnifie thy name,
And there thy praise eternally proclame.

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To Prince CHARLES.

THAT which I first for Henries *life did sound,*
Shall spite of death, which did high hopes betray,
A speaking pledge, a living token stay,
Which with his name shall make my love renown'd;
His successor, thou may'st make use of this,
Which freely showes what Princes doe deserve;
It both him dead, and thee alive may serve,
Thy fames presage, a monument of his.
That Charles *of* France, *admir'd so much for worth,*
Religious, valiant, was call'd justly Great;
Thou hast his name, strive for his worth and state,
Great in great Britaine, to adorne the North:
That all the world with wondring eyes may see,
What was from Henry *hop'd, perform'd by thee.*

This sonnet is wanting in C.

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A PARÆNESIS TO PRINCE HENRY.

1

Loe here (brave youth) as zeale and duty move,
I labour (though in vaine) to finde some gift,
Both worthy of thy place, and of my loue,
But whil'st my selfe above my selfe I lift,
And would the best of my inventions prove,
I stand to study what should be my drift ;
Yet this the greatest approbation brings,
Still to a Prince to speake of Princely things.

2

When those of the first age that earst did live
In shadowie woods, or in a humid Cave,
And taking that which th'earth not forc'd did give,
Would onely pay what Natures need did crave ;
Then beasts of breath such numbers did deprive,
That (following *Amphion*) they did desarts leave :
Who with sweet sounds did leade them by the eares,
Where mutuall force might banish common feares.

3

Then building walles, they barbarous rites disdain'd,
The sweetnesse of society to finde ;
And to attayne what unity maintain'd,
As peace, religion, and a vertuous minde ;

In C the title runs : " A PARÆNESIS to the Prince."

[3] C. That's worthie of thy greatnesse, and of my loue [5] C. of mine [11] C. vnforc'd [12] C. Would pay but that which [13] C. Then beasts such numbers did of breath [14] C. *Amphion* those retires did leaue [15] C. Who with harmonious sounds brought them together [16] C. That each in danger might assist another [19] C. And all t'attaine that th'vnion entertain'd

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That so they might have restlesse humours rayn'd,
They straight with lawes their liberty confin'd :
And of the better sort the best preferr'd,
To chastise them against the lawes that err'd.

4

I wot not if proud mindes who first aspir'd
O're many Realmes to make themselves a right ;
Or if the worlds disorders so requir'd,
That then had put *Astræa* to the flight ;
Or else if some whose vertues were admir'd,
And eminent in all the peoples sight,
Did move Peace-lovers first to reare a Throne,
And give the keyes of life and death to one.

5

That dignity when first it did begin,
Did grace each Province and each little Towne ;
Forth when she first doth from *Benlowmond* rinne,
Is poore of waters, naked of renowne,
But *Carron*, *Allon*, *Teath*, and *Doven* in,
Doth grow the greater still, the further downe :
Till that abounding both in power and fame,
She long doth strive to give the Sea her name.

6

Even so those Soveraignties which once were small,
Still swallowing up the nearest neighbouring State,
With a deluge of men did Realmes appall,
And thus th'Egyptian Pharoes first grew great ;
Thus did th'Assyrians make so many thrall,
Thus rear'd the Romans their imperiall seat :
And thus all those great states to worke have gone,
Whose limits and the worlds were all but one.

[28] C. Their liberties with lawes they straight [24] C. chastise those [25] C. if th'ambitious that aspir'd [29] C. Or if t'was some [31] C. That mou'd peace-louers for to reare [33] C. When as that dignitie did first [34] C. T'was proper to each prouince and t'each towne [35] C. And as when *Forth* doth [36] C. Shee's poore of [37] C. But taking *Teath*, *Allon*, and *Douen* in [40] C. She striues with th'Ocean, who should brooke the name [43] C. did th'earth appall [46] C. And thus the Romaines rear'd th'

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7

But I'le not plunge in such a stormy deepe,
Which hath no bottome, nor can have no shore,
But in the dust will let those ashes sleepe,
Which (cloath'd with purple) once th'earth did adore ;
Of them scarce now a monument wee keepe,
Who (thund'ring terrour) curb'd the world before ;
Their States which by a numbers ruine stood,
Were founded, and confounded, both with bloud.

8

If I would call antiquity to minde,
I, for an endlesse taske might then prepare,
But what ? ambition that was ever blinde,
Did get with toyle that which was kept with care,
And those great States 'gainst which the world repin'd,
Had falls, as famous, as their risings rare :
And in all ages it was ever seene,
What vertue rais'd, by vice hath ruin'd been.

9

Yet registers of memorable things
Would helpe (great Prince) to make thy judgement sound,
Which to the eye a perfect mirrour brings,
Where all should glasse themselves who would be crown'd,
Reade these rare parts that acted were by Kings,
The straines heroicke, and the end renown'd :
Which (whilst thou in thy Cabinet do'st sit)
Are worthy to bewitch thy growing wit.

10

And doe not, doe not (thou) the meanes omit,
Times match'd with times, what they beget to spy,

[50] C. That neither hath a bottome, nor a shore [51] C. Ile let [54] C. That haue so thundred in the world before [58] C. I might me for an [61] C. And all those mightie Monarchies we find [62] C. Their falls were famous, as [63] C. And euer since th'vnconstant world began [64] C. All that by vice was lost, which vertue wan [69] C. Seeke out a stage where th'actors all are Kings [70] C. The parts heroicke [72] C. Is worthy whiles t'amuse thy [73] C. do not now the [76] C. To match the time that comes with it that's by

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Since history may leade thee unto it,
A pillar whereupon good sprites rely,
Of time the table, and the Nurse of wit,
The square of reason, and the mindes cleare eye :
Which leads the curious reader through huge harms,
Who stands secure whil'st looking on alarmes.

11

Nor is it good o're brave mens lives to wander,
As one who at each corner stands amaz'd,
No, study like some one thy selfe to render,
Who to the height of glory hath been rais'd ;
So *Scipio*, *Cyrus*, *Cæsar*, *Alexander*,
And that great Prince chos'd him whom *Homer* prais'd,
Or make (as which is recent, and best knowne)
Thy fathers life a patterne for thine owne.

12

Yet marking great mens lives, this much impaires
The profit which that benefit imparts,
While as transported with preposterous cares,
To imitate but superficiall parts,
Some for themselves frame of their fancies snares,
And shew what folly doth o're-sway their hearts :
" For counterfeited things doe staines embrace,
" And all that is affected, hath no grace.

13

Of outward things who (shallow wits) take hold,
Doe shew by that they can no higher winne,
So, to resemble *Hercules* of old,
Mark Antony would beare the Lyons skinne ;
A brave Athenians sonne (as some have told)
Would such a course (though to his scorne) begin :
And bent to seem look like his father dead,
Would make himselfe to lispe, and bow his head.

[77] C. The table of all times, the nurce of [79] C. That leades th'vndanger'd Reader [80] C. Who stands as t'were secure amidst th' [83] C. labour like [89] C. Yet looking [97] C. All those that of those outward things [101] C. And th'heire of *Alcibiades* it's told [103] C. Who to seeme like his father that was dead

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14

They who would rightly follow such as those,
Must of the better parts apply the pow'rs,
As the industrious Bee advis'dly goes,
To seize upon the best, shunne baser flowres ;
So, where thou do'st the greatest worth disclose,
To compasse that, be prodigall of houres :
Seeke not to seeme, but be ; who be, seeme too,
Doe carelesly, and yet have care to doe.

15

Thou to resemble thy renowned Syre,
Must not (though some there were) mark triviall things,
But matchlesse vertues which all mindes admire,
Whose treasure to his Realmes great comfort brings ;
That to attaine (thou race of Kings) aspire,
Which for thy fame may furnish ayery wings :
And like to Eaglets thus thou prov'st thy kinde,
When both like him, in body, and in minde.

16

Ah, be not those most miserable soules,
Their judgements to refine who never strive !
Nor will not looke upon the learned scroules,
Which without practice doe experience give ;
But (whil'st base sloth each better care controules)
Are dead in ignorance, entomb'd alive ?
'Twixt beasts and such the difference is but small,
They use not reason, beasts have none at all.

17

O! heavenly treasure which the best sort loves,
Life of the soule, reformer of the will,

[105] C. No, who would [107] C. And as th'industrious [111] C. And studie not so much to seeme, as be [112] C. Nor seeme not for to know that which we see [113] C. And to resemble [116] C. Thou hast not to affect no slender things [117] C. T'attaine to those [118] C. That they may yeeld thy fame immortall wings [119] C. Eaglets prouing thus [120] C. Thou art both his of bodie and of mind [122] C. That for to fine their iudgements [124] C. That do experience to th'vnpractis'd giue [127] C. Twixt such and beasts [129] C. O diuine treasure, that

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Cleare light, which from the mind each cloud removes,
Pure spring of vertue, Physicke for each ill,
Which in prosperity a bridle proves,
And in adversity a Pillar still ;
Of thee the more men get, the more they crave,
And thinke, the more they get, the lesse they have.

18

But if that knowledge be requir'd of all,
What should they doe this treasure to obtaine,
Whom in a Throne, Time travels to enstall,
Where they by it of all things must ordaine ?
If it make them who by their birth were thrall,
As little Kings, whil'st o're themselves they raigne,
Then it must make, when it hath throughly grac'd them,
Kings more then Kings, and like to him who plac'd them.

19

This is a griefe which all the world bemones,
When those lack judgement who are borne to judge,
And like to painted Tombes, or guilded stones,
To troubled soules cannot afford refuge ;
Kings are their Kingdomes hearts, which tainted once,
The bodies straight corrupt in which they lodge :
And those, by whose example many fall,
Are guilty of the murther of them all.

20

The meanes which best make Majestie to stand,
Are laws observ'd, whil'st practise doth direct :
The Crowne, the head, the Scepter decks the hand,
But onely knowledge doth the thoughts erect ;
Kings should excell all them whom they command,
In all the parts which do procure respect :
And this, a way to what they would, prepares,
Not onely as thought good, but as known theirs.

[133] C. That in [139] C. Whom time doth promise in a throne t'enstall [146] C. Whilst those [146] C. Are for th'afflicted people no refuge [150] C. The bodies straight must die, in which [152] C. murder [154] C. Are lawes obseru'd, good counsels brought t'effect [160] C. Not onely that it's good, but that it's theirs

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21

Seek not due reverence onely to procure,
With shows of Soveraignty, and guards oft lewd,
So *Nero* did, yet could not so assure
The hated Diademe with bloud imbru'd ;
Nor as the *Persian* Kings, who liv'd obscure,
And of their Subjects rarely would be view'd ;
So one of them was secretly o're-thrown,
And in his place the Murtherer raign'd unknown.

22

No, onely goodnesse doth beget regard,
And equity doth greatest glory winne,
To plague for vice, and Vertue to reward,
What they intend, that, bravely to begin ;
This is to Soveraigntie a powerfull guard,
And makes a Princes praise o're all come in :
Whose life (his Subjects law) clear'd by his deeds,
More then *Iustinians* toyls, good order breeds.

23

All those who o're unbaptiz'd Nations raign'd,
By barbarous customes sought to foster feare,
And with a Thousand tyrannies constrain'd
All them whom they subdu'd their yoke to beare,
But those whom great *Iehovah* hath ordain'd,
Above the Christians, lawfull Thrones to reare :
Must seek by worth, to be obey'd for love,
So having raign'd below, to raigne above.

24

O happy *Henrie*, who art highly borne,
Yet beautifi'st thy birth with signes of worth,
And (though a Childe) all childish toyes do'st scorne,
To shew the world thy vertues budding forth,

[161] C. Nor should they seeke respect for to [162] C. With loath'd tyrannicke deedes, and guards most leud [164] C. The brangling Diademe [172] C. That which they would haue done, for to begin [173] C. This is t'authoritie [174] C. praise ore all to rin [175] C. clear'd with [177] C. that ore th'vnbaptiz'd [178] C. sought t'engender feare [183] C. by loue

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Which may by Time this glorious Isle adorne,
And bring eternall Trophees to the North,
While as thou do'st thy Fathers forces leade,
And art the hand, whileas he is the head.

25

Thou, like that gallant Thunder-bolt of warre,
Third *Edwards* Sonne, who was so much renown'd,
Shalt shine in valour as the morning starre,
And plenish with thy praise the peopled round ;
But like to his, let nought thy fortune marre,
Who, in his Fathers time, did dye uncrown'd :
Long live thy Syre, so all the world desires,
But longer thou, so Natures course requires.

26

And, though Time once thee, by thy birth-right owes,
Those sacred honours which men most esteeme,
Yet flatter not thy selfe with those faire showes,
Which often-times are not such as they seeme,
Whose burd'nous weight, the bearer but o're-throws,
That could before of no such danger deeme :
Then if not, arm'd in time, thou make thee strong,
Thou dost thy selfe, and many a thousand wrong.

27

Since thou must manage such a mighty State,
Which hath no borders, but the Seas, and Skies,
Then even as he who justly was call'd great,
Did (prodigall of paines where fame might rise)
With both the parts of worth in worth grow great,
As learn'd, as valiant, and as stout as wise :
So now let *Aristotle* lay the ground,
Whereon thou after may thy greatnesse found.

201 C. Although time 204 C. Which are not altogether as 210 C. Now border'd but with th'Ocean and the skies 212 C. to fame t'arise 213 C. parts of worth, his worth dilate

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28

For if transported with a base repose,
Thou did'st (as thou dost not) mispend thy prime,
O ! what a faire occasion would'st thou lose,
Which after would thee grieve, though out of Time !
To vertuous courses now thy thoughts dispose,
While fancies are not glu'd with pleasures lyme :
Those who their youth to such like paines engage,
Do gain great ease unto their perfect age.

29

Magnanimous, now, with heroicke parts,
Shew to the world what thou dost ayme to be,
The more to print in all the peoples hearts,
That which thou would'st they should expect of Thee,
That so (preoccupi'd with such desarts)
They after may applaud the heavens decree
When that day comes ; which if it come too soone,
Then thou and all this Isle would be undone.

30

And otherwise what trouble should'st thou finde,
If first not seiz'd of all thy Subjects love ;
To ply all humours till thy worth have shin'd,
That even most mal-contents must it approve ?
For else a number would suspend their minde,
As doubting what thou afterwards might'st prove,
And when a States affections thus are cold,
Of that advantage Forreiners take hold.

31

I grant in this thy Fortune to be good,
That art t'inherit such a glorious Crowne,

217 C. For if addicted to 220 C. would be rued 221 C. Now to a vertuous course 223 C. youth t'a little paines 224 C. Acquire great ease 225 C. Now is it time with magnanimious (*sic*) parts 226 C. To shew the world what thou pretend'st to be 227 C. And for t'imprint in 229 C. deserts 235 C. To deale with diuers humors, and to bind 236 C. Perchance some mal-contents thy course t'approue 237 C. For then 238 C. afterward 239 C. a Realmes

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As one descended from that sacred bloud,
Which oft hath fill'd the world with true renowne :
The which still on the top of glory stood,
And not so much as once seem'd to look downe :
For who thy branches to remembrance brings,
Count what he list, he cannot count but Kings.

32

And pardon me, for I must pause a while,
And at a thing of right to be admir'd,
Since those, from whom thou cam'st, reign'd in this Isle,
Loe, now of yeares even thousands are expir'd ;
Yet none could there them thrall, nor thence exile,
Nor ever fail'd the lyne so much desir'd :
The hundred and seventh parent living free,
A never conquer'd Crowne may leave to thee.

33

Nor hath this onely happened as by chance,
Of alterations, then there had beene some,
But that brave race which still did worth enhaunce,
Would so presage the thing that was to come ;
That this united Isle should once advance,
And, by the Lyon led, all Realmes o're-come :
For if it kep't a little, free before,
Now having much (no doubt) it must do more.

34

And though our Nations, long I must confesse,
Did roughly woo before that they could wed ;
That but endeers the Union we possesse,
Whom *Neptune* both combines within one bed :
All ancient injuries this doth redresse,
And buries that which many a battell bred :
" Brave discords reconcil'd (if wrath expire)
" Do breed the greatest love, and most intire.

243 C. As once descended from th'annointed 248 C. but count kings 250 C. a thing that's worthy to b'admir'd 251 C. thou com'st 254 C. Nor neuer 255 C. The hundreth 256 C. May leaue a neuer-conquer'd crowne to thee 257 C. fortun'd but by chance 259 C. But that great Progenie, which still did glance 269 C. All th'ancient 271 C. A discord reconcil'd 272 C. Doth

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35

Of *Englands Mary*, had it beene the chance
To make King *Philip* Father of a Sonne,
The *Spaniards* high designes so to advance,
All *Albions* beauties had beene quite o're-runne :
Or yet if *Scotlands Mary* had heir'd *France*,
Our bondage then had by degrees begun :
Of which, if that a stranger hold a part,
To take the other that would meanes impart.

36

Thus from two dangers we were twise preserv'd,
When as we seem'd without recovery lost,
As from their freedome those who freely swerv'd,
And suffer'd strangers of our bounds to boast ;
Yet were we for this happy time reserv'd,
And, but to hold it deare, a little crost :
That of the *Stewarts* the Illustrious race,
Might, like their mindes, a Monarchie embrace.

37

Of that blest Progeny, the well known worth
Hath, of the people, a conceit procur'd,
That from the race it never can go forth,
But long hereditary, is well assur'd,
Thus (Sonne of that great Monarch of the North)
They to obey, are happily inur'd :
O're whom thou art expected once to raigne,
To have good Ancestours one much doth gaine.

38

He who by tyranny his Throne doth reare,
And dispossesse another of his right,

[274] C. T'haue made [275] C. The haughtie-minded Spaniards pride t'aduance [278] C. This yle to liue in thraldome had begunne [279] C. brookt a part [280] C. That would to take the other meanes impart [281] C. Thus were we from two dangers [283] C. As those that from their freedome [285] C. preseru'd [287] C. That of the Stuarts might th'vndanted race [288] C. Dominions equall with their minds imbrace [289] C. th'experienc'd worth [292] C. But as hereditary is thought assur'd [294] C. They are t'obedience [295] C. for to raigne [296] C. 'tis a great gaine

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Whose panting heart dare never trust his eare,
Since still made odious in the peoples sight,
Whil'st he both hath, and gives, great cause of feare,
Is (spoyling all) at last spoil'd of the light :
And those who are descended of his bloud,
Ere that they be beleev'd, must long be good.

39

Yet though we see it is an easie thing,
For such a one his State still to maintaine,
Who by his birth-right borne to be a King,
Doth with the Countreys love, the Crowne obtaine,
The same doth many to confusion bring,
Whil'st, for that cause, they care not how they raigne.
" O never Throne establish'd was so sure,
" Whose fall a vitious Prince might not procure !

40

Thus do a number to destruction runne,
And so did *Tarquin* once abuse his place,
Who for the filthy life he had begun,
Was barr'd from *Rome*, and ruin'd all his race ;
So he whose Father of no King was Sonne,
Was Father to no King ; but, in disgrace
From *Sicile* banish'd, by the peoples hate,
Did dye at *Corinth* in an abject state.

41

And as that Monarch merits endlesse praise,
Who by his vertue doth a state acquire,
So all the world with scornfull eyes may gaze
On their degener'd stemmes which might aspire,
As having greater pow'r, their power to raise,
Yet of their race the ruine do conspire :
And for their wrong-spent life with shame do end,
" Kings chastis'd once, are not allow'd t'amend.

300 C. for being odious 306 C. state for to maintaine 307 C. Who being by his birth-right borne a King 315 C. th'infamous life 319 C. with the people 320 C. in *Corinth* in a base estate 322 C. Who hath first founded some renown'd Empire 328 C. they get no time t'amend

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42

Those who reposing on their Princely name,
Can never give themselves to care for ought,
But for their pleasures every thing would frame,
As all were made for them, and they for nought,
Once th'earth their bodies, men will spoyle their fame,
Though whil'st they live, all for their ease be wrought :
And those conceits on which they do depend,
Do but betray their fortunes in the end.

43

This selfe-conceit doth so the Iudgement choake,
That when with some ought well succeeds through it,
They on the same with great affection look,
And scorne th'advice of others to admit ;
Thus did brave *Charles* the last *Burgundian* Duke
Deare buy a battell purchas'd by his wit :
By which in him such confidence was bred,
That blinde presumption to confusion led.

44

O! sacred Counsell, quint-essence of souls,
Strength of the Common-wealth, which chaines the fates,
And every danger (ere it come) controuls,
The anker of great Realmes, staffe of all States ;
O ! sure foundation which no Tempest fouls,
On which are builded the most glorious seats !
If ought with those succeed who scorne thy care,
It comes by chance, and draws them in a snare.

45

Thrice happy is that King, who hath the grace
To chuse a Councell whereon to relye,
Which loves his person, and respects his place,
And (like to *Aristides*) can cast by

333 C. Once th'earth will spoile their bodies, men their fame 337 C. iudgement smoke 338 C. ought well succeeds with some 343 C. Who euer after trusting to the same 344 C. Was brought vnto confusion and to shame 350 C. builded glorious workes, great seates 352 C. It's but by chance 356 C. And like *Aristides* can whiles cast by

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All private grudge, and publike cares imbrace,
Whom no Ambition nor base thoughts do tye :
And that they be not, to betray their seats,
The partiall Pensioners of forreine States.

46

None should but those of that grave number boast,
Whose lives have long with many vertues shin'd ;
As *Rome* respected the *Patricians* most,
Use Nobles first, if to true worth inclin'd :
Yet so, that unto others seeme not lost
All hope to rise, for else (high hopes resign'd)
Industrious Vertue in her course would tyre,
If not expecting Honour for her hyre.

47

But such as those a Prince should most eschue,
Who dignities do curiously affect ;
A publike charge, those who too much pursue,
Seeme to have some particular respect,
All should be godly, prudent, secret, true,
Of whom a King his Councell should elect :
And he, whil'st they advise of zeale and love,
Should not the number, but the best approve.

48

A great discretion is requir'd to know
What way to weigh opinions in his minde ;
But ah ! this doth the judgement oft o're-throw,
When whil'st he comes within himselfe confin'd,
And of the Senate would but make a show,
So to confirme that which he hath design'd,
As one who onely hath whereon to rest,
For Councellours, his thoughts, their seat his brest.

357 C. the publicke cares t'embrace 358 C. Voide of ambition, hatred or enuie 362 C. vertues glaunc'd 364 C. The Nobles (if themselues) should first b'aduanc'd 365 C. Yet in such sort that others haue not lost 366 C. rise, then worth would not b'enhaunc'd 367 C. For painefull vertue in her 368 C. Were not she hopes t'haue honor for 371 C. Who doth for any publike charge pursue 372 C. He must haue some 373 C. They should be 376 C. Should not the maniest 377 C. There needs a great discretion for to know 378 C. To ballance each opinion 380 C. While as he comes 382 C. For to confirme

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49

But what avails a Senate in this sort,
Whose pow'r within the Capitoll is pent ?
A blast of breath which doth for nought import,
But mocks the world with a not act'd intent ;
Those are the counsels which great States support,
Which, never are made knowne but by th'event :
Not those where wise-men matters do propose,
And fooles thereafter as they please dispose.

50

Nor is this all which ought to be desir'd,
In this Assembly (since the kingdomes soule)
That with a knowledge more then rare inspir'd,
A Common-wealth, like *Plato's*, in a scroule
They can paint forth, but meanes are too acquir'd,
Disorders torrent freely to controule ;
And arming with authority their lines,
To act with justice that which wit designes.

51

Great Empresse of this universall frame,
The *Atlas* on whose shoulders States are stay'd,
Who sway'st the raynes which all the world do tame,
And mak'st men good by force, with red array'd :
Disorders enemy, Virgin without blame,
Within whose ballance, good and bad are weigh'd.
O ! Soveraigne of all vertues, without Thee
Nor peace, nor warre, can entertained be.

52

Thou from confusion all things hast redeem'd :
The meeting of *Amphictyons* had beene vaine,
And all those Senates which were most esteem'd,
Wer't not by thee, their Counsels crown'd remaine,

388 C. with th'vnperform'd intent 393 C. to be requir'd 394 C. that's the kingdomes soule 397 C. meanes must by them b'acquird 398 C. The torrent of disorder to 404 C. And makes 410 C. Th'assembly of th'

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And all those laws had but dead letters seem'd,
Which *Solon*, or *Lycurgus*, did ordaine :
Wer't not thy sword made all alike to dye,
And not the weake, while as the strong scap'd by.

53

O! not without great cause all th'ancients did
Paint Magistrates plac'd to explane the laws,
Not having hands, so bribery to forbid,
Which them from doing right, too oft with-draws ;
And with a veile the Iudges eyes were hid,
Who should not see the partie, but the cause :
Gods Deputies, which his Tribunall reare,
Should have a patent, not a partiall eare.

54

The lack of justice hath huge evils begun,
Which by no meanes could be repair'd againe ;
The famous Syre of that more famous Sonne,
From whom (while as he sleeping did remaine)
One did appeale, till that his sleep was done,
And whom a widow did discharge to raigne
Because he had not time plaints to attend,
Did lose his life for such a fault in th'end.

55

This justice is the vertue most divine,
Which like the King of Kings shews Kings inclin'd,
Whose sure foundations nought can under-mine,
If once within a constant breast confin'd :
For otherwise she cannot clearly shine,
While as the Magistrate, oft changing minde,
Is oft too swift, and sometimes slow to strike,
As led by private ends, not still alike.

418 C. Magistrates, that were t'explaine 428 C. For whom 431 C. had not time on plaints t'attend 434 C. Which showes kings like the King of kings 439 C. Doth whiles aduance, and whiles doth stirre to strike 440 C. And being suggested, is not

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56

Use mercie freely, justice, as constrain'd,
This must be done, although that be more deare,
And oft the forme may make the deed disdain'd,
Whil'st justice tasts of tyranny too neare ;
One may be justly, yet in rage arraign'd,
Whil'st Reason rul'd by passions doth appeare :
Once *Socrates* because o're-com'd with ire,
Did from correcting one (till calm'd) retyre.

57

Those who want meanes their anger to asswage,
Do oft themselves, or others rob of breath ;
Fierce *Valentinian*, surfetting in rage,
By bursting of a Veyne did bleed to death ;
And *Theodosius*, still but then, thought sage,
Caus'd murther Thousands, whil'st quite drunk with wrath
Who to prevent the like opprobrious crime,
Made still suspend his Edicts for a time.

58

Of vertuous Kings all th'actions do proceed
Forth from the spring of a paternall love ;
To cherish, or correct (as Realmes have need)
For which he more than for himselfe doth move,
Who many a Millions ease that way to breed,
Makes sometime some his indignation prove,
And like to *Codrus*, would even death imbrace,
If for the Countreys good, and peoples peace.

59

This Lady that so long unarm'd hath stray'd,
Now holds the ballance, and doth draw the sword,
And never was more gloriously array'd,
Nor in short time did greater good afford ;

442 C. Th'one must be done, though th'other be 443 C. And whiles 450 C. Do others oft, whiles rob themselues of 454 C. thousands being drunke with wrath 456 C. Caus'd still 457 C. All th'actions of a vertuous king proceed 458 C. from the source 459 C. To chastise or cherish 460 C. more then 463 C. cares not death t'embrace

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The State which to confusion seem'd betray'd,
And could of nought but bloud, and wrongs, record,
Loe, freed from trouble, and intestine rage,
Doth boast yet to restore the golden age.

60

Thus doth thy Father (generous Prince) prepare,
A way for Thee to gaine Immortall fame,
And layes the grounds of greatnesse with such care,
That thou may'st build great works upon the same ;
Then since thou art to have a Field so faire,
Whereas thou once may'st eternize thy name,
Begin (whileas a greater light thine smothers)
And learne to rule thy selfe, ere thou rul'st others.

61

For still true magnanimity we finde,
Doth harbour early in a generous brest ;
To match *Miltiades*, whose glory shin'd,
Themistocles (a childe) was rob'd of rest ;
Yet strive to be a Monarch of thy minde,
For as to dare great things, all else detest,
A generous emulation spurres the sprite,
Ambition doth abuse the courage quite.

62

Whil'st of illustrious lives thou look'st the story,
Abhorre those Tyrants which still swimm'd in bloud,
And follow those who (to their endlesse glory)
High in their Subjects love by vertue stood ;
O ! be like him who on a Time was sorie,
Because that whil'st he chanc'd to do no good,
There but one day had happened to expire :
He was the worlds delight, the heavens desire.

472 C. boast for to restore 474 C. for thee t'attaine t'immortall 482 C. harbor soone in an Heroicke 486 C. For as t'attempt 488 C. So vaine ambition blinds the 489 C. Whilst of th'illustrious 494 C. Because, while as he 496 C. There hapned but one day for to

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63

But as by mildnesse, some great States do gaine,
By lenity, some lose that which they have,
Englands sixth *Henry* could not live, and raigne,
But (being simple) did huge foils receive :
Brave *Scipio's* Army mutini'd in *Spayne*,
And (by his meeknesse bold) their charge did leave :
O ! to the State it brings great profit oft,
To be sometimes severe, and never soft.

64

To guide his Coursers warely through the skie,
Earst *Phœbus* did his *Phaeton* require,
Since from the midle way if swarving by,
The heavens would burne, or th'earth would be on fire ;
So doth 'twixt two extreames each vertue lye,
To which the purest sprits ought to aspire,
He lives most sure who no extreame doth touch,
Nought would too little be, nor yet too much.

65

Some Kings, whom all men did in hatred hold,
With avaritious thoughts whose breasts were torne,
Too basely given to feast their eyes with gold,
Us'd ill, and abject meanes, which brave minds scorne,
Such whil'st they onely seek (no vice controul'd)
How they may best their Treasuries adorne :
Are (though like *Crœsus* rich) whil'st wealth them blinds,
Yet still as poore as *Irus* in their mindes.

66

And some againe as foolish fancies move,
Who praise prepost'rous fondly do pursue,

497 C. But as some gaine great states by being humaine 498 C. Some through their lenitie lose what 499 C. sixt 501 C. And *Scipioes* armie 502 C. And through his gentlenesse 504 C. For to be whiles seuere, and not still 507 C. Saying, from the straight way if he swaru'd by 512 C. Nothing would be too litle, nor too much 514 C. Whose breasts with auaritious thoughts 515 C. As wretch'd *Vespasian* sought to gather gold 516 C. By base and abiect meanes, that 517 C. Such whilst they seeke not t'haue their greed control'd 518 C. But how they may their 522 C. That praise without discretion do pursue

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Not liberall, no, but prodigall do prove ;
Then whil'st their Treasures they exhausted view,
With Subsidies do lose their Subjects love ;
And spoyle whole Realmes, though but t'enrich a few :
Whil'st with authority their pride they cloake,
Who ought to die by smoke for selling smoke.

67

But O! the Prince most loath'd in every Land,
Is one (all given to lust) who hardly can
Free from some great mishap a long time stand ;
For all the world his deeds with hatred scan ;
Should he who hath the honour to command
The noblest Creature (great Gods Image) man,
Be, to the vilest vice, the basest slave,
The bodies plague, souls death, and honours grave ?

68

That beastly Monster who retyr'd a part,
Amongst his Concubines began to spinne,
Took with the habite too a womans heart,
And ended that which *Ninus* did begin ;
Faint hearted *Xerxes* who did gifts impart,
To them who could devise new wayes to sinne ;
Though back'd with worlds of men, straight took the flight,
And had not courage but to see them fight.

69

Thus doth soft pleasure but abase the minde,
And making one to servile thoughts descend,
Doth make the body weake, the judgement blinde,
An hatefull life, an ignominious end,
Where those who did this raging Tyrant binde,
With vertues Chains, their triumphs to attend :
Have by that meanes a greater glory gain'd,
Then all the Victories which they attain'd.

523 C. In stead of liberall, prodigall do 525 C. With Subsidies their subiects do commoue 526 C. realmes for to enrich a few 530 C. It's one that's giuen 531 C. great mischiefe 537 C. Th'vnnaturall monster, that 543 C. men in th'enemies sight 544 C. Had not the courage for to

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70

The valorous *Persian* who not once but gaz'd
On faire *Pantheas* face to ease his toyls,
His glory, by that continency, rais'd
More than by *Babylons*, and *Lydia's* spoyls ;
The *Macedonian* Monarch was more prais'd,
Than for triumphing o're so many soils,
That of his greatest foe (though beauteous seene)
He chastly entertain'd the captiv'd Queene.

71

Thus have still-gaz'd-at Monarchs much adoe,
Who (all the worlds disorders to redresse)
Should shine like to the Sunne, the which still, loe,
The more it mounts aloft, doth seeme the lesse,
They should with confidence go freely to,
And (trusting to their worth) their will expresse :
Not like *French Lewis* th'eleventh who did maintaine,
That who could not dissemble, could not raigne.

72

But still to guard their State the strongest barre,
And surest refuge in each dangerous storme,
Is to be found a gallant man of warre,
With heart that dare attempt, hands to performe,
Not that they venter should their state too farre,
And to each Souldiers course their course conforme.
The skilfull Pylots at the Rudder sit :
Let others use their strength, and them their wit.

73

In *Mars* his mysteries to gaine renowne,
It gives Kings glory, and assures their place,
It breeds them a respect amongst their owne,
And makes their neighbours feare to lose their grace ;

553 C. that refus'd t'haue gaz'd 554 C. Vpon *Pantheas* beauties, t'ease 556 C. More then 558 C. Then for 569 C. But for to 570 C. And best refuge in euery 571 C. It is, to be 572 C. And t'haue a heart t'attempt 573 C. they hazard should 577 C. t'acquire

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Still all those should, who love to keep their Crowne,
In peace prepare for warre, in warre for peace :
For as all feare a Prince who dare attempt,
The want of courage brings one in contempt.

74

And, royall off-spring, who may'st high aspire,
As one to whom thy birth high hopes assign'd,
This well becomes the courage of thy Syre,
Who traines Thee up according to thy kinde ;
He, though the world his prosp'rous raigne admire,
In which his Subjects such a comfort finde :
Hath (if the bloudy Art mov'd to imbrace)
That wit then to make warre, which now keeps peace.

75

And O! how this (deare Prince) the people charmes,
Who flock about Thee oft in ravish'd bands,
To see thee yong, yet manage so thine Armes,
Have a Mercuriall minde, and Martiall hands,
This exercise thy tender courage warmes ;
And still true Greatnesse but by Vertue stands :
Agesilaus said, no King could be
More great, unlesse more vertuous, than he.

76

And though that all of Thee great things expect,
Thou, as too little, mak'st their hopes asham'd ;
As he who on *Olympus* did detect,
The famous *Thebans* foot, his body fram'd,
By thy beginnings so we may collect,
How great thy worth by Time may be proclaim'd :
For who thy actions doth remarke, may see
That there be many *Cæsars* within thee.

595 C. that hast cause t'aspire 591 C. (if once mou'd the bloudie art t'imbrace) 592 C. That wit for to 594 C. thee whiles 596 C. And haue *Mineruaes* mind, *Bellonaes* hands 600 C. then he 601 C. Although that

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77

Though every State by long experience findes,
That greatest blessings prosp'ring Peace imparts,
As which all Subjects to good order bindes,
Yet breeds this Isle still populous in all parts,
Such vigorous bodies, and such restlesse mindes,
That they disdaine to use Mechanick Arts :
And, being haughty, cannot live in rest,
Yea, such, when idle, are a dangerous pest.

78

A prudent *Roman* told, in some few houres,
To *Romes* Estate what danger did redound,
Then, when they raz'd the *Carthaginian* Towres,
By which while as they stood, still meanes were found,
With others harmes to exercise their pow'rs,
The want whereof their greatnesse did confound ;
For when no more with forraine foes imbroil'd,
Straight, by intestine warres, the State was spoyl'd.

79

No, since this soile, which with great sprits abounds,
Can hardly nurce her Nurcelings all in peace,
Then let us keep her bosome free from wounds,
And spend our fury in some forraine place :
There is no wall can limit now our bounds,
But all the world will need walls in short space ;
To keep our troups from seizing on new Thrones ;
The Marble Chayre must passe the Ocean once.

80

What fury o're my judgement doth prevaile ?
Me thinkes I see all th'earth glance with our Armes,

609 C. Though many a realme 610 C. That all the greatest blessings peace 611 C. As that which to good order all men binds 614 C. disdaine t'imbrace 616 C. Yea, t'hold such idle, it's 617 C. Earst prudent *Cato* 618 C. What danger to the *Romaines* 619 C. While as they 624 C. Straight with 625 C. soyle that in 631 C. T'hold backe

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And groning *Neptune* charg'd with many a sayle ;
I heare the thundring Trumpet sound th'alarmes,
Whil'st all the neighbouring Nations doe looke pale,
Such sudden feare each panting heart disarmes,
To see those martiall mindes together gone,
The Lyon and the Leopard in one.

81

I (*Henry*) hope with this mine eyes to feed,
Whil'st ere thou wear'st a Crown, thou wear'st a shield ;
And when thou (making thousands once to bleed,
That dare behold thy count'nance, and not yeeld)
Stirr'st through the bloudy dust a foaming steed,
An interested witnesse in the field
I may amongst those bands thy grace attend,
And be thy *Homer* when the warres do end.

82

But stay, where fly'st thou (Muse) so farre astray ?
And whil'st affection doth thy course command,
Dar'st thus above thy reach attempt a way
To court the heire of *Albions* war-like land,
Who gotten hath his generous thoughts to sway,
A royall gift out of a royall hand ;
And hath before his eyes that Type of worth,
That Starre of state, that Pole which guides the North.

83

Yet o're thy father, loe, (such is thy fate)
Thou hast this vantage which may profit thee,
An orphan'd infant, setled in his seat,
He greater then himselfe could never see,

643 C. thousands for to 651 C. Dares 652 C. To sing to th'Heire 653 C. thoughts t'array

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Where thou may'st learne by him the Art of state,
And by another what thy selfe should'st be,
Whil'st that which he had onely but heard told,
In all his course thou practis'd may'st behold.

84

And this advantage long may'st thou retain,
By which to make thee blest, the heavens conspire ;
And labour of his worth to make thy gaine,
To whose perfections thou may'st once aspire,
When as thou shew'st thy selfe, whil'st thou do'st raigne,
A Sonne held worthy of so great a Syre ;
And with his Scepters, and the peoples hearts,
Do'st still inherit his heroicke parts.

664 C. Thou may'st practis'd in all his course 665 C. mought thou 670 C. A Sonne that's

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IONATHAN:

AN HEROICKE POEME INTENDED.

The first Booke.

BY

VVILLIAM,
Earle of STERLINE.

LONDON,
Printed by THOMAS HARPER.
1637.

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JONATHAN :

An heroicke Poeme intended.

The first Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

With Ammons *King, griev'd* Iabesh *did agree,*
If not reliev'd, their right eyes lost, to live ;
From this disgrace Saul *fights to make them free,*
And God to him, the victory doth give,
Those, who their King (with successe crown'd) did see ;
Them who him first had scorn'd, to kill did strive :
The peoples errour, Samuel *makes them know,*
Then what he was, what all should be, doth show.

I

MVSE sound true valour, all perfections parts,
The force of friendship, and th'effects of faith,
To kindle courage in those generous hearts,
Which strive by vertue to triumph o're death,
Whil'st honours height the wage of worth imparts,
What hence is hop'd, or whil'st we here draw breath :
Loe, found, not fain'd, how men accomplish'd prove,
Both prais'd below, and glorifi'd above.

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2

O thou, from whom all what we praise doth streame,
Lift up my soule, my sprite with power inspire ;
That straying wits who fayn'd *Ideas* dreame,
May magnanimity in men admire,
Who sought thy glory, not affecting fame,
And yet what courage courts did all acquire ;
The truth not wrong'd, to please Lord pardon me,
In method, time, and circumstances free.

3

Sterne *Ammons* armes when *Iabesh* was enclos'd,
In her defenders did such feare infuse,
That breached walles (all naked) were expos'd,
As weake, else worse, the owners to accuse ;
Who on defence no further then repos'd,
But last, for hope, a wretched helpe did use,
To fawne on foes, and seeke (they thus appeas'd)
What safety those who sought their ruine, pleas'd.

4

Then *Nahas* who could not his pride suppresse,
(As empty bladders blowne up with the winde)
Did dreame what way to double their distresse,
That still their shame might basely be design'd,
And to this bargaine proudly did them presse,
That they (without right eys) should live half blinde :
A plaguy pardon which did lose, when spare,
" Of wicked men the mercies cruell are.

5

But the besieg'd all in a desp'rate state,
" (The present feare breeds greatest horrour still)
Sought first that they by messengers might treat,
With other Hebrews to prevent their ill,
And if not so soone help'd, short was the date,
When they should render resting on his will :
Who thus some comfort or excuse might claime,
All *Israell* so made partners of their shame.

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6

To this requeste he quickly did consent,
All strength else scorn'd, who trusted in his owne,
For, if the rest, that succour crav'd, not lent,
He judg'd them straight as with that town o're-thrown ;
His raving thoughts for new designes were bent,
As this for certaine, all the world had knowne ;
" Loe, thus large counts proud fooles for long time make,
" Though death still treads each foot-step at their backe.

7

As wing'd with feares to haste the hop'd reliefe,
At *Gibea* he arriv'd whom *Iabesh* sent,
Whil'st groanes and teares (as in commission chiefe)
More prompt for woe would needs the tongue prevent,
They first usurp'd the place, as sent from griefe,
While as the count'nance did the minde comment :
Yet from their weaknesse gathering some more strength,
Sighs ushering words, this wrestled out at length.

8

Your wretched brethren who in *Gilead* dwell,
Of Gods choice people (*Abrahams* heires) a part,
By *Ammons* bands whose breasts with pride do swell,
Have suffred harmes which might make rocks to smart,
Indignities which I disdaine to tell,
Such shame my face, and horrour fills my heart :
By putting out one eye, some covet peace :
Though great the losse, yet greater the disgrace.

9

With this condition, *Iabesh* did compose,
If in seven dayes we succour not receive,
More happy they who both their eyes doe lose,
Then who for object such a tyrant have,
Who even o're God seekes to insult in those,
Whom from his Altars he doth bragge to reave :
The losse of light (if this not griev'd) were light,
Though all our dayes (when blinde) prov'd but one night.

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10

His pow'r too much esteem'd, ours not at all,
He, till we gather, doth of purpose stay,
That (as he dreames) all quickly kill'd, or thrall,
Fame flow'd from many springs exhaust he may ;
As *Egypts* foyle, and many nations fall,
All for his glory had prepar'd the way :
This victory must by all those be grac'd,
Gods captiv'd wonders in his triumph plac'd.

11

Oft when men scorn'd, God did regard our grones,
And from great troubles did us free before,
Who pow'rfull, just, and mercifull at once,
Peace to his people when he would restore,
As Reeds, crush'd Scepters, breaking brittle thrones,
And by meane meanes to be admir'd the more,
What man not mock'd at *Midians* scornfull flight ?
How oft did one against a number fight ?

12

Then (Sir) it seemes that who guards *Iacobs* seed,
To honour you doth this occasion move,
That at this time you (eminent) may breed,
In strangers terrour, in your people love,
For if this battell (as we hope) succeed,
It your election highly would approve :
And that conceit which at the first one gaines,
It fix'd for ever in the minde remaines.

13

Since come to urge great haste I must be short,
That soone their hopes may grow, or else be spent,
Whom if you now doe by your power support,
You free from danger, and your owne prevent,
Else in worse time, us'd after in like sort,
Your owne next fear'd, you must our losse repent.
" And courage, which, now free, might praise procure,
" Necessity when forc'd, will quite obscure.

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14

Thinke that you heare our Citizens in vaine,
With wasted words a tyrants rigour ply ;
The dead to envy forc'd, whil'st they remaine
Of victors vile the bitter taunts to try,
The faces beauty once, but then the staine,
On bloudy cheekes whilst ugly eyes doe lye ;
Thinke *Nahas* scorning them, and bragging you,
And that one moment lost, breeds danger now.

15

The man then dumb, griefe did againe engage,
By speaking passions further to prevaile ;
The common woe nought could at first asswage,
Till angers strength made pitties weakenesse faile :
Kinde *Ionathan* smoak'd griefe, and flam'd forth rage,
But yet for haste to venge, staid not to waile :
He wish'd for wings to flye, where *Ammon* stay'd,
Yet first attended what his father said.

16

That God (said *Saul*) whom none enough can praise,
His troupes when vex'd, still by some one protects ;
And me (of many least) at last doth raise
To fight those battels which his will directs ;
Oft (that he thus the world may more amaze)
Weake instruments worke wonderfull effects :
That, due to him, none may usurpe one thought,
Nor from his glory derogate in ought.

17

All my ambition is to serve this state ;
For which effect, forc'd from my low repose,
The Lord was pleas'd (not my desires) of late,
This charge on me (as all know) to impose ;
And by effects, God grant I may prove great,
Not, but in shew, as pompous Ethnickes glose ;
That God, this State who made me to embrace,
May grace his choice, and fit me for the place.

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18

I all your troubles travell to appease,
And place my treasure onely in your hearts :
Farre be delight from me, and what may please,
Whil'st in this kingdome any City smarts,
And I could wish I might (if for your ease)
To watch over all, even part my selfe in parts :
This kingdome now it must my body prove,
And I the soule by which it all should move.

19

But lest that words time (due to deeds) should wast,
Goe, get you backe, and unto *Iabesh* tell,
That, ere the time which they design'd, be past,
I shall be there, that tyrant to expell ;
Then whil'st they wondred, as quite chang'd at last,
Saul did them all, yea, and himselfe excell :
A kingly courage kindled had his minde,
And from his face, majesticke greatnesse shin'd.

20

He whom they had despis'd, as base before,
Of the least Tribes lest family, but borne,
Who sought stray'd beasts, heard of his fathers store,
Whom with disdaine they (when first rais'd) did scorn ;
Afraid to be with him familiar more,
A reverend awe had proud contempt out-worne :
And troupes did him attend (all well appeas'd)
Imperiously appointing what he pleas'd.

21

Two Oxen then he did in pieces share,
Which he through *Israell* did with terrour send,
And vow'd solemnly, who did not repaire,
Where *Saul* and *Samuel* did their forces bend,
That as those beasts had been dismembred there,
They, like from him (when victor) might attend ;
But in their hearts, God such obedience wrought,
That all to doe his will, were quickly brought.

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22

O what huge troupes their native homes did leave !
Of populous *Israell*, there did armed stand,
Three hundred thousand, thirty *Iuda* gave,
When by God bless'd, so fertile was that land :
Yet they by this did no high hopes conceive,
Though swarming forth in number as the sand :
As who oft spy'd, confirm'd by the effects,
The God of battels, victory directs.

23

No mercenary mindes base gaine did move,
(As whom when sold, a price to perill drives)
Bright zeale, true honour, and their Countries love,
Did to all dangers consecrate their lives :
None needed them to presse, but to approve,
Arm'd for their Altars, children, goods and wives,
When forc'd to fight for liberty and lands,
Each one (a Captaine) all his power commands.

24

When open force had banish'd private feares,
All were (though sad) bent what they lov'd to quite,
Babes flatt'ring smiles, wives wounding sighes, and tears,
Of pleasures past endeer'd the left delight ;
Yet from all else the Trumpets challeng'd eares:
They part behov'd, where honour did invite,
Which made their breasts such gallant guests embrace,
Soft passions soon gave active courage place.

25

That sadnesse past, which partings had contracted,
All fed their fancies with Ideall shewes,
And carelesse what they did, as quite distracted,
All (breathing battell) talk'd but of ore-throwes ;
And what they thought, their earnest gesture acted ;
Each mouth with brags, each hand seem'd big with blowes :
Each souldier (swoln with hopes) as straight grown great,
With count'nance stern, look'd high, and step'd in state.

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26

All eyes attendance, *Ionathan* procur'd,
Whose march majesticke highly was extoll'd,
Not arrogant, no, no, but yet assur'd,
It some men's folly, others feares controld :
His looke imperious, forc'd, yet milde, allur'd,
The proud to bow, the humble to be bold :
What fit, reforming, marking every place ;
His gallant carriage, all the rest did grace.

27

Clouds made the world (all light below expell'd)
A driry lodging for a drowsie lord,
Yet still (as big with light) heavens bosome swell'd,
And for one great, did many small afford :
In shadowes wrapt, a silent horrour held
All sorts of guests with which the earth was stor'd :
The world seem'd dumb, where nought save breath did move,
As, what seem'd dead, it still alive would prove.

28

Yet all the hoast to Nature did refuse,
That tribute due by every mortals eye,
Of matters high whil'st haughty thoughts did muse,
Sleeps leaden bands straight travell did unty ;
Heaven in their mindes such vigour did infuse,
They (as it selfe) the type of death did flye :
" To doe great things, when generous minds devise,
" Paine pleasure gives, things difficult entice.

29

But (clouds dispers'd) the ayre more pure appear'd,
Light blushing (as late rais'd) the depths did leave,
Whil'st flaming shields some trembling glances clear'd,
What night had reft from them, th'eyes back did reave,
And sprites (though dull) a naturall musicke chear'd,
Which many divers sounds consorted gave :
Thus light from darknesse, Day from Night forth springs,
Type of that Chaos first whence flow'd all things.

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30

Ere that dayes journey *Phœbus* had begun,
The Armies, neere were drawn unto an end ;
And those return'd, who first before had runne,
To try abroad that which they might attend :
They told how they (by the occasion wonne)
To *Ammons* Tents did resolutely tend,
Whose silence seem'd them (in suspense) to call,
Some watch'd neere *Iabesh*, elsewhere none at all.

31

They by faint flashes of exhausted fires,
There spyde a Camp, as if from danger farre,
Well serv'd with all to which rich Peace aspires,
As if for pleasure com'd, to sport with warre,
They softly lay (as at adorn'd retires)
Where (all commodious) nought their rest might marre :
Mars onely seem'd to court his mistresse there,
Charg'd with superfluous, of things needfull, bare.

32

Here sleep press'd him, there wine had buried one,
(Death kissed so as straight imbrac'd to be)
Boords still were charg'd, whence guests had falne, not gone,
Cups crown'd with wine, triumph'd, as victors, free,
Late musicks conducts bruis'd (when touch'd) did grone,
Games relicts left, were of all sorts to see ;
Thus souldiers seem'd, voluptuous tokens trac'd,
Not in a campe, but at some wedding plac'd.

33

Two in one tent (whil'st we without did hold)
As tyr'd of sleep, the time with words did wast,
The truth I hope, (though not so meant when told)
Said, of their toyles, this night would be the last.
Then, that this day the Hebrews render would,
And at their feet themselves (scorn'd captives) cast :
Th'one long'd to laugh, when spying them halfe blinde,
His mate to kill, as more to ruth inclin'd.

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34

No doubt we might (if willing) where we went,
Have soon kill'd some, and hardly kept hands pure,
But would not so your enterprise prevent,
By making them suspect who lay secure ;
Our thoughts for private praise were not so bent,
A publicke danger fondly to procure ;
Then (brought from thence to prove their speeches true)
A helmet one, a sword the other shew.

35

Thus what they learn'd, each circumstance declar'd,
In every breast a thirst of battell bred,
With *Abner* and his sonne, *Saul* equall shar'd,
The glistring squadrons which no danger dread,
Of which both resolute, and well prepar'd,
Each one a hundred and ten thousand led :
The chiefes then met, who straight to fight did crave,
Saul needlesse spurres thus to franke courage gave.

36

Whil'st all events (as doubtfull) ballanc'd be,
The souldiers mindes their earnest Emperour cheares ;
But what I should give you, ye give to me,
Whose resolution at an height appeares ;
A courage, yea, a confidence I see,
Through lookes which lightning every count'nance cleares :
So that I should (if bent to move you more)
Cast water in the Sea, sand on the shore.

37

And O ! what wonder though ye all be bold,
Your ancestors victorious steps to trace,
Which oft triumph'd o're mighty States of old,
Whil'st God the glory, they did purchase peace :
Heavens register, by sacred pennes enrold
Their worth eternall, which each age must grace :
Who high exploits securely might effect,
When God himselfe as Captaine did direct.

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38

With God at peace, what can appall that band,
Whom so to help (when need requires such ayd)
Seas part, rocks rend, food rains, walls fall, flouds stand,
One may chase thousands, thousands quake dismay'd,
Whose hearts when God, men may the rest command,
As bound, delivered, yet by none betray'd :
The wonder-workers power more plaine to make,
Whil'st one moe captives kept, then ten could take ?

39

A prey made sure ye onely go to seise,
(As spyes report) which may even dead be thought,
Since spoyl'd by pleasure, buried in their ease,
To grace our labours not come here, but brought ;
This hoast of ours the Lord of hoasts doth please,
Whose help, I doubt not, but ye all have sought :
Loe, *Samuel* here, and *Saul* ; let this content,
A Prophet, and a Prince, by God both sent.

40

But though not difficult this conquest seemes,
Great is the glory which doth it attend ;
From bragg'd disgrace our Brethren it redeemes,
Which (if not worse) would toward us extend,
And then by it the world that state esteemes,
Which oft ye urg'd, and have procur'd in th'end :
For, as this first, with fame now credit gaines,
Your course disprov'd, or still approv'd, remaines.

41

Nor speake I this, as who of ought do doubt,
Since rather reines then spurres your courage needs,
Be providently brave, not rash, though stout,
Let your Commanders words direct your deeds,
And thinke ye see me still to marke about,
Whose gallant carriage greatest glory breeds :
No valour thus in vaine shall be set forth,
One shall both witnesse, and reward your worth.

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42

But why do I our victory delay,
And force your fury idlie thus to burne ?
Go, go, wound, kill, take, spoyle, and leade away,
That straight in triumph we may all returne ;
I see in flouds of bloud dead bodies stray,
I heare you shout for joy, for griefe them mourne :
And whil'st scorn'd ransomes have your hands not stai'd,
All sacrifice at last, as first ye pray'd.

43

Then godly *Samuel* fortifi'd them more,
By sprituall pow'r, then all their weapons else,
He pray'd with faith, and did with zeale adore,
Which, more then offrings, wrath for sinne expels,
Then, all religious rites perform'd before,
Which might draw help from heaven, stay harm from hels,
He by his blessing more confirm'd their mindes,
Then all could do, though joyn'd from *Thule* to *Indes*.

44

This mighty Army did it selfe divide,
And by three wayes all forward went one way,
The dust, which in a cloud them seem'd to hide,
Even it, by covering, did them first betray ;
When carelesse *Ammon* numbrous *Israel* spy'd,
Though dull amazement mindes a space did stay,
All with confusion sundry things advis'd,
Rise, runne, haste, arme, ranke, march, we are surpris'd.

45

Three Armies view'd, each from a severall part,
Come not, and *Iabesh* as they did expect,
Who promis'd had (to sooth them so with Art)
That they that day would further hopes neglect,
And this with terrour toss'd the strongest heart ;
None knew what way their forces to direct ;
The world conjur'd, seem'd all against them arm'd,
Whil'st glistring squadrons from each corner swarm'd.

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46

Yet with great haste, what might be, was perform'd,
And nothing requisite was left undone ;
The first confusion bravely was reform'd,
And the tumultuous bands all settled soone ;
Then haughty *Nahas*, who extreamely storm'd,
Though griefe, and rage, his accents did mistoone ;
He, to his troups, ere enemies could them reach,
With desp'rate courage did roare forth this speech.

47

Hath dastard *Iabesh* thus with us disguis'd ?
Or must their shame be witness'd by those bands ?
Then, let us prove (though by our foes despis'd)
As Seas in power, since they, in number, sands,
So shall they finde (though thinking us surpris'd)
That they in ours, we fall not in their hands :
They now to fight are altogether brought,
Whom else when sever'd, we with toyle had sought.

48

We must be great, or not be, in short space,
For, though so sought, no safety flight attends,
But what base breast can such vile thoughts imbrace ?
" Shame, even then death, a step more low descends ;
Losse now not onely threatens us'd disgrace,
But what to *Iabesh* ye, to you portends :
This hoast as earst not now for glory strives,
But (mans last hope) we fight to save our lives.

49

It seemes, that Fortune, curious of our fame,
For some great end hath brought us to those straits,
Where we, when victors, all the praise may claime,
And leave (if dead) the burden on the fates ;
The greatest deeds adorning any name,
Were done by men, when in most desp'rat states :
High resolution desp'rat valour brings,
Who hope for nothing, may contemne all things.

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50

My hands, and not my tongue, must make you stout,
Which bloudy paths, where you may tread, shall leave ;
If mix'd with theirs, what though our bloud gush out ?
Strive to revenge our death, not life to save,
And let our falls presse downe their bands about,
Which by our ruine, ruine may receive ;
So may they rue our losse, as too deare bought :
Who live, still something, but the dead waile nought.

51

The Trumpets' sound drown'd the last words in th'ayre,
Whose brasen breath (as animating steele)
Made metall march, a moving creature there,
Though wanting sense, yet to make others feele ;
The driry drummes both Camps with horrours square,
Did equall once, whil'st feare made neither reele :
Each bounds rebounds the sounds of brasse, and breath,
A martiall Musicke, courage tun'd for death.

52

The winged weapons with a threatning flight,
(Sharpe messengers of death) first bloud did reave ;
Black clouds of darts (a deadly storme at height,
Death rain'd in many drops) red flouds did leave,
An arch of Arrows darkned all their sight,
That where to fight, they so a shade might have ;
But griev'd to lose their blows, whil'st whose not known,
Each one rush'd forward to avouch his own.

53

O ! with what fury both together runne,
Whose violence did vent it selfe in smokes !
When, ere they joyn'd, the battell was begun,
With bragging gestures, and outragious looks ;
Some red with rage, sought that which some did shunne,
Whom feare made pale, whil'st passing crimson brooks :
How mindes are sway'd a danger clearly tels,
Whil'st feare sinks downe, or courage higher swels.

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54

But when they once did swords in bloud imbrue,
The en'mies challeng'd, changing blows, or breath,
All irritated then, more earnest grew,
The publike wrong enlarg'd by private wrath ;
Who felt their wounds, and did, who gave them view,
They no revenge allow'd, till seal'd by death ;
All (save their foes, no object else in sight,
Nor heaven, nor earth) seem'd in the ayre to fight.

55

Weake words in vaine would pow'rfull deeds forth set :
The Trumpets sounds my daring lines abate ;
All there concurr'd what generous thoughts could whet,
Bright glory angling hearts with honours baite ;
Franke courage then with desp'rat furie met,
Pride with contempt, and with old wrongs new hate :
Then, Fame was spy'd attending with a pen,
To register the Acts of worthie men.

56

They others bodies fiercely did pursue,
And theirs expos'd to all, as not theirs, loe,
Them from themselves a generous ardour drew,
What suffering carelesse, onely bent to do,
A way for foes enforc'd, armes, as untrue,
Seem'd (red with bloud) to blush, though wounded too ;
Some swords, through armour, forc'd a passage quite ;
Some beaten backe did burst, and breake for spite.

57

Though many brave men grac'd the *Hebrew* band,
Saul (as a Sunne amidst lesse lights who shin'd)
First (as for state) for valour, striv'd to stand,
Of body high, but yet more high in minde,
And (eminent) there where he did command,
Made friends, and foes, both cause to marke him, finde,
Till his example strange effects did breed,
Which some would second, others would exceed.

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58

Brave *Ionathan*, proud *Ammon* to abate,
When his fierce squadron was imbark'd in bloud,
A godly anger, and a holy hate,
(No ill effects come from a cause so good)
Of many lives did cleare the doubtfull date,
Which flow'd in th'ayre amidst a crimson flood :
And what his looks, or words, did most perswade,
His hands in action demonstration made.

59

Shafts severall roomes (by conquest) now did gaine,
Which were of late all in one lodging pent,
For Quivers, quivering bodies, them containe ;
The bow as barren then, the off-spring spent,
Whil'st breaking strings (as sighing) seem'd to plaine,
And burst at last, in vaine loath to be bent,
Or as an abject tree to be throwne downe,
Which interest had in *Ionathans* renowne.

60

Though arrows first, made, by commission, warre,
And what hands bragg'd, seem'd through the ayre to breathe,
Straight forward courage scorn'd to fight afarre,
By blows, at hazard, trafficking with death ;
He with a Tree more strong did squadrons marre ;
The speare, a Gyant, darts, were dwarffs of wrath ;
It, even when crush'd, a number did confound ;
To venge the whole, each splinter gave a wound.

61

That which true worth most honour hath to use,
When this great *Hebrews* hand to tosse began,
Which onely cuts, where other weapons bruise,
Of Armes the glory, ornament of man ;
A storme of stroaks, in foes did feare infuse,
Which there wrought wonders, Fame for ever wanne :
His face seem'd clad with flames, th'eyes lightned so,
Starres to his owne, and Comets to his foe.

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62

Couragious *Abner* courted glories love,
No rash director, but to action swift,
That even his place pale envy did approve,
As his desert, and not his Soveraignes gift ;
It seem'd a thousand hands his sword did move,
His minde so high a generous rage did lift :
At heart, or eye, which should the first arrive,
The lightning glance, and thundring blow did strive.

63

Like Autumns spoyls a publike prey which fall,
When low stretch'd out lay *Ammons* loftie brood,
It did their King amaze, but not appall,
Though in their wounds acknowledging his blood,
Yet he (whose strength was lessened in them all)
A while relenting (as distracted) stood :
But when weake passions urg'd the us'd releefe,
Rage in their fountains dry'd the streames of griefe.

64

The foaming Tyrant, swolne with high disdaine,
(What had cool'd some, him further did enflame ;)
To bound at once, state, fortune, life, and raigne ;
Not victory, no, vengeance was his ayme :
A glorious life not hoping more to gaine,
He thought by death to frustrate threatned shame,
But, of foes kill'd, would first a mount have made,
Where (as in triumph) he might lye, when dead.

65

I know not if more bent to give, or take,
That which (well weigh'd) is an indifferent thing,
The raging *Pagan*, thus his people spake,
What poore life can not, liberall death doth bring,
And you (though Subjects) may my equals make,
Loe, without treason you may match your King :
Crowne, Throne, or Scepter, fates no more allow,
And by the sword all may be Soveraignes now.

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66

As two great Torrents striving for one way,
Raise mounts of Sands, raze heights, spoile Tree and Town,
And (that th'ones name the other swallow may)
What ever doth resist, beare thence, or drowne ;
So, of their fury what the course did stay,
Sauls matchlesse sonne, and *Ammons* lord beat downe,
Th'eyes earnest gave, whil'st they at distance stay'd,
That, by their hands, the rest should straight be pay'd.

67

When *Israels* gallant had beheld a space,
The fierce *Barbarian* opening up the throng,
He cry'd to all aloud, give place, give place,
Let none usurpe what doth to me belong ;
This man my life, and I his death must grace,
Who marre the match would but to both do wrong :
A vulgar hand must not his end procure,
He stands too glorious to fall downe obscure.

68

Some drawn by feare, and some by reverence mov'd,
The distance twixt them vanish'd soone away ;
Like rivall Bulls which had one Heifer lov'd,
And through the flocks with brandish'd hornes did stray,
Whil'st th'one resolv'd, and th'other desp'rate prov'd,
Both with great fury did enforce their way,
Whose troups enflam'd by hearing their high words,
Did in their action emulate their Lords.

69

Those two transported, did together rinne,
As if both hoasts did onely in them fight,
They with short processe, ground did lose and winne,
Vrg'd, shunn'd, forc'd, fayn'd, bow'd, rais'd, hand, leg, left, right,
Advanc'd, retir'd, rebated, and gave in,
With reason fury, courage joyn'd with slight :
So earnest mindes and bended bodies press'd,
That, then the blowes, the ayming more distress'd.

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70

To sell his life the Ethnicke onely sought,
But valu'd it so much, though but in vaine,
That clouds of darts, and swords too few were thought
To force the fortresse where it did remaine,
So that, (by one to last extreames thus brought,)
His fury was converted to disdaine ;
Shame joyning with despaire, death did impose,
Ere more, then Crowne or life, he liv'd to lose.

71

By blowes redoubled charging every way,
Whil'st he but wish'd who did him kill, to kill,
Bloud leaving him, his danger did betray,
Which rage in vaine, would have dissembled still,
And th'other storm'd so long with one to stay,
Who might elsewhere, fields with dead bodies fill ;
Iust indignation all his strength did bend,
The heart conjuring hands to make an end.

72

The Hebrew us'd at once both strength and Art ;
Th'one hand did ward, a blow the other gave,
Which hit his head (the marke of many a dart)
Whose batt'red temples fearefull sense did leave ;
The treacherous helmet tooke the strongest part,
And bruis'd those braines which it was set to save ;
Yet dying striking, last he th'earth did wound,
Whose fall (as some great Oakes) made it rebound.

73

His eyes againe began to gather light,
And *Ionathan* (when victor) to relent,
But straight just hate presented, as in sight,
His barbarous actions, and abhorr'd intent ;
How (vainely vaunting of a victors right)
That all his thoughts to cruelty were bent :
Whose raging minde, on Captives strangely strict,
Then bondage, spoyle, or death would more inflict.

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74

Thou tyrant, thou (said he) who did'st devise,
Else farre from fame, for ill to be renown'd,
Those halfe-blinde Hebrews whom thou did'st despise,
They vengeance urge, they, they, give thee this wound ;
With that, by his right eye (who striv'd to rise,)
The flaming sword amidst his braynes he drown'd :
Whose guilty ghost, where shadowes never end,
With indignation, grudging did descend.

75

As if hells furies had thy sprite inspir'd,
Prodigious creature, monster inhumane,
Loe, what have all thy cruelties acquir'd,
Which thus with interest Time returnes againe,
But hell, when hence, and here, whence now retir'd,
That thy remembrance odious may remaine :
Yet with this comfort, thou abandon'st breath,
The hand of *Ionathan* adorn'd thy death.

76

As some fierce Lyon raging through the fields,
(Which of beasts kill'd, contemnes the tasted bloud)
Doth hunt another, when another yeelds,
Yet, wanton, riots, as for sport, not food ;
So *Iacobs* gallant (breaching many shields)
Bent for more prey, with him no longer stood,
And till their chiefe, his followers follow'd too,
Nought did seeme done, whil'st ought remain'd to do.

77

All *Israels* squadrons circling *Ammon* in,
Straight at his center, threatning were to meet,
Which poynt (the last man kill'd) all march to winne,
Where halfe-dead bodies made a breathing street,
All striv'd to end, as lately to begin,
Whil'st dust did dry what bloud and sweat made weet ;
Mars courting courage, first shin'd bright about,
But then with horrour turn'd his inside out.

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78

Saul as ov'r bodies then did raigne in hearts,
O how farre chang'd from what he first had been !
And by plaine valour, scorning usuall Arts,
The emulous *Abner*, eminent was seene;
These three, at first which charg'd from divers parts,
Seem'd foes oppos'd, their foes, as chanc'd between :
Whom (from encountring, that them nought might stay)
They but beat downe, to make a patent way.

79

When hopes on doubts no longer did depend,
Whil'st *Israels* colours, victory did beare,
Some seem'd to grieve that warre so soone would end,
And striv'd in time, what trophees they might reare ;
Whil'st flattring glory, lofty thoughts to bend,
In gorgeous robes, did whisper in each eare,
What brave man now my beauties will embrace,
To breed (Fames minions) an immortall race ?

80

When through the Camp, their Soveraigns death was known,
A sad confusion seaz'd on *Ammons* brood,
Then Lords of none, no, no, nor yet their owne,
As strangers stray'd, they all distracted stood,
And ere by foes, ev'n by themselves o're-thrown,
An ycie coldnesse did congeale their bloud :
" None fully vanquish'd are, till first they yeeld,
" And, till first left, doe never lose the field.

81

Hopes (though once high) then faln down in their feet,
No way was left for a secure retreat ;
To flye was shamefull, yet to live, was sweet,
And they themselves more lov'd, then foes did hate ;
Them death (still sterne) where ever turn'd, did meet :
Each swords bright glance, seem'd summons from their fate :
O how base feare doth make some sprights to faile,
Heart faint, hands weake, eyes dimme, the face grows pale.

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82

Of broken bands the trouble was extreme,
Who felt ils worst, and yet imagin'd more :
Spoile, danger, bondage, feare, reproach and shame,
Did still encroach beside, behinde, before ;
And yet their hearts (if hearts they had) did dreame,
Those in one masse, and all confusions store :
They, wishing death, although they fear'd to dye,
First from themselves, then from all else did flye.

83

The slaughter then all measure did surpasse ;
Whil'st victors rag'd, bloud from each hand did raine ;
The liquid Rubies dropping downe the grasse,
With scarlet streames the fatall fields did staine ;
Till they, with dust congeal'd (a horrid masse)
(By bodies stop'd) a marrish did remaine,
Through which who waded, wounded did appeare,
And loath'd that bloud which once was held so deare.

84

They who, when strong, their neighbours did deride,
And (then of ruine, dreaming nothing lesse)
Would warre with God, and in the height of pride,
His chosen people labour to oppresse ;
They now, all kill'd, else scattered on each side,
Felt what they threatned, bondage and distresse :
" Thus oft they fall, who others doe pursue,
" Men drinke the dregs of all the ils they brew.

85

Though *Israell* thus had *Ammon* quite o're-throwne,
Saul, nor his sonne, did not insult the more ;
No pompe through *Iabesh* past with trumpets blowne,
The pointed Captives fettred them before,
So, first when victors, eminently showne,
That their new state a triumph might decore,
Whil'st two-fold glory, just applauses claym'd,
A King and Conquerour both at once proclaim'd.

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86

No, no, their breasts such fancies fond not bred,
As if themselves had their delivery wrought ;
By piety, not by ambition led,
Farre from vaine praise, they *Israels* safety sought ;
Charg'd by Gods hand, they knew that *Ammon* fled,
And from his favour derogating nought,
Where tumid Gentiles would have bragg'd abroad,
Their glory was to glorifie their God.

87

Whil'st joyfull *Iabesh* opened up her Ports,
Sweet freedomes treasure did enrich their eyes ;
Men, women, children, people of all sorts,
With voyces, as distracted, pierc'd the skyes ;
O how each one of them the rest exhorts,
To sound his praise who pittied had their cryes !
And (as wrong founded,) any joy was griefe,
Save for Gods glory more then their reliefe.

88

Wives forth with haste did to their husbands rinne,
Who told to them (describing dangers past,)
Hence *Saul* first charg'd, there *Abner* entred in,
Here we about them did a compasse cast ;
There *Ionathan* with *Nahas* did beginne,
And kill'd him here, where, loe, he lyes at last :
But forward kindnesse this discourse doth stay,
Th'ones lips must point that which anothers say.

89

Troups call'd alow'd (mov'd by this battell much)
Where are they now who ask'd if *Saul* should raigne ?
Let swords (yet smoking) purge the Land of such,
Who from base envy bursted out disdaine ;
Yet them milde *Saul* would suffer none to touch,
But said, no cloud so cleare a day should staine :
And since the Lord all *Israel* had releev'd,
None should be kill'd for him, no, nor yet griev'd.

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90

Ere flames yet hot, extinguish'd were againe,
The Lords great Prophet will'd them all to go
To *Gilgall* straight, there to confirme his raigne,
In that new state grown fearfull to each foe ;
Where sacred offrings liberally were slaine,
The late delivery to acknowledge so :
As bloud from beasts, praise flow'd from gratefull minds,
Each one himselfe for further service binds.

91

By sacrifice the kingdomes right renu'd,
This speech to *Israel*, matchlesse *Samuel* made,
Loe, granted is all that for which you su'd,
There stands the King, who should your squadrons leade :
My Sonnes are here, Time hath my strength subdu'd ;
Age crown'd with white, triumphs upon my head ;
Eyes dimme, legges weake, (infirmities growne rife)
Death hath besieg'd the lodging of my life.

92

Though all my dayes in charge, I challenge you,
Let each man speake (as he hath reason) free,
Before the Lord, and his anointed now ;
No crimes conceale, I come accus'd to be,
What bragge, or bribe, hath made my judgement bow ?
Whose Oxe, or Asse, hath taken beene by me ?
Whom have I harm'd, or wrong'd, in goods, or fame ?
I stand to satisfie who ever claime.

93

The people straight (applauding) did reply,
With heart, and hands still pure, thou did'st the best ;
For witnesses, then, both, who loud did cry,
With his Lievtenant, did great God attest :
O happy Iudge, who well did live, and dye,
Still prais'd on th'earth! in heaven with glory rest ;
At that great day, whom all with Christ shall see,
To judge those Iudges who not follow'd thee.

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94

Then (said the Prophet) since by all approv'd,
I must with you, before that God contend,
Who from *Caldea*, *Israels* Syre remov'd,
And highly honour'd, as his speciall friend ;
Who sav'd milde *Isaac*, holy *Iacob* lov'd,
And in all countries did him still attend :
(A Covenant contriv'd, with all his race)
Who multiply'd them much, in little space.

95

From rigorous *Ægypts* more then burthenous yoke,
When taught by wonders to admire his might,
He led them forth, free from each stumbling block,
In deserts wilde, him to contemplate right ;
And did give laws, as of that state the stock,
A rare republike, at perfections height ;
The Lord (great generall of those chosen bands)
Took Townes, gain'd battels, and did conquer lands.

96

But when he once had stablish'd well their state,
(All those great works remembred then no more)
Your Fathers, false, apostates, and ingrate,
(Abhomination) Idols did adore,
So that (incens'd with indignation great)
Their jealous God would them protect no more ;
Who, that they so might humbled be againe,
To bondage base abandon'd did remaine.

97

With hearts brought low, and souls rais'd up aloft,
When godly griefe dissolv'd it selfe in groans,
The Lord, first mov'd with sighs, with teares made soft,
Charm'd with the Musicke of their pretious moans,
For their delivery sent great Captaines oft,
Who, did their state restore, bruis'd strangers Thrones :
Till successe did to all the world make knowne,
That, save by sinne, they could not be o're-throwne.

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98

Gainst *Aram*, *Moab*, and *Canaan*, foes,
Proud *Midians*, *Ammons*, and *Philistines* Lands,
Brave *Othniel*, *Ehud*, and *Debora* rose,
Then *Iphte*, *Gideon*, *Sampson*, strong of hands,
Whil'st God the Generall, his Lievtenants those,
Oft (few in number) thundred downe great bands ;
And by weake meanes oft thousands fled from one,
A cake, an oxen goad, an Asses bone.

99

From dangers oft, though wonderfully sav'd,
Whil'st *Israels* Scepter God did onely sway,
Yet (as stray'd fancies fondly had conceiv'd)
When *Ammons* Ensignes *Nahas* did display,
Straight, as without a Lord, a King you crav'd,
As th'abject *Gentiles*, basely to obey :
With trust in Princes, and in mortall strength,
Which lodg'd in Nostrils, must dislodge at length.

100

Yet if your King, and you, do serve him right,
The Lord, of both will highly blesse the State ;
And, if prophanely walking in his sight,
Will visit both in wrath, with vengeance great,
And that you may behold your sinne, his might,
Too haughty minds by terrour to abate :
You shall (though of such change no signe there be),
Straight clad with Clouds, heavens indignation see.

101

Heavens, must'ring horrour in a dreadfull forme,
His beams drawn back, pale *Phœbus* did retyre ;
As the worlds funerals threatning to performe,
Some flames flash'd forth, not lights, but sparks of yre,
And in ambushment layd behinde a storme,
Colds interchoaking, did grosse engines fire
To batter th'earth, which planted there by wrath,
From Clouds vast concaves thund'red bolts of death.

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102

This signe so full of terrour thus procur'd,
A generall feare each minde with griefe did sting,
Till all cry'd out that they had beene obdur'd,
And highly sinn'd in seeking of a King ;
The Lord, they said (his light from heaven obscur'd)
Might for their o're-throw Armies justly bring ;
Then *Samuel* urg'd to mediate their peace,
Avoyding vengeance, and entreating grace.

103

The holy man who view'd them thus to smart,
Did aggravate how farre they first did faile,
Yet them assur'd, when flowing from the heart,
That true repentance would with God prevaile ;
From whom he wish'd that they would not depart,
To trust in trifles which could not availe :
Since he, when pleas'd, in mercies did abound,
And with a frowne might all the world confound.

104

The Lord (he said) who did them first affect
Them (from his Law if they did not remove)
By hoasts of heaven, and wonders would protect,
By promise bound, and by his boundlesse love,
Lest strangers spoyling whom he did elect,
Weake, or inconstant, he might seeme to prove.
Then he to God for them did, earnest, call,
And with their King, when blest, dismist them all.

105

Saul thus when seiz'd of *Israels* regall seat,
Whom God chose, *Samuel* did anoint, all serve,
From private thoughts estrang'd, in all growne great,
Though first elected, studied to deserve ;
His owne no more, since sacred to the State,
He sought how it to free, to rule, preserve :
For which, retyr'd, what course was fit, he dream'd,
Save when in action, as of sight asham'd.

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Poems suppressed in *Recreations with the Muses.*

I. AURORA.

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AVRORA.

Containing the first fancies of the
Authors youth,

VVilliam Alexander of Menstrie.

LONDON,
Printed by RICHARD FIELD.
for *Edward Blount.*
1604.

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTVOVS LADY, THE LADY AGNES DOWGLAS *COUNTESSE OF ARGYLE.*

MADAME, when I remember the manie obligations which I owe to your manifold merits, I oftentimes accuse my selfe to my self, of forgetfulnes, and yet I am to be excused : for how can I satisfie so infinit a debt, since whil'st I go to disengage my self in some measure, by giuing you the patronage of these vnpolished lines (which indeed for their manie errors, had need of a respected Sanctuary) I but engage my self further, while as you take the patronage of so vnpolished lines. Yet this shal not discourage me, for alwayes I carie this aduantage, that as they were the fruits of beautie, so shal they be sacrificed as oblations to beautie. And to a beautie, though of it selfe most happie, yet more happie in this, that it is thought worthie (and can be no more then worthy) to be the outward couer of so many inward perfections. So assuring my selfe, that as no darknesse can abide before the Sunne, so no deformitie can be found in those papers, ouer which your eyes haue once shined. I rest

Your Honors most humbly deuoted,

William Alexander.

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AVRORA.

Sonet 1.

WHIL'ST charming fancies moue me to reueale
The idle rauings of my brain-sicke youth,
My heart doth pant within, to heare my mouth
Vnfold the follies which it would conceale :
Yet bitter *Critickes* may mistake my mind ;
Not beautie, no, but vertue raisd my fires,
Whose sacred flame did cherish chast desires,
And through my cloudie fortune clearely shin'd
But had not others otherwise aduisd,
My cabinet should yet these scroles containe,
This childish birth of a conceitie braine,
Which I had still as trifling toyes despisd :
Pardon those errours of mine vnripe age ;
My tender Muse by time may grow more sage.

Son. 2.

As yet three lusters were not quite expir'd,
Since I had bene a partner of the light,
When I beheld a face, a face more bright
Then glistring *Phœbus* when the fields are fir'd
Long time amaz'd rare beautie I admir'd,
The beames reflecting on my captiu'd sight,
Till that surpriz'd (I wot not by what flight)
More then I could conceiue my soule desir'd,
My takers state I long'd for to comprise.
For still I doubted who had made the rape,
If 't was a bodie or an airie shape,
With fain'd perfections for to mocke the eyes :
At last I knew 'twas a most diuine creature,
The Crowne of th'Earth, th'excellencie of Nature.

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Son. 3.

THAT subtill Greeke who for t'aduance his art,
Shap'd Beauties Goddesse with so sweet a grace,
And with a learned pensill limn'd her face,
Till all the world admir'd the workmans part.
Of such whom Fame did most accomplish'd call
The naked showes he seuerally perceiued,
Then drew th'*Idæa* which his soule conceiued,
Of that which was most exquisite in all :
But had thy forme his fancie first possest,
If worldly knowledge could so high attaine,
Thou mightst haue spar'd the curious Painters paine,
And satisfide him more then all the rest.
O if he had all thy perfections noted,
The Painter with his Picture straight had doted.

Song 1.

O WOULD to God a way were found,
That by some secret sympathie vnknowne,
My Faire my fancies depth might sound,
And know my state as clearely as her owne.
Then blest, most blest were I,
No doubt beneath the skie
I were the happiest wight :
For if my state they knew,
It ruthlesse rockes would rue,
And mend me if they might.

But as the babe before the wand,
Whose faultlesse part his parents will not trust,
For very feare doth trembling stand,
And quakes to speake although his cause be iust :
So set before her face,
Though bent to pleade for grace,
I wot not how I faile :
Yet minding to say much,
That string I neuer touch,
But stand dismaid and pale.

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The deepest riuers make least din,
The silent soule doth most abound in care :
Then might my brest be read within,
A thousand volumes would be written there.
Might silence shew my mind,
Sighes tell how I were pin'd,
Or lookes my woes relate ;
Then any pregnant wit,
That well remarked it,
Would soone discerne my state.

No fauour yet my Faire affoords,
But looking haughtie, though with humble eyes,
Doth quite confound my staggering words ;
And as not spying that thing which she spies.
A mirror makes of me,
Where she her selfe may see :
And what she brings to passe,
I trembling too for feare,
Moue neither eye nor eare,
As if I were her glasse.

Whil'st in this manner I remaine,
Like to the statue of some one that's dead,
Strange tyrants in my bosome raigne,
A field of fancies fights within my head :
Yet if the tongue were true,
We boldly might pursue
That Diamantine hart.
But when that it's restrain'd,
As doom'd to be disdain'd,
My sighes shew how I smart.

No wonder then although I wracke,
By them betrayd in whom I did confide,
Since tongue, heart, eyes and all gaue backe,
She iustly may my childishnesse deride.
Yet that which I conceale,
May serue for to reueale
My feruencie in loue.

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My passions were too great,
For words t'expresse my state,
As to my paines I proue.

Of those that do deserue disdaine,
For forging fancies get the best reward :
Where I who feele what they do faine,
For too much loue am had in no regard.
Behold by proofe we see
The gallant liuing free,
His fancies doth extend :
Where he that is orecome,
Rain'd with respects stands dumbe,
Still fearing to offend.

My bashfulnesse when she beholds,
Or rather my affection out of bounds,
Although my face my state vnfolds,
And in my hew discouers hidden wounds :
Yet ieasting at my wo,
She doubts if it be so,
As she could not conceiue it.
This grieues me most of all,
She triumphs in my fall,
Not seeming to perceiue it.

Then since in vaine I plaints impart
To scornfull eares, in a contemned scroule ;
And since my toung betrayes my hart,
And cannot tell the anguish of my soule :
Hencefoorth I'le hide my losses,
And not recompt the crosses
That do my ioyes orethrow :
At least to senselesse things,
Mounts, vales, woods, flouds, and springs,
I shall them onely show.

Ah vnaffected lines,
True models of my heart,
The world may see, that in you shines
The power of passion more then art.

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Son. 4.

ONCE to debate my cause whil'st I drew neere,
My staggering toung against me did conspire,
And whil'st it should haue charg'd, it did retire,
A certaine signe of loue that was sincere :
I saw her heauenly vertues shine so cleere,
That I was forc'd for to conceale my fire,
And with respects euen bridling my desire.
More then my life I held her honour deere,
And though I burn'd with all the flames of loue,
Yet frozen with a reuerent kind of feares,
I durst not poure my passions in her eares ;
Lest so I might the hope I had remoue.
Thus Loue mar'd loue, Desire desire restrain'd ;
Of mind to moue a world, I dumbe remain'd.

Son. 5.

No wonder though that this my blisse dismaies,
Whil'st rendred vp to neuer-pleas'd desires,
I burne, and yet must couer cursed fires,
Whose flame it selfe against my will bewrayes.
Some times my faire to launce my wound assayes,
And with th'occasion as it seemes conspires,
And indirectly oft my state inquires,
Which I would hide whil'st it it selfe betrayes.
If that a guiltie gesture did disclose
The hideous horrors that my soule contain'd,
Or wandring words deriu'd from inward woes,
Did tell my state, their treason I disdain'd :
And I could wish to be but as I am,
If that she knew how I conceale the same.

Son. 6.

HVGE hosts of thoughts imbattled in my brest,
Are euer busied with intestine warres,
And like to *Cadmus* earth-borne troupes at iarres,
Haue spoil'd my soule of peace, themselues of rest.

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Thus forc'd to reape such seed as I haue sowne,
I (hauing interest in this doubtfull strife)
Hope much, feare more, doubt most, vnhappie life.
What euer side preuaile, I'm still orethrowne :
O neither life nor death! ô both, but bad
Imparadiz'd, whiles in mine owne conceit,
My fancies straight againe imbroyle my state,
And in a moment make me glad and sad.
Thus neither yeelding quite to this nor that,
I liue, I die, I do I wot not what.

Son. 7.

A FLAME of loue that glaunceth in those eyes,
Where maiestie with sweetnesse mixt remaines,
Doth poure so sweet a poyson in the veines,
That who them viewes straight wounded wondring dyes.
But yet who would not looke on those cleare skies,
And loue to perish with so pleasant paines,
While as those lights of loue hide beauties traine
With iuorie Orbes, where still two starres arise :
When as those christall Comets whiles appeare,
Eye-rauish'd I go gazing on their rayes,
Whil'st they enrich'd with many princely prayes,
Ore hosts of hearts triumphing still retire :
Those planets when they shine in their owne kinds,
Do boast t'orethrow whole monarchies of minds.

Son. 8.

AH what disastrous fortune haue I had !
Lo still in league with all that may annoy,
And entred in enimitie with Ioy,
I entertaine all things that make me sad,
With many miseries almost gone mad :
To purchase paines I all my paines employ,
And vse all meanes my selfe for to destroy,
The tenour of my starre hath bene so bad.

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And though my state a thousand times were worse,
As it is else past bounds of all beleefe :
Yet all *Pandora's* plagues could not haue force,
To aggrauate the burthen of my griefe :
Th'Occasion might moue mountaines to remorce :
I hate all helpe, and hope for no releefe.

Son. 9.

ALTHOUGH that words chain'd with affection faile,
As that which makes me burst abasht t'vnfold,
Yet Lines (dumbe Orators) ye may be bold,
Th'inke will not blush, though paper doth looke pale,
Ye of my state the secrets did containe,
That then through clouds of darke inuentions shin'd :
Whil'st I disclos'd, yet not disclos'd my mind,
Obscure to others, but to one ore plaine.
And yet that one did whiles (as th'end may proue)
Not marke, not vnderstand, or else despise,
That (though misterious) language of mine eyes,
Which might haue bene interpreted by loue.
Thus she, what I discouered, yet conceal'd :
Knowes, and not knowes ; both hid, and both reueal'd.

Elegie 1.

EVEN as the dying Swan almost bereft of breath,
Sounds dolefull notes and drearie songs, a presage of her death :
So since my date of life almost expir'd I find,
My obsequies I sadly sing, as sorrow tunes my mind,
And as the rarest Bird a pile of wood doth frame,
Which, being fir'd by *Phœbus* rayes, she fals into the flame :
So by two sunnie eyes I giue my fancies fire,
And burne my selfe with beauties raies, euen by mine owne desire.
Thus th'angry Gods at length begin for to relent,
And once to end my deathfull life, for pitie are content.
For if th'infernall powers, the damned souls would pine,
Then let them send them to the light, to leade a life like mine.

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O if I could recount the crosses and the cares,
That from my cradle to my Beare conduct me with despairs ;
Then hungrie *Tantalus* pleas'd with his lot would stand :
I famish for a sweeter food, which still is reft my hand,
Like *Ixions* restlesse wheele my fancies rowle about ;
And like his guest that stole heau'ns fires, they teare my bowels out.
I worke an endles task and loose my labor still :
Euen as the bloudie sisters do, that emptie as they fill,
As *Sisiph's* stone returnes his guiltie ghost t'appall,
I euer raise my hopes so high, they bruise me with their fall.
And if I could in summe my seuerall griefes relate,
All would forget their proper harms, & only waile my state.
So grieuous is my paine, so painfull is my griefe,
That death which doth the world affright, wold yeeld to me releefe.
I haue mishaps so long, as in a habit had,
I thinke I looke not like my selfe, but when that I am sad.
As birds flie but in th'aire, fishes in seas do diue,
So sorrow is as th'Element by which I onely liue :
Yet this may be admir'd as more then strange in me,
Although in all my Horoscope not one cleare point I see.
Against my knowledge, yet I many a time rebell,
And seeke to gather grounds of hope, a heau'n amidst a hell.
O poyson of the mind, that doest the wits bereaue :
And shrouded with a cloke of loue dost al the world deceiue.
Thou art the rocke on which my comforts ship did dash,
It's thou that daily in my wounds thy hooked heades dost wash.
Blind Tyrant it is thou by whom my hopes lye dead :
That whiles throwes forth a dart of gold, & whiles a lumpe of lead.
Thus oft thou woundest two, but in two diffrent states,
Which through a strange antipathy, th'one loues, & th'other hates.
O but I erre I grant, I should not thee vpbraid,
It's I to passions tyrrannie that haue my selfe betraid :
And yet this cannot be, my iudgements aymes amisse :
Ah deare *Aurora* it is thou that ruin'd hast my blisse :
A fault that by thy sexe may partly be excus'd,
Which stil doth loath what proferd is, affects what is refus'd.
Whil'st my distracted thoughts I striu'd for to controule,
And with fain'd gestures did disguise the anguish of my soule,

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Then with inuiting lookes and accents stampt with loue,
The mask that was vpon my mind thou labordst to remoue.
And when that once ensnar'd thou in those nets me spide,
Thy smiles were shadowd with disdaines, thy beauties clothd with pride.
To reattaine thy grace I wot not how to go :
Shall I once fold before thy feete, to pleade for fauour so ?
No, no, Ile proudly go my wrath for to asswage,
And liberally at last enlarge the raines vnto my rage.
Ile tell what we were once, our chast (yet feruent) loues,
Whil'st in effect thou seem'd t'affect that which thou didst disproue.
Whil'st once t'engraue thy name vpon a rock I sat,
Thou vow'd to write mine in a mind, more firme by far then that :
The marble stone once stampt retaines that name of thine :
But ah, thy more then marble mind, it did not so with mine :
So that which thral'd me first, shall set me free againe ;
Those flames to which thy loue gaue life, shall die with thy disdaine.
But ah, where am I now, how is my iudgment lost !
I speak as it were in my power, like one that's free to bost :
Haue I not sold my selfe to be thy beauties slaue ?
And when thou tak'st all hope from me, thou tak'st but what thou gaue.
That former loue of thine, did so possesse my mind,
That for to harbor other thoughts, no roome remains behind.
And th'only means by which I mind t'auenge this wrong,
It is, by making of thy praise the burden of my song.
Then why shouldst thou such spite for my goodwil returne ?
Was euer god as yet so mad to make his temple burne ?
My brest the temple was, whence incense thou receiu'd,
And yet thou set'st the same a fire, which others would haue sau'd.
But why should I accuse *Aurora* in this wise ?
She is as faultlesse as she's faire, as innocent as wise.
It's but through my mis-lucke, if any fault there be :
For she who was of nature mild, was cruell made by me.
And since my fortune is, in wo to be bewrapt,
Ile honour her as oft before, and hate mine owne mishap.
Her rigorous course shall serue my loyall part to proue,

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And as a touch-stone for to trie the vertue of my loue.
Which when her beautie fades, shall be as cleare as now,
My constancie it shall be known, when wrinkled is her brow :
So that such two againe, shall in no age be found,
She for her face, I for my faith, both worthy to be crownd.

Madrig. 1.

When in her face mine eyes I fixe,
A fearefull boldnesse takes my mind,
Sweet hony loue with gall doth mixe,
And is vnkindly kind :
It seemes to breed,
And is indeed
A speciall pleasure to be pin'd.
No danger then I dread :
For though I went a thousand times to Stix,
I know she can reuiue me with her eye ;
As many lookes, as many liues to me :
And yet had I a thousand harts,
As many lookes as many darts,
Might make them all to die.

Sestin. 1.

Hard is my fortune, stormie is my state,
And as inconstant as the wauing sea,
Whose course doth still depend vpon the winds :
For lo, my life in danger euery houre,
And though euen at the point for to be lost,
Can find no comfort but a flying show.

And yet I take such pleasure in this show,
That still I stand contented with my state,
Although that others thinke me to be lost :
And whil'st I swim amidst a dangerous sea,
Twixt feare and hope, are looking for the houre,
When my last breath shall glide amongst the winds.

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Lo to the sea-man beaten with the winds,
Sometimes the heau'ns a smiling face will show,
So that to rest himselfe he finds some houre.
But nought (ay me) can euer calme my state,
Who with my teares as I would make a sea,
Am flying *Silla* in *Charibdis* lost.

The Pilote that was likely to be lost,
When he hath scap'd the furour of the winds,
Doth straight forget the dangers of the sea.
But I, vnhappie I, can neuer show,
No kind of token of a quiet state,
And am tormented still from houre to houre.

O shall I neuer see that happie houre,
When I (whose hopes once vtterly were lost)
May find a meanes to re-erect my state,
And leaue for to breath foorth such dolorous winds,
Whil'st I my selfe in constancie do show
A rocke against the waues amidst the sea.

As many waters make in end a sea,
As many minutes make in end an houre :
And still what went before th'effect doth show :
So all the labours that I long haue lost,
As one that was but wrestling with the winds,
May once in end concurre to blesse my state.

And once my storme-stead state sau'd from the sea,
In spite of aduerse winds, may in one houre
Pay all my labors lost, at least in show.

Song 2.

Whil'st I by wailing sought
T'haue in some sort asswag'd my griefe,
I found that rage gaue no reliefe,
And carefulnesse did but increase my feares :

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Then now Ile mourne for nought,
But in my secret thought,
Will thesaurize all my mischiefe.
For long experienc'd wo well witnesse beares,
That teares cannot quench sighs, nor sighs drie teares.

To calme a stormie brow,
The world doth know how I did smart,
Yet could not moue that marble hart,
Which was too much to crueltie inclin'd :
But to her rigour now,
I lift my hands and bow,
And in her grace will claime no part :
I take great paines of purpose to be pin'd,
And onely mourne to satisfie my mind.

How I my dayes haue spent,
The heau'ns aboue no doubt they know ;
The world hath likewise seene below,
Whil'st with my sighes I poyson'd al the ayre :
Those streames which I augment,
Those woods where I lament,
I thinke my state could clearely show :
By those the same rests registred as rare,
That such like monstrous things vs'd to declare.

The trees where I did bide,
Seem'd for to chide my froward fate :
Then whisling wail'd my wretched state,
And bowing whiles to heare my wofull song :
They spred their branches wide,
Of purpose me to hide :
Then of their leaues did make my seate :
And if they reason had as they are strong,
No doubt but they would ioyne t'auenge my wrong.

The beasts in euery glen,
Which first to kill me had ordain'd,
Were by my priuiledge restrain'd,
Who indenized was within those bounds :

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I harbor'd in a den,
I fled the sight of men,
No signe of reason I retain'd.
The beasts they flie not when the hunter sounds,
As I at mine owne thoughts when *Cupid* hounds.

This moues me, my distresse
And sorrowes sometime to conceale,
Lest that the torments which I feele,
Might likewise my concitizens annoy.
And partly I confesse,
Because the meanes grow lesse
By which I should such harmes reueale :
Which I protest, doth but preiudge my ioy,
That still do striue myselfe for to destroy.

All comfort I despight,
And willingly with wo comport,
My passions do appeare a sport ;
I take a speciall pleasure to complaine :
All things that moue delight,
I with disdaine acquite.
Small ease seemes much, long trauels short,
A world of pleasure is not worth my paine,
I will not change my losse with others gaine.

Here rob'd of all repose,
Not interrupted by repaire,
My fancies freely I declare :
And counting all my crosses one by one,
I daily do disclose
To woods and vales my woes.
And as I saw *Aurora* there,
I thinke to her that I my state bemone,
When in effect it is but to a stone.

This my most monstrous ill,
Compassion moues in euery thing :
When as I shout the forrests ring ;
When I begin to grone, the beasts they bray :

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The trees they teares distill,
The riuers all stand still,
The birds my Tragedie they sing ;
The wofull Eccho waites vpon my way,
Prompt to resound my accents when I stay.

When wearied I remaine,
That sighs, teares, voice, and all do faile,
Discolour'd, bloudlesse, and growne pale,
Vpon the earth my bodie I distend :
And then orecome with paine,
I agonize againe :
And passions do so farre preuaile,
That though I want the meanes my woes to spend,
A mournfull meaning neuer hath an end.

My child in deserts borne,
For griefe-tun'd eares thy accents frame,
And tell to those thy plaints that scorne,
Thou plead'st for pitie, not for fame.

Son. 10.

I SWEARE, *Aurora*, by thy starrie eyes,
And by those golden lockes whose locke none slips,
And by the Corall of thy rosie lippes,
And by the naked snowes which beautie dies,
I sweare by all the iewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet neuer worldly treasure bought,
Thy solide iudgement and thy generous thought,
Which in this darkened age haue clearely shin'd :
I sweare by those, and by my spotlesse loue,
And by my secret, yet most feruent fires,
That I haue neuer nurc'd but chast desires,
And such as modestie might well approue.
Then since I loue those vertuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not loue this vertuous mind in me ?

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Son. 11.

Ah that it was my fortune to be borne,
Now in the time of this degener'd age,
When some, in whom impietie doth rage,
Do all the rest discredit whil'st they scorne.
And this is growne to such a custome now,
That those are thought to haue the brauest spirits,
Who can faine fancies and imagine merits :
As who but for their lusts of loue allow.
And yet in this I had good hap, I find,
That chanc'd to chaine my thoughts to such an one,
Whose iudgement is so cleare, that she anone
Can by the outward gestures iudge the mind.
Yet wit and fortune rarely waite on one,
She knowes the best, yet can make choice of none.

Son. 12.

Sweet blushing goddesse of the golden morning,
Faire patronesse of all the worlds affaires,
Thou art become so carelesse of my cares,
That I must name thee goddesse of my mourning.
Lo how the Sunne part of thy burthen beares,
And whil'st thou doest in pearly drops regrate,
As t'were to pitie thy distressed state,
Exhales the Christall of thy glistring teares ;
But I poure forth my vowes before thy shrine,
And whil'st thou dost my louing zeale despise,
Do drowne my heart in th'ocean of mine eyes ;
Yet daign'st thou not to drie these teares of mine,
Vnlesse it be with th'*Ætna* of desires,
Which euen amidst those floods doth foster fires.

Son. 13.

Lo how that Time doth still disturbe my peace,
And hath his course to my confusion bent ;

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For when th'Occasion kindly giues consent,
That I should feed vpon *Auroraes* face :
Then mounted on the chariot of the Sunne,
That tyrant Time doth post so fast away,
That whil'st I but aduise what I should say,
I'm forc'd to end ere I haue well begun :
And then againe it doth so slowly flie,
Whil'st I leaue her whom I hold onely deare,
Each minute makes an houre, each houre a yeare,
Yeares lusters seeme, one luster ten to me.
Thus changing course to change my state I know,
In presence time proues swift, in absence slow.

Son. 14.

When first I view'd that ey-enchanting face,
Which for the world chiefe treasure was esteem'd,
I iudging simply all things as they seem'd,
Thought humble lookes had promist pitie place ;
Yet were they but ambushments, to deceiue
My ouer-rash heart that fear'd no secret fires :
Thy bashfulnesse emboldened my desires,
Which seem'd to offer what I was to craue.
Can crueltie then borrow beauties shape ?
And pride so decke it selfe with modest lookes ?
Too pleasant baites to hide such poison'd hookes,
Whose vnsuspected slight none can escape.
Who can escape this more then diuellish art,
When golden haires disguise a brazen heart ?

Son. 15.

Stay blubring pen to spot one that's so pure ;
She is my loue, although she be vnkind,
I must admire that diamantine mind,
And praise those eyes that do my death procure :
Nor will I willingly those thoughts endure,
That are to such apostasie inclin'd.

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Shall she, euen she in whom all vertue shin'd,
Be wrong'd by me? shall I her worth iniure?
No, rather let me die, and die disdain'd,
Long ere I thinke, much lesse I speake the thing,
That may disgrace vnto her beautie bring,
Who ore my fancies hath so sweetly raign'd.
If any pitying me will damne her part,
Ile make th'amends, and for her errour smart.

Son. 16.

Loue so engag'd my fancies to that faire,
That whil'st I liue I shall aduance her name,
And imping stately fethers in her fame,
May make it glide more glorious through the aire:
So she in beauties right shall haue her share,
And I who striue her praises to proclaime,
Encourag'd with so excellent a theame,
May rest inrold amongst those that were rare.
O if my wit were equall with her worth!
Th'*Antipodes* all rauish'd by report,
From regions most remou'd should here resort,
To gaze vpon the face which I set forth:
Or were my wit but equall with my will,
I with her praise both *Titans* bowers should fill.

Son. 17.

I saw sixe gallant Nymphes, I saw but one,
One stain'd them all, one did them onely grace;
And with the shining of her beauteous face,
Gaue to the world new light when it had none.
Then when the god that guides the light was gone,
And ore the hils directed had his race,
A brighter farre then he supplide his place,
And lightned our horizon here anone.
The rest pale Moones were bettered by this Sunne,
They borrowed beames from her star-staining eyes:

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Still when she sets her lights, their shining dies,
And at their opening is againe begun :
Phœbus all day I would be bard thy light,
For to be shin'd on by this Sunne at night.

Son. 18.

PRAISE-WORTHY part where praises praise is plac'd,
As th'Oracle of th'Earth beleeu'd below.
Ile to the world thy beauties wonders show,
O vnstain'd Rose, with Lillies interlac'd :
But what a labour hath my Muse imbrac'd ?
Shall I commend the corall, or the snow,
Which such a sweet embalmed breath did blow,
That th'orientall odours are disgrac'd ?
Mouth moistned with celestiall Nectar still,
Whose musicke oft my famish'd eares hath fed,
With softned sounds in sugred speeches spred,
Whil'st pearles and rubies did vnfold thy will.
I wish that thy last kisse might stop my breath,
Then I would thinke I died a happie death.

Son. 19.

LET some bewitch'd with a deceitfull show,
Loue earthly things vnworthily esteem'd ;
And losing that which cannot be redeem'd,
Pay backe with paine according as they ow :
But I disdaine to cast mine eyes so low,
That for my thoughts ouer base a subiect seem'd,
Which still the vulgar course too beaten deem'd ;
And loftier things delighted for to know,
Though presently this plague me but with paine,
And vexe the world with wondring at my woes :
Yet hauing gain'd that long desir'd repose,
My mirth may more miraculous remaine.
That for the which long languishing I pine,
It is a show, but yet a show diuine.

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Song 3.

When as my fancies first began to flie,
Which youth had but enlarg'd of late,
Enamour'd of mine owne conceit,
I sported with my thoughts that then were free ;
And neuer thought to see
No such mishap at all,
As might haue made them thrall.
When lo, euen then my fate
Was laboring to orethrow my prosprous state :
For *Cupid* did conspire my fall,
And with my honie mixt his gall,
Long ere I thought that such a thing could be.

Loue after many stratagems were tride,
His griefe t'his mother did impart,
And praid her to find out some art,
By which he might haue meanes t'abate my pride.
And she by chance espide
Where beauties beautie straid,
Like whom straight wayes arraid,
She tooke a powerfull dart,
Which had the force t'inflame an icie hart :
And when she had this slight assaid,
The time no longer she delaid,
But made an arrow through my bowels glide.

Then when I had receiu'd the deadly wound,
And that the goddesse fled my sight,
Inueigled with her beauties light :
First hauing followed ore the stable ground,
Vnto the deepe profound,
My course I next did hold,
In hope the truth t'vnfold.
If *Thetis* by her might,
Or some sea-nimph had vs'd the fatall slight :
In th'Hauen I did a barke behold,
With sailes of silke, and oares of gold,
Which being richly deckt, did seeme most sound.

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In this imbark'd when from the port I past,
Faire gales at first my sailes did greete,
And all seem'd for the voyage meete ;
But yet I sail'd not long, when lo a blast
Did quite oreturne my mast ;
Which being once throwne downe,
Still looking for to drowne,
And striken off my feete,
Betwixt two rockes I did with danger fleete :
Whil'st seas their waues with clouds did crowne,
Yet with much toile I got a towne,
Whereas I saw her whom I sought at last.

What were my ioyes then scarcely can be thought ;
When in distresse she did me spie,
My mind with fortunes best to trie,
She to a chamber made of pearle me brought,
Where whil'st I proudly sought,
In state with *Ioue* to striue ;
A flame which did arriue
In twinckling of an eye,
The chamber burn'd, and left me like to die :
For after that, how could I liue,
That in the depth of woes did diue,
To see my glorie to confusion brought ?

But with prosperitie yet once againe,
(To trie what was within my mind)
She on my backe two wings did bind,
Like to *Ioues* birds, and I who did disdaine
On th'earth for to remaine,
Since I might soare ore all,
Did th'airie sprites appall,
Till through fierce flying blind,
I was encountred with a mightie wind,
With which through th'aire toss'd like a ball,
Euen as a starre from heauen doth fall,
I glided to the ground almost quite slaine.

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Then (as it seem'd) growne kinder then before,
This Ladie for to cure my wounds,
Did seeke ore all the nearest bounds,
To trie what might my wonted state restore,
And still her care grew more ;
Of flowers she made my bed,
With *Nectar* I was fed,
And with most sugred sounds,
Oft luld asleepe betwixt two yuorie rounds,
Whose daintie turrets all were cled
With Lillies white, and Roses red,
The leaues of which could onely ease my sore.

When I was cur'd of euery thing saue care,
She whom I name (without a name)
Did leade me forth t'a mightie frame,
A curious building that was wondrous faire,
A labyrinth most rare,
All made of precious stones :
That which in Candie once
Did hide *Pasiphaes* shame,
Was not so large, though more enlarg'd by fame :
There whil'st none listned to their mones,
A world of men shed weightie grones,
That tortur'd were with th'engines of despaire.

As *Forth* at *Sterling*, glides as t'were in doubt,
What way she should direct her course ;
If to the sea, or to the source,
And sporting with her selfe, her selfe doth flout :
So wandred I about
In th'intricated way,
Where whil'st I did still stray,
With an abrupt discourse,
And with a courtesie, I must say course,
My beauteous guide fled quite away,
And would not do so much as stay,
To lend me first a thread to leade me out :

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Through many a corner whil'st I staggring went,
Which in the darke I did embrace,
A nymph like th'other in the face,
But whose affections were more mildly bent,
Spying my breath neare spent,
Plaid *Ariadnes* part,
And led me by the heart
Out of the guilefull place.
And like th'vngratefull *Theseus* in this case,
I made not my deliuerer smart :
Thus oft affraid my panting hart,
Can yet scarce trust t'haue scap'd some bad euent.

If any muse misterious song,
At those strange things that thou hast showne,
And wot not what to deeme ;
Tell that they do me wrong,
I am my selfe, what ere I seeme,
And must go mask'd, that I may not be knowne.

Son. 20.

VNHAPPIE ghost go waile thy griefe below,
Where neuer soule but endlesse horror sees,
Dismaske thy mind amongst the mirtle trees,
Which here I see thou art asham'd to show ;
This breast that such a fierie breath doth blow,
Must haue of force some flood those flames to freeze.
And ô that drowsie *Lethe* best agrees,
To quench these euils that come, because I know
Since she whom I haue harbour'd in my heart,
Will grant me now no portion of her mind,
I die content, because she liues vnkind,
And suffers one whom once she grac'd to smart :
But I lament that I haue liu'd so long,
Lest blaming her, I ere I die do wrong.

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Son. 21.

In this curst brest, borne onely to be pin'd,
Some furie hath such fantasies infus'd,
That I though with her cruelties well vs'd,
Can daigne my selfe to serue one so inclind.
Such hellish horrors tosse my restlesse mind,
That with beguiling hopes vainely abus'd,
It yet affects that which the Fates refus'd,
And dare presume to pleade for that vnkind :
Then traiterous thoughts, that haue seduc'd my sence,
Whose vaine inuentions I haue oft times wail'd,
I banish you the bounds, whereas ye fail'd
To liue from hence, exil'd for your offence.
But what auailes all this, though I would leaue them,
If that the heart they hurt againe receiue them ?

Son. 22.

Whil'st nothing could my fancies course controule,
T'haue matchlesse beauties match'd with matchles loue,
And from thy mind all rigor to remoue,
I sacrific'd th'affections of my soule :
And *Hercules* had neuer greater paines,
With dangerous toiles his step-dames wrath t'asswage,
Then I, while as I did my thoughts engage,
With my deserts t'oreballance thy disdaines :
Yet all my merits could not moue thy mind,
But furnish'd trophees for t'adorne thy pride,
That in the fornace of those troubles tride
The temper of my loue, whose flame I find
Fin'd and refin'd too oft, but faintles flashes,
And must within short time fall downe in ashes.

Son. 23.

Earst stately *Iuno* in a great disdaine,
Her beautie by ones iudgement but iniur'd,
T'auenge on a whole nation oft procur'd,
And for ones fault saw many thousands slaine :

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But she whom I would to the world preferre,
Although I spend my sp'rit to praise her name,
She in a rage, as if I sought her shame,
Thirsts for my bloud, and saith I wrong her farre.
Thus ruthlesse tyrants that are bent to kill,
Of all occasions procreate a cause :
How can she hate me now (this makes me pause)
When yet I cannot but commend her still ?
For this her fault comes of a modest mind,
Where fond ambition made the goddesse blind.

Son. 24.

A COUNTRIE Swaine while as he lay at rest,
Neare dead for cold a serpent did perceiue,
And through preposterous pitie straight would saue
That vipers life, whose death had bene his best :
For being by his bosomes heate reuiu'd,
O vile ingratitude ! a monstrous thing,
Not thinking how he strengthned had her sting,
She kild the courteous Clowne by whom she liu'd.
I in this maner harbour'd in my hart
A speechlesse picture, destitute of force,
And lo attracted with a vaine remorce,
I gaue it life, and fostred it with art ;
But like that poisnous viper being strong,
She burn'd the brest where she had lodg'd so long.

Son. 25.

CLEARE mouing cristall, pure as the Sunne beames,
Which had the honor for to be the glasse,
Of the most daintie beautie euer was ;
And with her shadow did inrich thy streames,
Thy treasures now cannot be bought for monie,
Whil'st she dranke thee, thou drank'st thy fill of loue,
And of those roses didst the sweetnes proue,
From which the Bees of loue do gather honie :

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Th'ambrosian liquor that he fils aboue,
Whom th'Eagle rauish'd from th'inferior round,
It is not like this Nectar (though renown'd)
Which thou didst tast, whil'st she her lips did moue :
But yet beware lest burning with desires,
That all thy waters cannot quench thy fires.

Son. 26.

Ile giue thee leaue my loue, in beauties field
To reare red colours whiles, and bend thine eyes ;
Those that are bashfull still, I quite despise
Such simple soules are too soone mou'd to yeeld :
Let maiestie arm'd in thy count'nance sit,
As that which will no iniurie receiue ;
And Ile not hate thee, whiles although thou haue
A sparke of pride, so it be rul'd by wit.
This is to chastitie a powerfull guard,
Whil'st haughtie thoughts all seruile things eschue,
That sparke hath power the passions to subdue,
And would of glorie chalenge a reward :
But do not fall in loue with thine owne selfe ;
Narcissus earst was lost on such a shelfe.

Son. 27.

The thoughts of those I cannot but disproue,
Who basely lost their thraldome must bemone :
I scorne to yeeld my selfe to such a one,
Whose birth and vertue is not worth my loue.
No, since it is my fortune to be thrall,
I must be fettred with a golden band ;
And if I die, Ile die by *Hectors* hand :
So may the victors fame excuse my fall ;
And if by any meanes I must be blind,
Then it shall be by gazing on the Sunne ;
Oft by those meanes the greatest haue bene wonne,
Who must like best of such a generous mind :
At least by this I haue allow'd of fame,
Much honour if I winne, if lose, no shame.

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Son. 28.

THEN whil'st that *Lathmos* did containe her blisse,
Chast *Phœbe* left her Church so much admir'd,
And when her brother from that bounds retir'd,
Would of the sleepie shepheard steale a kisse,
But to no greater grace I craue to clime,
Then of my goddesse whiles whil'st she reposes,
That I might kisse the stil-selfekissing roses,
And steale of her that which was stolne of him ;
And though I know that this would onely proue,
A maim'd delight, whereof th'one halfe would want,
Yet whil'st the light did *Morpheus* power supplant :
If that my theft did her displeasure moue,
I render would all that I rob'd againe,
And for each kisse I take would giue her twaine.

Son. 29.

I ENUIE not *Endimion* now no more,
Nor all the happinesse his sleepe did yeeld,
While as *Diana* straying through the field,
Suck'd from his sleep-seal'd lippes balme for her sore :
Whil'st I embrac'd the shadow of my death,
I dreaming did farre greater pleasure proue,
And quaff'd with *Cupid* sugred draughts of loue,
Then *Ioue*-like feeding on a nectar'd breath :
Now iudge which of vs two might be most prowd ;
He got a kisse yet not enioy'd it right,
And I got none, yet tasted that delight
Which *Venus* on *Adonis* once bestow'd :
He onely got the bodie of a kisse,
And I the soule of it, which he did misse.

Son. 30.

ASPIRING Sprite, flie low, yet flie despaire,
Thy haughtie thoughts the heau'nly powers despise.
Thus ballanc'd lo betwixt the earth and th'aire,
I wot not whether for to fall or rise ;

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Through desperate dangers whiles I scale the skies,
As if that nought my courage could restraine,
When lo, anon downe in the Center lies
That restlesse mind, which th'heau'ns did once containe ;
I toyle for that which I cannot attaine :
Yet fortune nought but ficklenesse affoords :
Where I haue bene, I hope to be againe ;
She once must change, her common course records.
Although my hap be hard, my heart is hie,
And it must mount, or else my bodie die.

Elegie 2.

Let not the world beleeue th'accusing of my fate
Tends to allure it to condole with me my tragick state :
Nor that I haue sent foorth these stormie teares of rage,
So by disburd'ning of my brest, my sorrowes to asswage.
No, no, that serues for nought, I craue no such reliefe,
Nor will I yeeld that any should be partners of my griefe.
My fantasie to feed I only spend those teares :
My plaints please me, no musicke sounds so sweetly in my eares,
I wish that from my birth I had acquainted bene
Still with mishaps, and neuer had but woes and horrors seene :
Then ignorant of Ioyes, lamenting as I do,
As thinking all men did the like, I might content me too.
But ah, my fate was worse : for it (as in a glasse)
Shew'd me through litle blinkes of blisse, the state wherein I was.
Which vnperfected ioyes, scarce constant for an houre,
Was like but to a watrie Sunne, that shines before a shoure.
For if I euer thought or rather dream'd of Ioyes,
That litle lightning but foreshew'd a thunder of annoyes :
It was but like the fruit that *Tantalus* torments,
Which while he sees & nought attains, his hunger but augments.
For so the shadow of that but imagin'd mirth,
Cal'd all the crosses to record, I suffer'd since my birth,
Which are to be bewail'd, but hard to be redrest :
Whose strange effects may well be felt, but cannot be exprest.
Iudge what the feeling was, when thinking on things past,
I tremble at the torment yet, and stand a time agast.

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Yet do I not repent, but will with patience pine :
For though I mourne, I murmure not, like men that do repine.
I graunt I waile my lot, yet I approue her will ;
What my soules oracle thinkes good, I neuer shall thinke ill.
If I had onely sought a salue to ease my paines,
Long since I had bewail'd my lot alongst th'*Elysian* plaines :
Yet mind I not in this selfe-louer-like to die,
As one that car'd not for her losse, so I my selfe were free.
No, may ten nights annoyes make her one night secure,
A day of dolors vnto her a moments mirth procure :
Or may a yeares laments reioyce her halfe an houre,
May seuen years sorrows make her glad, I shal not think them soure.
And if she do delight to heare of my disease,
Then ô blest I, who so may haue th'occasion her to please.
For now the cause I liue, is not for loue of life,
But onely for to honour her that holds me in this strife.
And ere those vowes I make do vnperform'd escape,
This world shal once againe renuerst resume her shapelesse shape.
But what ? what haue I vow'd, my passions were too strong,
As if the mildest of the world delighted to do wrong :
As she whom I adore with so deuote a mind,
Could rest content to see me starue, be glad to see me pin'd.
No, no, she wailes my state, and would appease my cares,
Yet interdited to the fates, conformes her will to theirs.
Then ô vnhappie man, whom euen thy Saint would saue,
And yet thy cruel destinie doth damne thee to the graue.
This sentence then may serue for to confound my feares,
Why burst I not my brest with sighs, & drowne mine eyes with tears ?
Ah, I haue mourn'd so much, that I may mourn no more,
My miseries passe numbring now, plaints perish in their store.
The meanes t'vnlode my brest doth quite begin to faile ;
For being drunke with too much dole, I wot not how to waile.
And since I want a way my anguish to reueale,
Of force contented with my Fate, Ile suffer and conceale.
And for to vse the world, euen as my loue vs'd me,
Ile vse a count'nance like to one, whose mind from grief were free.

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For when she did disdaine, she shew'd a smiling face,
Euen then when she denounc'd my death, she seem'd to promise grace.
So shall I seeme in show my thoughts for to repose,
Yet in the center of my soule shall shroud a world of woes :
Then wofull brest and eyes your restlesse course controule,
And with no outward signes betray the anguish of my soule.
Eyes raine your shoures within, arrowze the Earth no more,
Passe drowne with a deluge of teares the brest ye burnt before :
Brest arme your selfe with sighes, if ore weake to defend,
Then perish by your proper fires, and make an honest end.

Song 4.

O BITTER time that dost begin the yeare,
And dost begin each bitter thing to breed !
O season sowre, that season'st so with gall
Each kind of *thing*, in thee that life doth take ;
Yet cloak'st thy sowrenesse with a sweet-like hew,
And for my *share* dost make me still to pine,
As one that's rob'd of rest.

Now when through all the earth the basest brire,
In signe of ioy is cloath'd with Sommers weed,
Euen now when as hils, herbes, woods, vales and all,
Begin to *spring*, and off th'old ruines shake,
Thou but begin'st mine anguish to renew ;
O rigour *rare*, to banish me from mine,
When birds do build their nest.

By these thy fierce effects it may appeare,
That with the Bull the Sunne soiournes indeed.
What sauage Bull disbanded from his stall,
Of wrath a *Signe* more inhumane could make ?
Ore all the Earth thou powr'st downe pleasant dew :
But with *despaire* dost all my hopes confine,
With teares to bath my brest.

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Now when the time t'increase is drawing neare,
Thou in my brest of sorrow sow'st the seed,
And those old griefes thou goest for to recall,
That fading *hing* and would the stalke forsake.
Thus how can I some huge mishap eschew,
Who kil'd with *care*, all comfort must resigne,
And yeeld to th'amorous pest ?

The heau'n of my estate growes neuer cleare,
I many torments feele, yet worse do dread :
Mishaps haue me inuiron'd with a wall,
And my heart *sting* with paines that neuer slake :
Yet to the end Ile to my Deare be true ;
So this sharpe *aire* my constancie shall fine,
Which may come for the best.

Ile write my woes vpon this Pine-tree here,
That passengers such rarities may reade,
Who when they thinke of this my wretched fall,
With sighes may *sing* those euils that make me quake,
And for compassion waile, while as they view,
How that I *there* with such a sauage line,
A tyrants Trophees drest.

This time desir'd of all Ile to hold deare,
And as that all things now to flourish speed :
So mouing on this sea-inuiron'd ball,
Foorth teares to *bring* mine eyes shall euer wake :
And whil'st euen senslesse things my sorrowes rue,
I shall not *spare* no part of my ingine,
My selfe for to molest.

The sourest hearbes shall be my sweetest cheare,
Since to prolong my paines I onely feed ;
Some dungeon darke shall serue me for a hall,
And like a *king* I shall companions lake.
Though neuer Enuie do my state pursue,
Of wormwood *bare* I mind to make my wine,
Thus shall I be distrest.
For since my *Faire* doth not vpon me rue,
My hopes set in the west.

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Son. 31.

My fairest Faire aduise thee with thy heart,
And tell in time if that thou think'st to loue me,
Lest that I perish whil'st thou think'st to proue me,
And so thou want the meanes to act thy part :
For I account my selfe so done accurst,
That from despaires refuge I scarce refraine.
The daintiest colours do the soonest staine,
And the most noble minds do soonest burst.
Why shouldst thou thus thy rarest treasure venter ?
Lo, all the waightie thoughts, the burd'nous cares,
And euery horror that the health impaires,
Draw to the heart, as to the bodies Center :
And it ore-ballanc'd with so great a waight,
Doth boast to yeeld vnto the burthen straight.

Son. 32.

The turret of my hope, which neuer falles,
Did at the first all *Cupids* power despise :
But it t'orethrow while as thou arm'd thine eyes :
Thy lookes were Canons, thy disdaines their balles :
I brau'd thy beauties in a gallant sort,
And did resist all thy assaults a time :
But ah, I find in end, (my wrack thy crime)
That treason enters in the strongest fort.
Thou seeing thou wast like to lose the field,
Vnto my thoughts some fauour didst impart,
Which like brib'd Orators inform'd the hart,
The victor would proue kind, if I could yeeld :
And ô, what can this grace thy beauties straines ?
T'is no true victorie that treason gaines.

Son. 33.

O if thou knew'st how thou thy selfe dost harme,
And dost preiudge thy blisse, and spoile my rest :
Then thou would'st melt the yce out of thy brest,
And thy relenting heart would kindly warme.

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O if thy pride did not our ioyes controule,
What world of louing wonders should'st thou see !
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
Then in thy bosome I would poure my soule,
Then all thy thoughts should in my visage shine.
And if that ought mischanc'd thou should'st not mone,
Nor beare the burthen of thy griefes alone ;
No, I would haue my share in what were thine.
And whil'st we thus should make our sorrowes one,
This happie harmonie would make them none.

Son. 34.

WHAT vncouth motion makes my mirth decay ?
Is this the thing poore martyr'd men call Loue ?
And whil'st their torment doth their wits dismay,
As those that raue, do for a god approue ?
Although he bring his greatnesse from aboue,
And rule the world according to his will,
Yet doth he euen from those all rest remoue,
That were deuoted to his deitie still.
Can that which is th'originall of ill,
From which doth flow an Ocean of mischiefe,
Whose poysnous waues doth many thousands kill
Can that be loue ? no, 'tis the source of griefe.
And all those erre that hold this vaine conceit ;
Then I erre too, one in this same estate.

Sestin. 2.

WHILE as the day deliuers vs his light,
I wander through the solitarie fields,
And when the euening hath obscur'd the earth,
And hath with silence lull'd the world asleepe :
Then rage I like a mad-man in my bed,
Which being fir'd with sighes, I quench with teares.

But ere *Aurora* rise to spend her teares,
Still languishing againe to see the light,

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As th'enemie of my rest, I flie my bed,
And take me to the most deserted fields :
There is no soule saue I but gets some sleepe,
Though one would seeke through all the peopled earth.

Whiles th'*Ætna* of my fires affrights the earth,
And whiles it dreads, I drowne it with my teares :
And it's suspicious-like, I neither sleepe,
When *Phœbus* giues nor gathers in his light :
So many piles of grasse not cloath the fields,
As I deuise designes within my bed.

Vnto the time I find a frostie bed,
Digged within the bowels of the earth,
Mine eyes salt flouds shall still oreflow the fields :
I looke not for an abstinence from teares,
Till first I be secluded from the light,
And end my torments with an endlesse sleepe.

For now when I am purposed to sleepe,
A thousand thoughts assaile me in my bed,
That oft I do despaire to see the light :
O would to God I were dissolu'd in earth ;
Then would the sauage beasts bemone with teares,
Their neighbours death through all th'vnpeopled fields.

Whil'st rauish'd whiles I walke alongst the fields,
The lookers on lament, I lose my sleepe :
But of the *Crocadiles* those be the teares,
So to perswade me for to go to sleepe ;
As being sure, when once I leaue the light,
To render me the greatest wretch on th'earth.

O happiest I in th'earth, if in the fields,
I might still see the light and neuer sleepe,
Drinking salt teares, and making stones my bed.

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Son. 35.

WHEN I behold that face for which I pin'd,
And did my selfe so long in vaine annoy,
My toung not able to vnfold my ioy,
A wondring silence onely shewes my mind :
But when againe thou dost extend thy rigour,
And wilt not daigne to grace me with thy sight,
Thou kil'st my comfort, and so spoil'st my might,
That scarce my corps retaines the vitall vigour.
Thy presence thus a great contentment brings,
And is my soules inestimable treasure :
But ô, I drowne in th'Ocean of displeasure,
When I in absence thinke vpon those things.
Thus would to God that I had seene thee neuer,
Or would to God that I might see thee euer.

Son. 36.

Loue, witnesse thou what was my spotlesse part,
Whil'st thou amaz'd to see thy Nymphes so faire,
As loth to part thence where they did repaire,
Still murm'ring did thy plaints t'each stone impart :
Then did mine eyes betake them to my hart,
As scorning to behold all those, though rare,
And gaz'd vpon her beauties image there,
Whose eyes haue furnish'd *Cupid* many a dart :
And as deuoted only vnto her,
They did disdaine for to bestow their light,
For to be entertain'd with any sight,
Saue onely that which made them first to erre.
Then famous riuer through the Ocean glide,
And tell my loue how constant I abide.

Son. 37.

I CANNOT comprehend how this doth come,
Thou whose affections neuer yet were warme,
Which cold disdaine with leaden thoughts doth arme :
Though in thy selfe still cold, yet burn'st thou some.

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Euen as the Sunne (as th'Astrologian dreames)
In th'airie region where it selfe doth moue,
Is neuer hote, yet darting from aboue,
Doth parch all things that repercusse his beames :
So thou that in thy selfe from fires art free,
Who eye's indifferent still, as *Titans* stayes,
Whil'st I am th'obiect that reflect thy rayes :
That which thou neuer hadst, thou workst in me.
Since but below thou shew'st that power of thine,
I would the *Zodiacke* be whence thou dost shine.

Son. 38.

My teares might all the parched sands haue drench'd,
Though *Phaeton* had vndone the liquide frame :
Ile furnish *Vulcans* fornace with a flame,
That like the *Vestals* fire was neuer quench'd.
And though th'infected aire turmoil'd remaine,
It by my sighes and cries may be refin'd :
And if the bodie answer to the mind,
If no earth were, mine might make th'earth againe :
Though all the sauage flockes lay dead in heapes,
With which th'*Arabian* desarts are best stor'd,
My brest might many a fiercer beast affoord,
If like themselues all cloath'd with monstrous shapes :
And thus within my selfe I create so,
A world with all the Elements of wo.

Son. 39.

Mvs'r I attend an vnrelenting will,
Which neuer any signe of fauour shew ?
Ah, why should'st thou *Aurora* thus pursue
An innocent, that neuer did thee ill ?
I did not with the Greeke conspire to kill
Thy sonne, for whom thou shed'st such flouds of dew :
But I as one that yet his destine rue,
For to condole with thee, huge teares distill ;

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And like the louing birds that came each yeare,
Vpon his tombe to offer vp their bloud :
So shall I too powre foorth a skarlet floud,
And sacrifize a heart that holds thee deare :
That since my life to make thee loue lackes force,
At least my death may moue thee to remorce.

Son. 40.

THY cruelties (fierce Faire) may be excus'd :
For it was I that gaue thy beautie powre,
And taught thee when to smile, and when to lowre,
Which thou hast since still to my ruine vs'd :
As he that others purpos'd was to pine,
And for his brasen Bull a guerdon claim'd,
Was tortur'd first with that which he had fram'd,
And made th'experience of his curst engine :
So in this manner dost thou me torment,
Who told thee first the force of thy disdaines :
But ah, I suffer many greater paines,
Then the *Sicilian* tyrants could inuent :
And yet this grieues me most that thou disgrac'd,
Art in the rancke with such like tyrants plac'd.

Son. 41.

IF that so many braue men leauing *Greece*,
Durst earst aduenter through the raging deepe,
And all to get the spoiles of a poore sheepe,
That had bene famous for his golden fleece.
O then for that pure gold what should be sought,
Of which each haire is worth a thousand such !
No doubt for it one cannot do too much.
Why should not precious things be dearely bought ?
And so they are, for in the *Colchik* guise,
This treasure many a danger doth defend :
Of which, when I haue brought some one to end,
Straight out of that a number doth arise :
Euen as the Dragons teeth bred men at armes,
Which (ah) t'orethrow, I want *Medeas* charmes.

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Son. 42.

OFT with that mirror would I change my shape,
From which my Faire askes counsell euery day,
How she th'vntainted beauties should array,
To th'end their fierce assaults no soule may scape.
Then in my bosome I behoou'd t'imbrace
That which I loue, and whil'st on me she gaz'd,
In her sweet eyes I many a time amaz'd,
Would woo my selfe, and borrow thence a grace.
But ah, I seeke that which I haue, and more,
She but too oft in me her picture spies,
And I but gaze too oft on those faire eyes,
Whence I the humor draw that makes mine sore.
Well may my loue come glasse her selfe in me,
In whom all what she is, the world may see.

Son. 43.

NOW when the *Syren* sings, as one dismaid,
I straight with waxe begin to stop mine eares ;
And when the *Crocadile* doth shed foorth teares,
I flie away, for feare to be betraid.
I know when as thou seem'st to waile my state,
Thy face is no true table of thy mind :
And thou wouldst neuer shew thy selfe so kind,
Wert not thy thoughts are hatching some deceit :
Whil'st with vaine hopes thou go'st about to fill me.
I wot whereto those drams of fauour tend ;
Lest by my death thy cruelties should end,
Thou think'st by giuing life againe to kill me :
No, no, thou shalt not thus thy greatnesse raise,
Ile breake the trumpet that proclaim'd thy praise.

Son. 44.

O NOW I thinke, and do not thinke amisse,
That th'old Philosophers were all but fooles,
Who vs'd such curious questions in their schooles,
Yet could not apprehend the highest Blisse.

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Lo, I haue learn'd in th'Academe of Loue,
A Maxime which they neuer vnderstood :
To loue and be belou'd, this is the good,
Which for most sou'raigne all the world will proue,
That which delights vs most must be our treasure :
And to what greater joy can one aspire,
Then to possesse all that he doth desire,
Whil'st two vnited soules do melt in pleasure ?
This is the greatest good can be inuented,
That is so great it cannot be augmented.

Son. 45.

I WONDER not at *Procris* raging fits,
Who was affraid of thy entangling grace :
O there be many sorcerers in thy face,
Whose Magicke may enchaunt the rarest wits.
To *Cephalus* what would thy lookes haue bred,
When thou while as the world thy sight pursude,
As blushing of so many to be view'd,
A vale of roses ore thy beauties spred :
Then euer gazing on thine yuorie browes,
He wounded with thy Christall-pointed eyes,
Had rear'd a Trophee to the morning skies,
Not mindfull of his *Hymenean* vowes.
But I am glad it chanc'd not to be so,
Least I had partner bene of *Procris* wo.

Son. 46.

LOUE swore by *Styx* whil'st all the depths did tremble,
That he would be aueng'd of my proud hart,
Who to his Deitie durst base styles impart,
And would in that *Latonas* impe resemble :
Then straight denounc'd his rebell, in a rage
He labour'd by all meanes for to betray me,
And gaue full leaue to any for to slay me,
That he might by my wracke his wrath asswage :

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A Nymph that long'd to finish *Cupids* toyles,
Chanc'd once to spie me come in beauties bounds,
And straight orethrew me with a world of wounds,
Then vnto *Paphos* did transport my spoiles.
Thus, thus I see, that all must fall in end,
That with a greater then themselues contend.

Song 5.

Alongst the borders of a pleasant plaine,
The sad *Alexis* did his garments teare,
And though alone, yet fearing to be plaine,
Did maime his words with many a sigh and teare :
For whil'st he lean'd him downe vpon a greene,
His wounds againe began for to grow greene.

At last in show as one whose hopes were light,
From fainting breath he forc'd those words to part :
O deare *Aurora*, dearer then the light,
Of all the worlds delights mine onely part :
How long shall I in barren fields thus eare,
Whil'st to my sad laments thou lend'st no eare !

O what a rage doth boyle in euery vaine,
Which shewes the world my better part's not sound :
And yet thou let'st me spend those plaints in vaine,
T'amaze the world with many a mournful sound :
And whil'st that I to griefe enlarge the raines,
A shoure of sorrow ore my visage raines.

Ah, what haue I whereon my hopes to found,
That hop'd t'haue had repose within thine arme,
Yet haue not any signe of fauour found,
Thy marble mind such frozen fancies arme :
For when in humble sort for grace I pray,
Thou triumph'st ore me, as thy beauties pray.

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I that transported once was neare gone wood,
Now with long trauels growing faint and leane,
While as I wander through the desart wood,
My wearied bodie on each tree must leane :
And whil'st my heart is with strange *Harpies* rent,
I pay to sorrow the accustom'd rent.

And whil'st I wander like the wounded Deere,
That seekes for *Dictamne* to recure his scarre,
And come to thee whom I hold onely deere,
Thou dost (fierce Faire) at my disaster scarre :
And mak'st me from all kind of comfort barr'd,
Liue in the deserts like a raging *Bard.*

Ah, be there now no meanes t'vndo the band,
That thou hast fram'd of those thy golden lockes !
Ile range my fancies in a desperate band,
And burst asunder all thy beauties lockes :
Then to thy brest those firie troupes will lead,
There from about thy heart to melt the lead.

But ah, I boast in vaine, this cannot be,
Although my selfe to many shapes I turne :
I onely labour like the restlesse Bee,
That toyles in vaine to serue anothers turne.
My hopes which once wing'd with thy fauours rose,
Are falling now, as doth the blasted rose.

That those my torments cannot long time last,
In my declining eyes the world may reade,
Lo wounded with thy pride I fall at last,
As doth before the winds a beaten reed :
And this my death with shame thy cheekes may die,
Since sacrific'd to thy disdaine I die.

Son. 47.

When whiles I heare some gallants to giue forth,
That those whom they adore are onely faire,
With whom they thinke none other can compare ;
The beautie of beautie, and the height of worth,

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Then Iealousie doth all my ioyes controule,
For ô I thinke, who can accomplish'd be,
(There is no Sunne but one) saue onely she
Whom I haue made the idole of my soule ;
And this suspition wounds my better parts :
I rage to haue a riuall in my light,
And yet would rage farre more, if any might
Giue her their eyes, and yet hold backe their hearts ;
Too great affection doth those passions moue,
I may not trust my shadow with my loue.

Son. 48.

WHEN as I come to thy respected sight,
Thy lookes are all so chast, thy words so graue,
That my affections do the foile receaue,
And like to darknes yeeld vnto the light ;
Still vertue holds the ballance of thy wit,
In which great reason ponders euery thought,
And thou deare Ladie neuer staind in ought,
Thus ore thy selfe dost as an Empresse sit.
O what is beautie if not free from blame,
It haue the soule as white as is the skinne,
The froth of vanitie, the dregs of sinne,
A wracke to others, to it selfe a shame ;
And as it is most precious if kept pure,
It is as much abhorr'd if once impure.

Song 6.

WHEN silence luls the world asleepe,
And starres do glance in th'Azure field,
The mountaines making shadowes ore the plaines,
All creatures then betake themselues to rest,
And to the law of nature yeeld,
Saue I, who no good order keepe,
That then begin to feele my paines ;
For in the Zodiacke of my brest,
The Sunne that I adore her light reuiues,
Whil'st wearied *Phœbus* in the Ocean diues.

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The worlds cleare day was night to me,
Who seem'd asleepe still in a trance,
And all my words were spoken through a dreame :
But then when th'earth puts on th'vmbragious maske,
My passions do themselues aduance,
And from those outward lets set free,
That had them earst restrain'd with shame,
Do set me to my wofull taske :
Then from the night her priuiledge I take,
And in dispight of *Morpheus* I will wake.

But straight the Sunne that giues me light,
With many duskish vapors cled,
Doth seeme to boast me with some fearful storme ;
And whil'st I gaze vpon the glorious beames,
Lo metamorphos'd in my bed,
I lose at once my shapher sight ;
And taking on another forme,
Am all dissolu'd in bitter streames,
Where many monsters bathe themselues anone,
At which strange sight the Faunes and Satyres mone.

But whil'st I seeke mo springs t'assemble,
My waters are dride vp againe,
And as the mightie Giant that *Ioue* tames :
I wot not whether, if thundred or thundring,
Against the heau'ns smokes forth disdaine,
And makes mount *Ætna* tremble.
So I send forth a flood of flames,
Which makes the world for to stand wondring,
And neuer did the Lemnian fornace burne,
As then my brest, whil'st all to fire I turne.

At last no constancie below,
Thus plagued in two diuers shapes,
I'm turn'd into my selfe, and then I quake,
For this I haue by proofe found worst of all :
Then do my hopes fall dead in heapes,

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And to b'aueng'd of their ouerthrow,
Strange troupes of thoughts their musters make,
Which tosse my fancie like a ball :
Thus one mishap doth come as th'other's past,
And still the greatest crosse comes euer last.

To tell the starres my night I passe,
And much conclude, yet questions do arise ;
I harrengues make though dumbe, and see though blind,
And though alone, am hem'd about with bands :
I build great castels in the skies,
Whose tender turrets but of glasse,
Are straight oreturn'd with euery wind,
And rear'd and raz'd, yet without hands ;
I in this state strange miseries detect,
And more deuise then thousands can effect.

My Sunne whil'st thus I stand perplex'd,
The darknesse doth againe controule,
And then I gaze vpon that diuine grace,
Which as that I had view'd *Medusaes* head,
Transform'd me once ; and my sad soule,
That thus hath bene so strangely vext,
Doth from her seate those troubles chase,
The which before dispaire had made,
And all her pow'r vpon contentment feeds,
No ioy to that which after wo succeeds.

And yet those dainties of my ioyes,
Are still confected with some feares,
That well accustom'd with my cruell fate,
Can neuer trust the gift that th'enemie giues,
And onely th'end true witnesse beares :
For whil'st my soule her pow'r imployes,
To surfet in this happie state,
The heau'n againe my wracke contriues,
And the worlds Sunne enuying this of mine,
To darken my loues world begins to shine.

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Son. 49.

I THINKE that *Cipris* in a high disdaine,
Barr'd by the barb'rous Turkes that conquer'd seate,
To re-erect the ruins of her state,
Comes ore their bounds t'establish beauties raigne ;
And whil'st her greatnesse doth begin to rise,
As sdaining temples built of baser frame,
She in those rosie snowes t'enstall her name,
Reares stately altars in thy starrie eyes,
Before whose sacred shrine deuinely faire,
Brests boyling still with generous desires,
Fall sacrific'd with memorable fires ;
The incense of whose sighes endeers the aire,
In which thy fame vnparagond doth flee,
Whil'st thou by beautie, beautie liues by thee.

Son. 50.

ONCE *Cupid* had compassion of my state,
And wounded with a wonderfull remorce,
Vow'd that he would my cruell faire enforce,
To melt the rigor of her cold conceit :
But when he came his purpose to fulfill,
And shot at her a volly from the skies,
She did receiue the darts within her eyes ;
Then in those cristall quiuers kept them still.
Who vaunt before they win, oft lose the game ;
And the presumptuous mind gets maniest foiles.
Lo he that thought t'haue triumph'd ore her spoiles,
But come with pride, and went away with shame :
And where he hop'd t'haue help'd me by this strife,
He brought her armes wherewith to take my life.

Son. 51.

I DREAM'D, the Nymph that ore my fancie raignes,
Came to a part whereas I paus'd alone ;
Then said, what needs you in such sort to mone ?
Haue I not power to recompence your paines ?

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Lo I coniure you by that loyall loue,
Which you professe, to cast those griefes apart,
It's long deare loue since that you had my hart,
Yet I was coy your constancie to proue,
But hauing had a proofe, Ile now be free:
I am the Eccho that your sighes resounds,
Your woes are mine, I suffer in your wounds,
Your passions all they sympathize in me :
Thus whil'st for kindnesse both began to weepe,
My happinesse euanish'd with the sleepe.

Son. 52.

Some men delight huge buildings to behold,
Some theaters, mountaines, floods, and famous springs ;
Some monuments of Monarkes, and such things
As in the bookes of fame haue bene inrol'd :
Those stately townes that to the starres were rais'd,
Some would their ruines see (their beautie's gone)
Of which the worlds three parts, each bosts of one,
For *Cæsar*, *Hanniball*, and *Hector* prais'd :
Though none of those, I loue a sight as rare,
Euen her that ore my life as Queene doth sit,
Iuno in maiestie, *Pallas* in wit ;
As *Phœbe* chast, then *Venus* farre more faire :
And though her lookes euen threaten death to me,
Their threatnings are so sweet, I cannot flie.

Son. 53.

If now cleare Po, that pittie be not spent,
Which for to quench his flames did once thee moue,
Whom the great thunderer thundred from aboue,
And to thy siluer bosome burning sent,
To pitie his coequall be content ;
That in effect doth the like fortune proue,
Throwne headlong from the highest heau'ns of loue ;
Here burning on thy borders I lament,

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The successe did not second my dissigne,
Yet must I like my generous intent,
Which cannot be condemn'd by the euent,
That fault was fortunes, though the losse be mine ;
And by my fall I shall be honor'd oft,
My fall doth witnesse I was once aloft.

Son. 54.

GREAT God that guides the Dolphin through the deepe,
Looke now as thou didst then with smiling grace,
When seeking once her beauties to embrace,
Thou forc'd the faire *Amimone* to weepe :
The liquid monarchie thou canst not keepe,
If thus the blustring God vsurp thy place ;
Rise and against his blasts erect thy face ;
Let *Tritons* trumpet sound the seas asleepe,
With thine owne armes the wind thy bosome wounds,
And whil'st that it thy followers fall contriues,
Thy Trident to indanger dayly striues,
And desolate would render all thy bounds :
Then if thou think'st for to preserue thy state,
Let not such stormes disturb thy watrie seate.

Son. 55.

I ENUIE *Neptune* oft, not that his hands
Did build that loftie Ilions stately towers,
Nor that he Emperour of the liquid pow'rs,
Doth brooke a place amongst the immortall bands,
But that embracing her whom I loue best,
As *Achilous* with *Alcides* once,
Still wrestling with the riuall earth he grones,
For earnestnes t'ouerflow her happie nest :
Thus would he barre me from her presence still,
For when I come afield, he fann'd my sailes,
With mild *Zephires* faire yet prosprous gailes,
And like t'*Vlysses* gaue me wind at will :
But when I would returne, O what deceit,
With tumbling waues thou barr'st the glassie gate !

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Son. 56.

Lo, now reuiuing my disast'rous stile,
I prosecute the tenor of my fate,
And follow forth at dangers highest rate,
In forraine Realmes my fortune for a while :
I might haue learn'd this by my last exile,
That change of countries cannot change my state :
Where euer that my bodie seeke a seate,
I leaue my heart in Albions glorious yle ;
And since then banisht from a louely sight,
I maried haue my mind to sad conceits,
Though to the furthest part that fame dilates,
I might on *Pegasus* addresse my flight ;
Yet should I still whil'st I might breath or moue,
Remaine the monster of mishap and loue.

Son. 57.

WHIL'ST th'Apenin seems cloth'd with snows to vaunt,
As if that their pure white all hues did staine,
I match them with thy matchlesse faire againe,
Whose lillies haue a luster, that they want :
But when some die, train'd with a pleasant show,
In their plaine-seeming depths, as many do,
Then I remember how *Aurora* too,
With louely rigor thousands doth orethrow.
Thus is it fatall by th'effects we know,
That beautie must do harme, more then delight :
For lo the snow, the whitest of the white,
Comes from the clouds, t'engender yce below :
So she with whom for beautie none compares,
From clouds of cold disdaine, raines downe despaires.

Son. 58.

FEARE not, my Faire, that euer any chaunce
So shake the resolutions of my mind,
That like *Demophon* changing with the wind,
I thy fames rent not labor to enhaunce :

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The ring which thou in signe of fauour gaue,
Shall from fine gold transforme it selfe in glasse :
The Diamond which then so solid was,
Soft like the waxe, each image shall receiue :
First shall each riuer turne vnto the spring,
The tallest Oke stand trembling like a reed,
Harts in the aire, Whales on the mountaines feed,
And foule confusions seaze on euery thing ;
Before that I begin to change in ought,
Or on another but bestow one thought.

Son. 59.

WHIL'ST euery youth to entertaine his loue,
Did straine his wits as farre as they might reach,
And arming passions with a pow'rfull speach,
Vsde each patheticke phrase that seru'd to moue :
Then to some corner still retir'd alone,
I, whom melancholly from mirth did leade,
As hauing view'd *Medusaes* snakie head,
Seem'd metamorphos'd in a marble stone :
And as that wretched mirrour of mischiefe,
Whom earst *Apollo* spoil'd, doth still shed teares,
And in a stone the badge of sorrow beares,
While as a humid vapor shewes her griefe :
So whil'st transform'd as in a stone I stay,
A firie smoke doth blow my griefe away.

Son. 60.

THE heauens beheld that all men did despise,
That which the owner from the graue acquites,
That sleepe, the belly, and some base delights,
Had banish'd vertue from beneath the skies ;
Which to the world againe for to restore,
The gods did one of theirs, to th'earth transferre,
And with as many blessings following her,
As earst *Pandora* kept of plagues in store.

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She since she came within this wretched vale,
Doth in each mind a loue of glorie breed ;
Bettering the better parts that haue most need,
And shewes how worldlings to the clouds may scale :
She cleares the world, but ah hath darkned me,
Made blind by her, my selfe I cannot see.

Son. 61.

How long shall I bestowe my time in vaine,
And sound the praises of that spitefull boy ;
Who whil'st that I for him my paines imploy,
Doth guerdon me with bondage and disdaine ?
O, but for this I must his glorie raise,
Since one thats worthie triumphs of my fall ;
Where great men oft to such haue bene made thrall,
Whose birth was base, whose beautie without praise.
And yet in this his hatred doth appeare,
For otherwise I might my losse repaire.
But being as she is exceeding faire,
I'm forc'd to hold one that's vngratefull deare :
These euerchanging thoughts which nought can bind,
May well beare witnesse of a troubled mind.

Son. 62.

When as the Sunne doth drinke vp all the streames,
And with a feruent heate the flowres doth kill ;
The shadow of a wood, or of a hill,
Doth serue vs for a targe against his beames :
But ah, those eyes that burne me with desire,
And seeke to parch the substance of my soule,
The ardour of their rayes for to controule,
I wot not where my selfe for to retire :
Twixt them and me, to haue procur'd some ease,
I interpos'd the seas, woods, hils, and riuers ;
And yet am of those neuer emptied quiuers,
The obiect still, and burne, be where I please:
But of the cause I need not for to doubt,
Within my brest I beare the fire about.

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Son. 63.

OFT haue I heard, which now I must deny,
That nought can last if that it be extreame;
Times dayly change, and we likewise in them,
Things out of sight do straight forgotten die:
There is nothing more vehement then loue,
And yet I burne, and burne still with one flame.
Times oft haue chang'd, yet I remaine the same,
Nought from my mind her image can remoue:
The greatnesse of my loue aspires to ruth,
Time vowes to crowne my constancie in th'end,
And absence doth my fancies but extend;
Thus I perceiue the Poet spake the truth,
That who to see strange countries were inclin'd,
Might change the aire, but neuer change the mind.

Son. 64.

I WOT not what strange things I haue design'd,
But all my gestures do presage no good;
My lookes are gastly-like, thoughts are my food,
A silent pausing shewes my troubled mind:
Huge hosts of thoughts are mustring in my brest,
Whose strongest are conducted by despaire,
Which haue inuolu'd my hopes in such a snare,
That I by death would seeke an endles rest.
What Furie in my brest strange cares enroules,
And in the same would reare sterne *Plutoes* seate!
Go get you hence to the Tartarian gate,
And breed such terrors in the damned soules:
Too many grieuous plagues my state extorse,
Though apprehended horrors bost not worse.

Song 7.

O MEMORABLE day, that chanc'd to see
A world of louing wonders strangely wrought,
Deepe in my brest engrau'd by many a thought,
Thou shalt be celebrated still by me:
And if that *Phœbus* so benigne will be,

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That happie happie place,
Whereas that diuine face
Did distribute such grace,
By pilgrims once as sacred shall be sought.

When she whom I a long time haue affected,
Amongst the flowres went forth to take the aire ;
They being proud of such a guests repaire,
Though by her garments diuers times deiected,
To gaze on her againe themselues erected ;
Then softly seem'd to say :
O happie we this day;
Our worthlesse dew it may,
Washing her feete with *Nectar* now compare.

The Roses did the rosie hue enuy,
Of those sweet lips that did the Bees deceaue,
That colour oft the Lillies wish'd to haue,
Which did the Alablaster piller die,
On which all beauties glorie did rely ;
Her breath so sweetly smell'd,
The Violets as excell'd,
To looke downe were compell'd ;
And so confest what foile they did receaue.

I heard at lest, loue made it so appeare,
The fethered flockes her praises did proclaime :
She whom the tyrant *Tereus* put to shame,
Did leaue sad plaints, and learn'd to praise my deare :
To ioyne with her sweet breath the winds drew neare ;
They were in loue no doubt,
For circling her about,
Their fancies bursted out,
Whil'st all their sounds seem'd but to sound her name.

There I mine eyes with pleasant sights did cloy,
Whose seuerall parts in vaine I striue t'vnfold ;
My faire was fairer many a thousand fold
Then *Venus*, when she woo'd the bashfull boy :
This I remember both with griefe and ioy,

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Each of her lookes a dart,
Might well haue kill'd a hart :
Mine from my brest did part,
And thence retir'd it to a sweeter hold.

Whil'st in her bosome whiles she plac'd a flowre,
Straight of the same I enuy would the case,
And wish'd my hand a flowre t'haue found like grace ;
Then when on her it rain'd some hapning howre,
I wish'd like *Ioue* t'haue falne down in a showre :
But when the flowres she spred,
To make her selfe a bed,
And with her gowne them cled,
A thousand times I wish'd t'haue had their place.

Thus whil'st that senslesse things that blisse attain'd,
Which vnto me good iustice would adiudge,
Behind a little bush (O poore refuge)
Fed with her face, I Lizard-like remain'd :
Then from her eyes so sweet a poison rain'd,
That gladly drinking death,
I was not mou'd to wrath,
Though like t'haue lost my breath,
Drown'd with the streames of that most sweet deluge.

And might that happinesse continue still,
Which did content me with so pleasant sights,
My soule then rauish'd with most rare delights,
With Ambrosie and Nectar I might fill :
Which ah I feare, I surfeiting would kill
Who would leaue off to thinke,
To moue, to breathe, or winke,
But neuer irke to drinke
The sugred liquor that transports my sprites ?

Son. 65.

My face the colours whiles of death displayes,
And I who at my wretched state repine,
This mortall vaile would willingly resigne,
And end my dole together with my dayes ;

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But *Cupid* whom my danger most dismayes,
As loth to lose one that decores his shrine,
Straight in my brest doth make *Aurora* shine,
And by this stratageme my dying stayes.
Then in mine eares he sounds th'Angelike voice,
And to my sight presents the beauteous face,
And cals to mind that more then diuine grace,
Which made me first for to confirme my choice :
And I who all those slights haue oft perceiu'd,
Yet thus content my selfe to be deceiu'd.

Son. 66.

B. Go get thee heart from hence, for thou hast prou'd
The hatefull traitor that procur'd my fall.
H. May I not yet once satisfie for all,
Whose loyaltie may make thee to be lou'd ?
B. Ile neuer trust one that hath once betraid me :
For once a traitor, and then neuer true.
H. Yet would my wracke but make thee first to rue,
That could trust none if thou hadst once dismaid me.
B. How euer others make me for to smart,
I scorne to haue an enemie in my brest.
H. Well, if that thou spoile me, Ile spoile thy rest,
Want I a bodie, thou shalt want a heart :
Thus do th'vnhappie still augment their harmes,
And thou hast kild thy selfe with thine owne armes.

Son. 67.

A. WHAT art thou, in such sort that wail'st thy fall,
And comes surcharg'd with an excessiue griefe ?
H. A wofull wretch, that comes to craue releefe,
And was his heart that now hath none at all.
A. Why dost thou thus to me vnfold thy state,
As if with thy mishaps I would imbroile me ?
H. Because the loue I bare to you did spoile me,
And was the instrument of my hard fate :

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A. And dare so base a wretch so high aspire,
As for to pleade for interest in my grace ?
Go get thee hence ; or if thou do not cease,
I vow to burne thee with a greater fire :
H. Ah, ah, this great vnkindnes stops my breath,
Since those that I loue best procure my death.

Son. 68.

I HOPE, I feare, resolu'd, and yet I doubt,
I'm cold as yce, and yet I burne as fire ;
I wot not what, and yet I much desire,
And trembling too, am desperatly stout :
Though melancholious wonders I deuise,
And compasse much, yet nothing can embrace ;
And walke ore all, yet stand still in one place,
And bound on th'earth, do soare aboue the skies :
I beg for life, and yet I bray for death,
And haue a mightie courage, yet dispaire ;
I euer muse, yet am without all care,
And shout aloud, yet neuer straine my breath :
I change as oft as any wind can do,
Yet for all this am euer constant too.

Son. 69.

WHAT wonder though my count'nance be not bright,
And that I looke as one with clouds inclos'd ?
A great part of the earth is interpos'd
Betwixt the Sunne and me that giues me light :
Ah (since sequestred from that diuine face)
I finde my selfe more sluggishly dispos'd :
Nor whil'st on such a patterne I repos'd,
That put my inward darknesse to the flight.
No more then can the Sunne shine without beames,
Cann she vncompas'd with her vertues liue,
Which to the world an euidence do giue
Of that rare worth which many a mouth proclaimes :
The which sometime did purifie my mind,
That by the want thereof is now made blind.

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Son. 70.

SOME gallant sprites whose waies none yet dare trace,
To shew the world the wonders of their wit,
Did (as their tossed fancies thought most fit)
Forme rare *Idæas* of a diuine face.
Yet neuer Art to that true worth attain'd,
Which Nature now growne prodigall, imparts
To one, deare one, whose sacred seuerall parts,
Are more admir'd then all that Poets fain'd.
Those bordring climes that boast of beauties shrine,
If once thy sight enrich'd their soiles (my loue :)
Then all with one consent behou'd t'approue,
That *Calidon* doth beauties best confine.
But ah, the heau'n on this my ruine sounds,
The more her worth, the deeper are my wounds.

Son. 71.

FOR eyes that are deliuer'd of their birth,
And hearts that can complaine, none needs to care :
I pitie not their sighes that pierce the ayre,
To weepe at will were a degree of mirth :
But he (ay me) is to be pitied most,
Whose sorrowes haue attain'd to that degree,
That they are past expressing, and can be
Onely imagin'd by a man that's lost.
The teares that would burst out yet are restrain'd,
Th'imprison'd plaints that perish without fame,
Sighs form'd and smoother'd ere they get a name,
Those to be pitied are (ô griefe vnfain'd)
Whil'st sighes the voice, the voice the sighs confounds,
Then teares marre both, and all are out of bounds.

Son. 72.

O MY Desire, if thou tookst time to marke,
When I against my will thy sight forsooke :
How that mine eyes with many an earnest looke,
Did in thy beauties depth themselues embarke :

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And when our lippes did seale the last farewell,
How loth were mine from those delights to part,
For what was purpos'd by the panting heart,
My toung cleau'd to the throat, and could not tell.
Then when to sorrow I the raines enlarg'd,
Whil'st being spoil'd of comfort and of might,
As forc'd for to forgo thy beauties light,
Of burning sighs a volley I discharg'd :
No doubt then when thou spid'st what I did proue,
Thou saidst within thy self, *This man doth loue.*

Madr. 2.

BEHELD'ST thou me looke backe at our good night :
O no good night,
Dismall, obscure, and blacke :
Mine eyes then in their language spake,
And would haue thus complain'd :
Thou leau'st the heart, makes vs depart ;
Curst is our part,
And hard to be sustain'd.
O happie heart that was retain'd :
Alas, to leaue vs too, there is no Art :
It in her bosome now should nightly sleepe,
And we exil'd, still for her absence weepe.

Son. 73.

WHEN whiles thy daintie hand doth crosse my light,
It seemes an yuorie table for Loues storie,
On which th'impearled pillars, beauties glorie,
Are rear'd betwixt the Sunne and my weake sight.
Though this would great humanitie appeare,
Which for a litle while my flame allayes,
And saues me vnconsum'd with beauties rayes,
I rather die, then buy my life so deare.
Oft haue I wish'd whil'st in this state I was,
That th'Alablaster bulwarke might transpare,

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And that the pillars rarer then they are,
Might whiles permit some hapning rayes to passe :
But if eclips'd thy beauties Sunne must stand,
Then be it with the moone of thine owne hand.

Son. 74.

Lo, in my Faire each of the Planets raignes :
She is as *Saturne*, euer graue and wise,
And as *Ioues* thunderbolts, her thundring eyes
Do plague the pride of men with endlesse paines :
Her voyce is as *Apollo's*, and her head
Is euer garnish'd with his golden beames,
And ô her heart, which neuer fancie tames :
More fierce then *Mars* makes thousands to lie dead.
From *Mercurie* her eloquence proceeds,
Of *Venus* she the sweetnesse doth retaine,
Her face still full doth *Phœbe's* lightnesse staine,
Whom likewise she in Chastitie exceeds.
No wonder then though this in me doth moue,
To such a diuine soule, a diuine loue.

Son. 75.

My faithfull thoughts no dutie do omit ;
But being fraughted with most zealous cares,
Are euer busied for my loues affaires,
And in my brest as Senators do sit,
To my hearts famine yeelding pleasant food.
They sugred fancies in my bosome breed,
And would haue all so well for to succeed,
That through excessiue care they nought conclude :
But ah, I feare that their affections trie
In end like th'Apes, that whil'st he seekes to proue
The powrefull motions of a parents loue,
Doth oft embrace his young ones till they die :
So to my heart my thoughts do cleaue so fast,
That ô, I feare they make it burst at last.

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Son. 76.

WHAT fortune strange, what strange misfortune erst
Did tosse me with a thousand things in vaine,
Whiles sad despaires confounded did remaine ?
Whiles all my hopes were to the winds disperst ?
Erected whiles, and whiles again renuerst ?
Whiles nurc'd with smiles, whiles murther'd with disdaine,
Whiles borne aloft, whiles laid as low againe ?
And with what state haue I not once bene verst ?
But yet my constant mind which vertue binds,
From the first course no new occurrence drawes :
Still like a rocke by sea against the waues,
Or like a hill by land against the winds :
So all the world that viewes that which I find,
May damne my destinie, but not my mind.

Son. 77.

I LONG to see this Pilgrimage expire,
That makes the eyes for to enuie the mind,
Whose sight with absence cannot be confin'd,
But warmes it selfe still at thy beauties fire.
Loue in my bosome did thy image sinke
So deepely once, it cannot be worne out :
Yet once the eyes may haue their course about,
And see farre more, then now the mind can thinke
Ile once retire in time before I die,
There where thou first my libertie didst spoile :
For otherwise dead in a forraine soile,
Still with my selfe entomb'd my faith shall lie.
No, no, Ile rather die once in thy sight,
Then in this state die ten times in one night.

Son. 78.

I CHANC'D my deare to come vpon a day,
Whil'st thou wast but arising from thy bed,
And the warme snowes with comely garments cled ;
More rich then glorious, and more fine then gay :

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Then blushing to be seene in such a case,
O how thy curled lockes mine eyes did please,
And well become those waues, thy beauties seas,
Which by thy haires were fram'd vpon thy face :
Such was *Diana* once when, being spide
By rash *Acteon*, she was much commou'd :
Yet more discreet then th'angrie goddesse prou'd,
Thou knew'st I came through error, not of pride :
And thought the wounds I got by thy sweet sight,
Were too great scourges for a fault so light.

Madr. 3.

I SAW my Loue like *Cupids* mother,
Her tresses sporting with her face,
Which being proud of such a grace,
Whiles kist th'one cheeke, and whiles the other :
Her eyes glad such a meanes t'embrace,
Whereby they might haue me betraid,
Themselues they in ambushment laid,
Behind the treasures of her haire,
And wounded me so deadly there,
That doubtlesse I had dead remain'd,
Were not the treason she disdain'd ;
And with her lippes sweet balme my health procur'd
I would be wounded oft to be so cur'd.

Madr. 4.

ONCE for her face, I saw my Faire
Did of her haires a shadow make :
Or rather wandring hearts to take,
She stented had those nets of gold,
Sure by this meanes all men t'ensnare,
She toss'd the streamers with her breath,
And seem'd to boast a world with death :
But when I did the sleight behold,
I to the shadow did repaire,
To flie the burning of thine eyes ;
O happie he, by such a sleight that dies.

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Son. 79.

THE most refreshing waters come from rockes,
Some bitter rootes oft send foorth daintie flowres,
The growing greenes are cherished with showres,
And pleasant stemmes spring from deformed stockes :
The hardest hils do feed the fairest flockes :
All greatest sweetes were sugred first with sowres,
The headlesse course of vncontrolled houres,
To all difficulties a way vnlockes.
I hope to haue a heauen within thine armes,
And quiet calmes when all these stormes are past,
Which coming vnexpected at the last,
May burie in Obliuion by-gone harmes.
To suffer first, to sorrow, sigh, and smart,
Endeeres the conquest of a cruell hart.

Son. 80.

WHEN Loue spide death like to triumph ore me,
That had bene such a pillar of his throne ;
And that all *Æsculapius* hopes were gone,
Whose drugs had not the force to set me free,
He labour'd to reduce the Fates decree,
And thus bespake the tyrant that spares none :
Thou that wast neuer mou'd with worldlings mone,
To saue this man for my request agree :
And I protest that he shall dearely buy
The short prolonging of a wretched life :
For it shall be inuolu'd in such a strife,
That he shall neuer liue, but euer die.
O what a cruell kindnesse *Cupid* crau'd,
Who for to kill me oft, my life once sau'd.

Son. 81.

OFT haue I vow'd of none t'attend releefe,
Whose ardour was not equall vnto mine,
And in whose face there did not clearely shine,
The very image of my inward greefe :

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But so the dest'nies do my thoughts dispose,
I wot not what a fatall force ordaines,
That I abase my selfe to beare disdaines,
And honour one that ruines my repose.
Oft haue I vow'd no more to be orethrowne,
But still retaining my affections free,
To fancie none, but them that fancied me :
But now I see my will is not mine owne.
Then ah, may you bewitch my iudgement so,
That I must loue, although my heart say no !

Son. 82.

I RAGE to see some in the scroules of fame,
Whose louers wits, more rare then their deserts,
Do make them prais'd for many gallant parts,
The which doth make themselues to blush for shame :
Where thou whom euen thine enemies cannot blame,
Though famous in the center of all hearts ;
Yet to the world thy worth no pen imparts :
Which iustly might those wrong-spent praises claime.
But what vaine pen so fondly durst aspire,
To paint that worth which soares aboue each wit,
Which hardly highest apprehensions hit,
Not to be told, but thought of with desire :
For where the subiect doth surmount the sence,
We best by silence show a great pretence.

Song 8.

I WOULD thy beauties wonders show,
Which none can tell, yet all do know :
Thou borrowes nought to moue delight,
Thy beauties (Deare) are all perfite.
And at the head Ile first begin,
Most rich without, more rich within :
Within a place *Minerua* claimes,
Without, *Apollo's* golden beames,

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Whose smiling waues those seas may scorne,
Where Beauties goddesse earst was borne :
And yet do boast a world with death,
If toss'd with gales of thy sweet breath.
I for two crescents take thy browes,
Or rather for two bended bowes,
Whose archer loue, whose white mens harts,
Thy frownes, no, smiles, smiles are thy darts ;
Which to my ruine euer bent,
Are oft discharg'd but neuer spent.
Thy sunnes, I dare not say, thine eyes,
Which oft do set, and oft do rise :
Whil'st in thy faces heau'n they moue,
Giue light to all the world of loue :
And yet do whiles defraud our sight,
Whil'st two white clouds eclipse their light.
The laborinthes of thine eares,
Where Beautie both her colours reares,
Are lawne laid on a scarlet ground,
Whereas Loues ecchoes euer sound :
Thy cheekes, strawberries dipt in milke,
As white as snow, as soft as silke ;
Gardens of lillies and of roses,
Where *Cupid* still himselfe reposes,
And on their daintie rounds he sits,
When he would charme the rarest wits.
Those swelling vales which beautie owes,
Are parted with a dike of snowes :
The line that still is stretch'd out euen,
And doth deuide thy faces heauen :
It hath the prospect of those lippes,
From which no word vnballanc'd slippes :
There is a grot by Nature fram'd,
Which Art to follow is asham'd :
All those whom fame for rare giues foorth,
Compar'd with this are little woorth,
'Tis all with pearles and rubies set ;
But I the best almost forget,
There do the gods (as I haue tride)

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Their *Ambrosie* and *Nectar* hide.
The daintie pot that's in thy chin,
Makes many a heart for to fall in,
Whereas they boyle with pleasant fires,
Whose fuell is enflam'd Desires.
'Tis eminent in Beauties field,
As that which threatens all to yeeld.
T'vphold those treasures vndefac'd,
There is an yuorie pillar plac'd,
Which like to *Maias* sonne doth proue,
For to beare vp this world of loue :
In it some branched veines arise,
As th'azure pure would braue the skies.
I see whiles as I downward moue,
Two little globes, two worlds of loue,
Which vndiscouer'd, vndistressed,
Were neuer with no burden pressed :
Nor will for Lord acknowledge none,
To be enstal'd in Beauties throne :
As barren yet so were they bare,
O happie he that might dwell there.
And now my Muse we must make hast,
To it that's iustly cal'd the wast,
That wasts my heart with hopes and feares,
My breath with sighes, mine eyes with teares :
Yet I to it for all those harmes,
Would make a girdle of mine armes.
There is below which no man knowes,
A mountaine made of naked snowes,
Amidst the which is Loues great seale,
To which for helpe I oft appeale,
And if by it my right were past,
I should brooke beautie still at last.
But ah, my Muse will lose the Crowne,
I dare not go no further downe,
Which doth discourage me so much,
That I no other thing will touch.
No not those litle daintie feet,
Which *Thetis* staine, for *Venus* meet :

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Thus wading through the depths of Beautie,
I would haue faine discharg'd my dutie :
Yet doth thy worth so passe my skill,
That I shew nothing but good will.

Son. 83.

That fault on me (my Faire) no further vrge,
Nor wrest it not vnto a crooked sence,
The punishment else passeth the offence :
This fault was in it selfe too great a scourge,
Since I behoou'd to giue th'occasion place,
And could not haue the meanes to visite thee.
Could there haue come a greater crosse to me,
Then so to be sequestred from thy face ?
And yet I thinke that fortune for my rest,
Though for the time it did turmoile my mind
Admit she be (as many call her) blind,
Did for the time then stumble on the best.
To looke vpon thine eyes had I presum'd,
I might haue rested by their rayes consum'd.

Son. 84.

Ah, thou (my Loue) wilt lose thy selfe at last,
Who can to match thy selfe with none agree :
Thou ow'st thy father Nephewes, and to me
A recompence for all my passions past.
Ah, why should'st thou thy beauties treasure wast,
Which will begin for to decay I see ?
Earst *Daphne* did become a barren tree,
Because she was not halfe so wise as chast :
And all the fairest things do soonest fade,
Which O, I feare thou with repentance trie ;
The roses blasted are, the lillies dye,
And all do languish in the sommers shade :
Yet will I grieue to see those flowers fall downe,
Which for my temples should haue fram'd a crowne.

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Son. 85.

SOME yet not borne surueying lines of mine,
Shall enuie with a sigh, the eyes that view'd
Those beauties with my bloud so oft imbrude,
The which by me in many a part do shine.
Those reliques then of this turmoil'd engine,
Which for thy fauour haue so long pursude,
Then after death will make my fortune rued,
And thee despited that didst make me pine.
Ah, that thou should'st, to wracke so many hearts,
Exceed in all excellencies, but loue !
That maske of rigour from thy mind remoue,
And then thou art accomplish'd in all parts :
Then shall thy fame ore all vntainted flie,
Thou in my lines, and I shall liue in thee.

Song 9.

O HAPPY *Tithon*, if thou know'st thy hap,
And value thy wealth, but as I do my want,
Then need'st thou not (which (ah) I grieue to grant)
Repine at *Ioue*, lull'd in his lemmans lap :
That golden shower in which he did repose,
One dewie drop it staines,
Which thy *Aurora* raines
Vpon the rurall plaines,
When from thy bed she passionatly goes.

Then wakened with the musicke of the Mearles,
She not remembers *Memnon* when she mournes :
That faithfull flame which in her bosome burnes,
From christall conduits throwes those liquide pearles.
Sad from thy sight so soone to be remou'd,
She so her griefe delates,
O fauor'd by the fates,
Aboue the happiest states,
Who art of one so worthie well belou'd.

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This is not she that onely shines by night,
No borrow'd beame doth beautifie thy Faire :
But this is she, whose beauties more then rare,
Come crown'd with roses to restore the light,
When *Phœbe* pitch'd her pitchie pauilion out,
The world with weeping told,
How happie it would hold
It selfe, but to behold
The azure pale that compas'd her about.

Whil'st like a palide half-imprison'd rose,
Whose naked white doth but to blush begin,
A litle scarlet deckes the yuorie skinne,
Which still doth glance transparent as she goes :
The beamie god comes burning with desire ;
And when he finds her gone,
With many a grieuous grone,
Enrag'd, remounts anone,
And threatneth all our Hemi-sphære with fire.

Lift vp thine eyes and but behold thy blisse,
The heau'ns raine their riches on thee whil'st thou sleep'st:
Thinke what a matchlesse treasure that thou keep'st,
When thou hast all that any else can wish.
Those Sunnes which daily dazle thy dim eyes,
Might with one beame or so,
Which thou mightst well forgo,
Straight banish all my wo,
And make me all the world for to despise

But Sun-parch'd people loath the precious stones,
And through abundance vilifie the gold ;
All dis-esteeme the treasures that they hold,
And thinke not things possest (as they thought) once.
Who surfet oft on such excessiue ioyes,
Can neuer pleasure prize,
But building on the skies,
All present things despise,
And like their treasure lesse, then others toyes.

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I enuie not thy blisse, so heau'n hath doom'd ;
And yet I cannot but lament mine owne,
Whose hopes hard at the haruest were orethrowne,
And blisse halfe ripe, with frosts of feare consum'd
Faire blossomes, which of fairer fruites did boast,
Were blasted in the flowers,
With eye-exacted showers,
Whose sweet-supposed sowers
Of preconceited pleasures grieu'd me most.

And what a griefe is this (as chance effects)
To see the rarest beauties worst bestow'd ?
Ah, why should halting *Vulcan* be made proud
Of that great beautie which sterne *Mars* affects ?
And why should *Tithon* thus, whose day growes late,
Enioy the mornings loue ?
Which though that I disproue,
Yet will I too approue,
Since that it is her will, and my hard fate.

An Eccho.

Ah, will no soule giue eare vnto my mone ?	*one*
Who answers thus so kindly when I crie ?	*I*
What fostred thee that pities my despaire ?	*aire*
Thou blabbing guest, what know'st thou of my fall ?	*all*
What did I when I first my Faire disclos'd ?	*los'd*
Where was my reason, that it would not doubt ?	*out*
What canst thou tell me of my Ladies will ?	*ill*
Wherewith can she acquit my loyall part ?	*art*
What hath she then with me to disaguise ?	*aguise*
What haue I done, since she gainst loue repin'd ?	*pin'd*
What did I when I her to life prefer'd ?	*er'd*
What did mine eyes, whil'st she my heart restrain'd ?	*rain'd*
What did she whil'st my muse her praise proclaim'd ?	*claim'd*
And what ? and how ? this doth me most affright.	*of right*
What if I neuer sue to her againe ?	*gaine*
And what when all my passions are represt ?	*rest*
But what thing will best serue t'asswage desire ?	*ire*
And what will serue to mitigate my rage ?	*age*
I see the Sunne begins for to descend.	*end*

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Son. 86.

No wonder, thou endang'rest liues with lookes,
And dost bewitch the bosome by the eare :
What hostes of hearts, that no such sleight did feare,
Are now entangled by thy beauties hookes ?
But if so many to the world approue,
Those princely vertues that enrich my mind,
And hold thee for the honour of thy kind ;
Yea though disdain'd, yet desperatly loue :
O what a world of haplesse louers liue,
That like a treasure entertaine their thought,
And seeme in show as if effecting nought,
And in their brest t'entombe their fancies striue :
Yet let not this with pride thy heart possesse ;
The Sun being mounted high doth seeme the lesse.

Son. 87.

THOSE beauties (Deare) which all thy sexe enuies,
As grieu'd men should such sacred wonders view :
For pompe apparel'd in a purple hue,
Do whiles disdaine the pride of mortall eyes,
Which, ah, attempting farre aboue their might,
Do gaze vpon the glorie of those Sunnes,
Whil'st many a ray that from their brightnesse runnes,
Doth dazle all that dare looke on their light :
Or was it this, which ô I feare me most,
That cled with scarlet, so thy purest parts,
Thy face it hauing wounded worlds of harts,
Would die her Lillies with the bloud they lost :
Thus ere thy cruelties were long conceal'd,
They by thy guiltie blush would be reueal'd.

Son. 88.

SMALL comfort might my banish'd hopes recall,
When whiles my daintie Faire I sighing see ;
If I could thinke that one were shed for me,
It were a guerdon great enough for all :

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Or would she let one teare of pittie fall,
That seem'd dismist from a remorcefull eye,
I could content my selfe vngrieu'd to die,
And nothing might my constancie appall,
The onely sound of that sweet word of loue,
Prest twixt those lips that do my doome containe,
Were I imbark'd, might bring me backe againe
From death to life, and make me breathe and moue.
Strange crueltie, that neuer can afford
So much as once one sigh, one teare, one word.

Son. 89.

I WOT not what transported hath my mind,
That I in armes against a goddesse stand ;
Yet though I sue t'one of th'immortall band,
The like before was prosp'rously design'd.
To loue *Anchises Venus* thought no scorne,
And *Thetis* earst was with a mortall match'd,
Whom if th'aspiring *Peleus* had not catch'd,
The great *Achilles* neuer had bene borne.
Thus flatter I my selfe whil'st nought confines,
My wandring fancies that strange wayes do trace ;
He that embrac'd a cloud in *Iunoes* place,
May be a terror to the like designes :
But fame in end th'aduentrer euer crownes,
Whom either th'issue or th'attempt renownes.

Son. 90.

AND must I lose in vaine so great a loue,
And build thy glorie on my ruin'd state ?
And can a heauenly brest contract such hate ?
And is the mildest sexe so hard to moue ?
Haue all my offrings had no greater force,
The which so oft haue made thine altars smoke ?
Well, if that thou haue vow'd not to reuoke
The fatall doome that's farre from all remorce,

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For the last sacrifice my selfe shall smart,
My bloud must quench my vehement desires ;
And let thine eyes drinke vp my funerall fires,
And with my ashes glut thy tygrish heart :
So though thou at my wonted flames did spurne,
Thou must trust those, when as thou seest me burne.

Son. 91.

I WOT not which to chalenge for my death,
Of those thy beauties that my ruine seekes,
The pure white fingers or the daintie cheekes,
The golden tresses, or the nectard breath :
Ah they be all too guiltie of my fall,
All wounded me though I their glorie rais'd ;
Although I graunt they need not to be prais'd,
It may suffise they be *Auroraes* all :
Yet for all this, O most ungratefull woman,
Thou shalt not scape the scourge of iust disdaine ;
I gaue thee gifts thou shouldst haue giuen againe,
It's shame to be in thy inferiors common :
I gaue all what I held most deare to thee,
Yet to this houre thou neuer guerdon'd me.

Son. 92.

WHIL'ST carelesse swimming in thy beauties seas,
I wondring was at that bewitching grace,
Thou painted pitie on a cruell face,
And angled so my iudgement by mine eyes :
But now begun to triumph in my scorne,
When I cannot retire my steps againe,
Thou arm'st thine eyes with enuy and disdaine,
To murther my abortiue hopes half borne :
Whil'st like to end this long continued strife,
My palenesse shewes I perish in despaire ;
Thou loth to lose one that esteemes thee faire,
With some sweete word or looke prolongst my life :
And so each day in doubt redact'st my state,
Deare do not so, once either loue or hate.

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Son. 93.

MINE eyes would euer on thy beauties gaze,
Mine eares are euer greedie of thy fame,
My heart is euer musing on the same,
My tongue would still be busied with thy praise :
I would mine eyes were blind and could not see,
I would mine eares were deafe and would not heare ;
I would my heart would neuer hold thee deare,
I would my tongue all such reports would flee :
Th'eyes in their circles do thy picture hold,
Th'eares conducts keepe still ecchoes of thy worth,
The heart can neuer barre sweet fancies forth,
The tongue that which I thinke must still vnfold :
Thy beauties then from which I would rebell,
Th'eyes see, th'eares heare, th'heart thinks, and tongue must tell.

Son. 94.

WHILE as th'undanted squadrons of my mind,
On mountaines of deserts reard high desires,
And my proud heart that euermore aspires,
To scale the heauen of beautie had design'd :
The faire-fac'd goddesse of that stately frame,
Look'd on my haughtie thoughts with scorne a space ;
Then thundred all that proud gigantike race,
And from her lightning lights throw'd many a flame.
Then quite for to confound my loftie cares,
Euen at the first encounter as it chanc'd,
Th'ouer-daring heart that to th'assault aduanc'd,
Was cou'red with a weight of huge dispaires,
Beneath the which the wretch doth still remaine,
Casting forth flames of furie and disdaine.

Son. 95.

FAIRE Tygresse tell, contents it not thy sight,
To see me die each day a thousand times ?
O how could I commit such monstrous crimes,
As merit to this martirdome by night ?

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Not onely hath thy wrath adiudg'd to paine,
This earthly prison that thy picture keepes,
But doth the soule while as the bodie sleepes,
With many fearfull dreames from rest restraine.
Lo thus I waste to work a tyrants will,
My dayes in torment, and my nights in terror,
And here confin'd within an endlesse error,
Without repentance do perseuer still :
That it is hard to iudge though both be lost,
Whose constancie or crueltie is most.

Son. 96.

LOOKE to a tyrant what it is to yeeld,
Who printing still to publish my disgrace,
The storie of my ouerthrow in my face,
Erects pale Trophees in that bloudlesse field :
The world that views this strange triumphall arke,
Reades in my lookes as lines thy beauties deeds,
Which in each mind so great amazement breeds,
That I am made of many eyes the marke :
But what auailes this Tygresse triumph, O,
And couldst not thou be cruell if not knowne,
But in this meager map it must be showne,
That thou insultst to see thy subiects so ?
And my disgrace it grieues me not so much,
As that it should be said that thou art such.

Son. 97.

LET others of the worlds decaying tell,
I enuy not those of the golden age,
That did their carelesse thoughts for nought engage,
But cloyd with all delights, liu'd long and well :
And as for me, I mind t'applaud my fate ;
Though I was long in comming to the light,
Yet may I mount to fortunes highest hight,
So great a good could neuer come too late ;

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I'm glad that it was not my chance to liue,
Till as that heauenly creature first was borne,
Who as an Angell doth the earth adorne,
And buried vertue in the tombe reuiue :
For vice ouerflowes the world with such a flood,
That in it all saue she there is no good.

Son. 98.

WHIL'ST curiously I gaz'd on beauties skies,
My soule in litle liquid ruslets runne,
Like snowie mountaines melted with the Sunne,
Was liquified through force of two faire eyes,
Thence sprang pure springs and neuer-tainted streames,
In which a Nymph her image did behold,
And cruell she (ah, that it should be told)
Whiles daign'd to grace them with some chearfull beames,
Till once beholding that her shadow so,
Made those poore waters partners of her praise,
She by abstracting of her beauties rayes,
With griefe congeal'd the source from whence they flow :
But through the yce of that vniust disdaine,
Yet still transpares her picture and my paine.

Son. 99.

AVRORA now haue I not cause to rage,
Since all thy fishing but a frog hath catch'd ?
May I not mourne to see the morning match'd,
With one that's in the euening of his age ?
Should hoary lockes sad messengers of death,
Sport with thy golden haires in beauties Inne ?
And should that furrow'd face soyle thy smooth skinne,
And bath it selfe in th'Ambrosie of thy breath ?
More then mine owne I lament thy mishaps ;
Must he who iealous through his owne defects,

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Thy beauties vnstain'd treasure still suspects,
Sleepe on the snow-swolne pillowes of thy paps,
While as a lothed burthen in thine armes,
Doth make thee out of time waile curelesse harmes.

Son. 100.

ALL that behold me on thy beauties shelfe,
To cast my selfe away toss'd with conceit,
Since thou wilt haue no pitie of my state,
Would that I tooke some pitie of my selfe :
For what, say they, though she disdaine to bow,
And takes a pleasure for to see thee sad,
Yet there be many a one that would be glad,
To bost themselves of such a one as thou.
But ah their counsell of small knowledge sauours,
For O poore fooles, they see not what I see,
Thy frownes are sweeter then their smiles can be,
The worst of thy disdaines worth all their fauours :
I rather (deare) of thine one looke to haue,
Then of another all that I would craue.

Son. 101.

WHEN as that louely tent of beautie dies,
And that thou as thine enemie fleest thy glasse,
And doest with griefe remember what it was,
That to betray my heart allur'd mine eyes :
Then hauing bought experience with great paines
Thou shalt (although too late) thine errour find,
Whil'st thou reuolu'st in a digested mind,
My faithfull loue, and thy vnkind disdaines :
And if that former times might be recald,
While as thou sadly sitst retir'd alone,
Then thou wouldst satisfie for all that's gone,
And I in thy hearts throne would be instal'd :
Deare, if I know thee of this mind at last,
Ile thinke my selfe aueng'd of all that's past.

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Elegie 3.

In silent horrors here, where neuer mirth remaines,
I do retire my selfe apart, as rage and griefe constraines :
So may I sigh vnknowne, whil'st other comfort failes,
An infranchised citizen of solitarie vales ;
Her priuiledge to plain, since nought but plaints can please,
My sad conceptions I disclose, diseased at my ease.
No barren pitie here my passions doth increase,
Nor no detracter here resorts, deriding my distresse :
But wandring through the world, a vagabonding guest,
Acquiring most contentment then when I am reft of rest.
Against those froward fates, that did my blisse controule,
I thunder forth a thousand threats in th'anguish of my soule.
And lo lunaticke-like do dash on euery shelfe,
And conuocate a court of cares for to condemne my selfe :
My fancies which in end time doth fantasticke try,
I figure forth essentially in all the obiects by :
In euery corner where my recklesse eye repaires,
I reade great volumes of mishaps, memorials of despaires :
All things that I behold, vpbraid me my estate,
And oft I blush within my brest, asham'd of my conceit.
Those branches broken downe with mercie-wanting winds,
Obiect me my deiected state, that greater fury finds :
Their winter-beaten weed disperst vpon the plaine,
Are like to my renounced hopes, all scattred with disdaine.
Lo wondring at my state the strongest torrent stayes,
And turning and returning oft, would scorne my crooked wayes.
In end I find my fate ouer all before my face,
Enregistered eternally in th'annales of disgrace.
Those crosses out of count might make the rockes to riue,
That this small remanent of life for to extinguish striue :
And yet my rockie heart so hardned with mishaps,
Now by no meanes can be commou'd, not with *Ioues* thunder claps :
But in huge woes inuolu'd with intricating art,
Surcharg'd with sorrowes I succomb and senslesly do smart ;

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And in this labyrinth exil'd from all repose,
I consecrate this cursed corpes a sacrifice to woes :
Whil'st many a furious plaint my smoaking breast shall breath,
Ecclips'd with many a cloudie thought, aggrieu'd vnto the death :
With th'eccho plac'd beside some solitary sourse,
Disastrous accidents shall be the ground of our discourse.
Her maimed words shal shew how my hurt hart half dies,
Consum'd with corrosiues of care, caractred in mine eyes.
My Muse shall now no more transported with respects,
Exalt that euill deseruing one as fancie still directs :
Nor yet no partiall pen shall spot her spotlesse fame,
Vnhonestly dishonoring an honorable name.
But I shall sadly sing, too tragickly inclin'd,
Some subiect sympathizing with my melancholious mind.
Nor will I more describe my dayly deadly strife,
My publike wrongs, my priuate woes, mislucks in loue and life :
That would but vexe the world for to extend my toiles,
In painting forth particularly my many formes of foiles.
No, none in speciall I purpose to bewray,
But one as all, and all as one, I mind to mourne for ay.
For being iustly weigh'd, the least that I lament,
Deserues indeed to be bewail'd, til th'vse of th'eyes be spent ;
And since I should the least perpetually deplore,
The most again though maruellous, can be bemoan'd no more.

Son. 102.

To yeeld to those I cannot but disdaine,
Whose face doth but entangle foolish hearts ;
It is the beautie of the better parts,
With which I mind my fancies for to chaine.
Those that haue nought wherewith mens minds to gaine,
But onely curled lockes and wanton lookes,
Are but like fleeting baites that haue no hookes,
Which may well take, but cannot well retaine :
He that began to yeeld to th'outward grace,
And then the treasures of the mind doth proue :

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He, who as 'twere was with the maske in loue,
What doth he thinke when as he sees the face ?
No doubt being lim'd by th'outward colours so,
That inward worth would neuer let him go.

Son. 103.

Long time I did thy cruelties detest,
And blaz'd thy rigor in a thousand lines ;
But now through my complaints thy vertue shines,
That was but working all things for the best :
Thou of my rash affections held'st the raines,
And spying dangerous sparkes come from my fires,
Didst wisely temper my enflam'd desires,
With some chast fauours, mixt with sweet disdaines :
And when thou saw'st I did all hope despise,
And look'd like one that wrestled with despaire,
Then of my safetie thy exceeding care,
Shew'd that I kept thine heart, thou but thine eyes :
For whil'st thy reason did thy fancies tame,
I saw the smoke, although thou hidst the flame.

Son. 104.

Should I the treasure of my life betake,
To thought-toss'd breath whose babling might it marre,
Words with affection wing'd might flee too farre,
And once sent forth can neuer be brought backe :
Nor will I trust mine eyes, whose partiall lookes
Haue oft conspir'd for to betray my mind,
And would their light still to one obiect bind,
While as the fornace of my bosome smokes :
No, no, my loue, and that which makes me thrall,
Shall onely be entrusted to my soule,
So may I stray, yet none my course controule,
Whil'st though orethrowne, none triumphs for my fall :
My thoughts while as confin'd within my brest,
Shall onely priuie to my passions rest.

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Son. 105.

AWAKE my Muse, and leaue to dreame of loues,
Shake off soft fancies chaines, I must be free,
Ile perch no more, vpon the mirtle tree,
Nor glide through th'aire with beauties sacred doues ;
But with *Ioues* stately bird Ile leaue my nest,
And trie my sight against *Apolloes* raies :
Then if that ought my ventrous course dismaies,
Vpon the Oliues boughs Ile light and rest :
Ile tune my accents to a trumpet now,
And seeke the Laurell in another field,
Thus I that once, as Beautie meanes did yeeld,
Did diuers garments on my thoughts bestow :
Like *Icarus* I feare, vnwisely bold,
Am purpos'd others passions now t'vnfold.

Song 10.

FAREWELL sweet fancies, and once deare delights,
The treasures of my life, which made me proue
That vnaccomplish'd ioy that charm'd the sprights,
And whil'st by it I onely seem'd to moue,
Did hold my rauish'd soule, big with desire,
That tasting those, to greater did aspire.

Farewell free thraldome, freedome that was thrall,
While as I led a solitary life,
Yet neuer lesse alone, whil'st arm'd for all,
My thoughts were busied with an endlesse strife :
For then not hauing bound my selfe to any,
I being bound to none, was bound to many.

Great god that tam'st the gods old-witted child,
Whose temples brests, whose altars are mens hearts,
From my hearts fort thy legions are exild,
And *Hymens* torch hath burn'd out all thy darts :
Since I in end haue bound my selfe to one,
That by this meanes I may be bound to none.

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Thou daintie goddesse with the soft white skinne,
To whom so many offrings dayly smoke,
Were beauties processe yet for to begin,
That sentence I would labour to reuoke
Which on mount Ida as thy smiles did charme,
The Phrigian shepheard gaue to his owne harme.

And if the question were referd to mee,
On whom I would bestow the ball of gold,
I feare me *Venus* should be last of three,
For with the Thunderers sister I would hold,
Whose honest flames pent in a lawfull bounds,
No feare disturbs, nor yet no shame confounds.

I mind to speake no more of beauties Doue,
The Peacocke is the bird whose fame Ile raise ;
Not that I *Argos* need to watch my loue,
But so his mistris *Iuno* for to praise :
And if I wish his eyes, then it shall be,
That I with many eyes my loue may see.

Then farewell crossing ioyes, and ioyfull crosses,
Most bitter sweets, and yet most sugred sowers,
Most hurtfull gaines, yet most commodious losses,
That made my yeares to flee away like howers,
And spent the spring time of mine age in vaine,
Which now my summer must redeeme againe.

O welcome easie yoke, sweet bondage come,
I seeke not from thy toiles for to be shielded,
But I am well content to be orecome,
Since that I must commaund when I haue yeelded :
Then here I quit both *Cupid* and his mother,
And do resigne my selfe t'obtaine another.

FINIS.

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Poems suppressed in *Recreations with the Muses.*

II.

AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRIE.

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AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRIE.

By Sr *William Alexander* of MENSTRIE, Gentleman of his Priuie Chamber.

EDINBVRGH.
Printed by Andro Hart, and are to *be ſolde at his ſhop, on the North-ſide of the* high ſtreet, a litle beneath the Croſſe. [1613]
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AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE *HENRIE.*

If griefe would giue me leaue, to let the world haue part
Of that which it [though surfetting] engrosses in my hart :
Then I would sow some teares, that so they mo might breed,
Not such as eyes vse to distill, but which the hart doth bleed.
As from a troubled spring like off-spring must abound,
So let my lynes farre from delight, hoarse [as their Authour] sound.
I care not at what rate that others pryse their worth,
So I disburthen may my minde, and powre my passions forth.
Though generall be the losse, one shelfe confounding quyte
The Kings chiefe joy, the kingdomes hope, & all the worlds delight ;
And that each one of those, a diuerse wound giues me,
Whil'st all concurring would increase, what not increas'd can be :
Yet mine owne part when weigh'd, so deepe impression leaues,
That my soules pow'rs all so possess'd, no others it conceaues.
How can my hart but burst, while as my thoughts would trace
The great Prince *Henries* gallant parts, and not-affected grace ?
Ah that I chanc'd so long [O worldly pleasure fraile !]
To be a witnesse of that worth, which I but liue to waile !
How oft haue I beheld [a world admiring it]
His Martiall sports euen men amaze, his wordes bewitch their wit ;
Whose worth did in all mindes just admiration breed :
When but a childe, more then a man [ah too soon rype indeed !]
Still temperat, actiue, wise, as borne to doe great things ;
He reallie shew what he was, a quint-essence of Kings.
With stately lookes yet mylde, a Majestie humane,
Both loue and reuerence bred at once, entys'd, yet did restraine.

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What acting any where, he still did grace his part,
A courtlie Gallant with the King, a statlie Prince apart :
When both together were, O how all harts were wonne !
A Syre so louing to behold, so duetifull a Sonne.
He more then all his state his fathers fauour weigh'd,
And gloried more him to attend, then when else-where obey'd.
But heauen enuied the earth, that one it so should grace,
Who was not due vnto the world, though lent to it a space :
And straight they tooke their owne, who now no more appeares,
Euen when the Spheares & muses joyn'd, did serue to count his years.
What wit could not perswade, authoritie not force,
An vnion now at last is made [ah made by a divorce !]
Both once did one thing wish, and both one want do waile,
Thus miserie hath match'd vs now, when all things else did faile.
We might as all the rest, so this exception misse,
I rather we had jarr'd in all, or we had joyn'd in this.
This the first tempest is, which all this Ile did tosse,
His cradle *Scotland*, *England* tombe, both shar'd his life and losse.
O how the traitrous world, by flattering hopes betrayes
And scornes the confidence of man, who stil through danger strayes!
But most of all the great, when at their fortunes hight
Oft huge disasters do confound, not lookt for till they light.
That states which seem'd most calme, straight stormes in waues involue,
Who gathered were for greatest joy, with greatest griefe dissolue.
That *Macedonian* Syre, whose victories were ryfe,
The day which did his daughter wed, did part him selfe from lyfe.
French second *Henrie* to, slaine in like sort was seene,
As to triumph there with the rest, death had inuited beene :
For whil'st he tilting was, when all his troupes among,
A broken trees flow'n spark did proue more then his scepter strong.
That *Goth* who vanquish'd *Rome*, and thousands did destroy,
Euen when his bryde bent to embrace, died in his greatest joy.
The last yet first *French* King for courage, valour, wit,
Who by the sword acquyr'd the Crowne, fram'd for a scepter fit :
Whil'st mustring all his might, [being farre from feare or doubt]
He fraughted *France* with armed troupes, as bragging all about.
Then whil'st his hopes most high, euen kingdomes did appall,

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He in that greatest pompe surprys'd, a villains prey did fall.
Thus hath it fatall beene, confirm'd in euery age,
That who did meet to acte great parts, went weeping from the stage.
Is it that God euen then, would hautie thoughts disbend ?
Or that such times as eminent, vyle traitours most attend ?
So when suspected least [O *Ocean* of annoy !]
Lo, mourning mirth preuented hath, & griefe encroach'd on joy.
Yet not in such a sort, as with some in times past,
Whose life being oft involu'd in blood, blood did dispatch at last :
But he [still sacred] went not violated hence,
The glorie of a Gallant youth, a paterne for a Prince.
What brest so barbourous is, which vertue can not charme ?
No hand, no, nor no hart in ought, could do or dreame his harme.
Since by his sight not blest, all count themselues accurst,
By whom the world was big with hopes, which did not die but burst.
Tyme did contract it seem'd [his course so short foreseene]
That worth in youth, which all his age should haue extended beene:
For O, to what strange hight had his perfections flowne,
Had they as first, still by degrees proportionablie growne !
But superstition then, had statues made of gold,
And some might haue Idolatriz'd, as many did of old.
The fates [it may be] stay'd what after might him trap,
As in *Campania Pompeyes* death preuented had mishap :
He happie was in this, which few haue beene before,
When all opinions purchas'd were, to venture them no more.
For all perswaded are, as acted in effect,
That he might haue perform'd as much as mortalls could expect.
Thus went he from the world, when with the best thought euen,
Whil'st though but flourishing on earth, yet a ripe fruit for heauen.
The Lord oft twixt the King and dangers huge did stand,
And many so to saue, him sau'd, as life of all the Land :
For scorning all their crafts, who vglie euils did found,
What priuat plots did God disclose, what open force confound !
Yet when he was to part, [O what a wondrous oddes !]
Who was by nature the Kings Sonne, but by adoption Gods :
Nought vrging else his end, saue nature that declyn'd,
Bright Angels did beare hence that flowre, as other flowres the wind.

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Both Deuils and men when joyn'd to kill for whom God cares,
May draw a starre as soone from heauen, as hurt one of their haires:
And whom he will remoue when as their time once comes,
No guards can guarde, no Physick helpe, one fit all force o'recomes.
But ah that treasures losse, which I can not digest,
Is still the center of my minde, the point where it must rest:
And each great part of his, which I did earst perceiue,
My fancies representing new do thoughts attendance craue.
What wonder though my plaints be thus for him imploy'd
Who my affections free till then, when Virgins, first enjoy'd?
And heare me [happie Ghost] that fame may spread them forth,
I vow to reuerence and enroule the wonders of thy worth:
That euen though chyldlesse dead, thou shall not barren be,
If Phoebus helpe to procreat posteritie for thee.
Thus where that others did abandon thee with breath,
As still aliue I trauell yet, to serue thee after death.

FINIS.

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To his Majestie.

THE worlds affection now this tragick tryall proues,
Heauen heape mishaps vpon his head, whom it not highly moues.
But though the weight be great, which makes each hart to bow,
That men when mad, rage not so much as reason doth allow :
And that [thryse Royall Syre] since that it first was knowne,
All by imagining your griefe haue doubled so their owne.
Yet since to many due, waste not on one your cares,
As all your subjects waile your state, haue pitie Sir on theires.
Least that this griefe though great, a greater doe out-go,
If from your sonne turn'd to your selfe, you eeke, not end our wo.

A SHORT VIEW
of the state of man.

MVST wretched man, when com'd where woes abound,
Ere to the Sunne, vnclose his eyes to teares ?
Whom when scarse borne, one straight to prison beares,
Loos'd from the bellie, in the Cradle bound.
Then rysing by the rod, he doth attend
The misteries of miserie at length,
And still his burthens growing with his strength,
Huge toyles and cares his youths perfection spends.
Last, helping Natures wants, O deare bought breath!
He must haue eyes of glasse, and feete of tree,
Till lyke a bow his bodie turnes to be,
Which age hath bended to be shot by death.
O, ô I see that from the mothers wombe,
There's but a litle steppe vnto the tombe.

S. W. A.

FINIS.

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Miscellaneous Poems.

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL WORKS
IN WHICH THEY ARE CONTAINED.

1604–1624.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I.

[Appended to the first edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*. London, 1604.]

SOME VERSES

Written to his Majestie by the Authour at the time of his Maiesties first entrie into England.

STAY, tragick muse, with those vntimely verses,
With raging accents and with dreadfull sounds,
To draw dead Monarkes out of ruin'd herses,
T'affright th'applauding world with bloudie wounds :
Raze all the monuments of horrours past,
T'aduance the publike mirth our treasures wast.

And pardon (olde *Heroes*) for O I finde,
I had no reason to admire your fates :
And with rare guiftes of body and of minde,
Th'vnbounded greatnesse of euill-conquer'd states.
More glorious actes then were atchieu'd by you,
Do make your wonders thought no wonders now.

For yee the Potentates of former times,
Making your will a right, your force a law :
Staining your conquest with a thousand crimes,
Still raign'd like tyrants, but obey'd for awe :
And whilst your yoake none willingly would beare,
Dyed oft the sacrifice of wrath and feare.

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But this age great with glorie hath brought forth
A matchlesse Monarke whom peace highlie raises,
Who as th'vntainted Ocean of all worth
As due to him hath swallow'd all your praises.
Whose cleere excellencies long knowne for such,
All men must praise, and none can praise too much

For that which others hardly could acquire,
With losse of thousands liues and endlesse paine,
Is heapt on him euen by their owne desire,
That thrist t'enioy the fruites of his blest raigne :
And neuer conquerour gain'd so great a thing,
As those wise subiects gaining such a King.

But what a mightie state is this I see ?
A little world that all true worth inherites,
Strong without art, entrench'd within the sea,
Abounding in braue men full of great spirits :
It seemes this Ile would boast, and so she may,
To be the soueraigne of the world some day.

O generous IAMES, the glorie of their parts,
In large dominions equall with the best :
But the most mightie Monarkes of men's harts,
That euer yet a Diadem possest :
Long maist thou liue, well lou'd & free from dangers,
The comfort of thine owne, the terrour of strangers.

This and the following set of verses are reproduced in E, without variants, between *The Tragedie of Darius* and the Argument of *The Alexandræan Tragedie.*

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II.

[Appended to the first edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies*. London, 1604.]

SOME VERSES

Written shortly thereafter by reason of an inundation of Douen, a water neere vnto the Authors house, wherevpon his Maiestie was sometimes wont to Hawke.

WHAT wonder though my melancholious muse,
Whose generous course some lucklesse starre controules :
Her bold attempts to prosecute refuse,
And would faine burie my abortiue scroules.

To what perfection can my lines be rais'd,
Whilst many a crosse would quench my kindling fires :
Lo for *Parnassus* by the poets prais'd,
Some sauage mountaines shadow my retires.

No *Helicon* her treasure here vnlockes,
Of all the sacred band the chiefe refuge :
But dangerous *Douen* rumbling through the rockes,
Would scorne the raine-bowe with a new deluge.

As *Tiber*, mindefull of his olde renowne,
Augments his floodes to waile the faire chang'd place ;
And greeu'd to glide through that degener'd towne,
Toyles with his depthes to couer their disgrace.

So doth my *Douen* rage, greeu'd in like sort,
While as his wonted honour comes to minde :
To that great Prince whilst he afforded sport,
To whom his *Trident Neptune* hath resign'd.

And as the want of waters and of swaines,
Had but begotten to his bankes neglect :
He striues t'encroch vpon the bordering plaines,
Againe by greatnesse to procure respect.

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Thus all the creatures of this orphand boundes,
In their own kindes moou'd with the common crosse :
With many a monstrous forme all forme confoundes,
To make vs mourne more feelingly our losse.

We must our breastes to baser thoughts inure,
Since we want all that did aduaunce our name :
For in a corner of the world obscure,
We rest vngrac'd without the boundes of fame.

And since our Sunne shines in another part,
Liue like th'Antipodes depriu'd of light :
Whilst those to whom his beames he doth impart,
Begin their day whilst we begin our night.

This hath discourag'd my high-bended minde,
And still in doale my drouping Muse arrayes :
Which if my *Phœbus* once vpon me shin'd,
Might raise her flight to build amidst his rayes.

III.

[Prefixed to *Heroicall Epistles*, by Michael Drayton. London, 1619, fol.]

TO M. MICHAELL DRAYTON.

Now I perceiue PYTHAGORAS diuin'd,
When he that mocked Maxim *did maintaine,*
That Spirits once spoyl'd, reuested were againe,
Though chang'd in shape, remaining one in Mind ;
These loue-sicke Princes passionate estates ;
Who feeling reades, he cannot but allow,
That OVIDS soule reuiues in DRAYTON now,
Still learn'd in Loue, still rich in rare Conceits,
This pregnant Spirit affecting further Skill,
Oft alt'ring Forme, from vulgar Wits retir'd,
In diuers Idyoms mightily admir'd,
Did prosecute that sacred Studie still ;
While to a full Perfection now attain'd,
He sings so sweetly that himselfe is stain'd.

WILL: ALEXANDER, Knight, *Scotus.*

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IV.

[Prefixed to the first edition of *Teares on the Death of Meliades*, by William Drummond of Hawthornden. Edinburgh, 1613, 4to.]

To the Author.

In Waues of *Woe* thy Sighes my Soule doe tosse,
And doe burst vp the Conduits of my Teares,
Whose ranckling Wound no smoothing Baulme long beares,
But freshly bleedes when Ought vpbraides my Losse.
Then thou so sweetly *Sorrow* makes to sing,
And troubled Passions dost so well accord,
That more *Delight Thy* Anguish doth afford,
Then others *Ioyes* can Satisfaction bring.
What sacred Wits (when rauish'd) doe affect,
To force Affections, metamorphose Mindes,
Whilst *numbrous Power* the Soule in secret bindes,
Thou hast perform'd, transforming in Effect:
For neuer Plaints did greater Pittie moue,
The best Applause that can such Notes approue.

Sr. W. Alexander.

V.

[Prefixed to the advance issue of *Poems*, by William Drummond of Hawthornden. ? Edinburgh, ? 1614, 4to.]

TO THE AVTHOR PARTHENIVS.

While thou dost praise the Roses, Lillies, Gold,
Which in a dangling Tresse and Face appeare,
Still stands the Sunne in Skies thy Songs to heare,
A Silence *sweet each Whispering Wind doth hold,*
Sleepe in Pasitheas *Lap his Eyes doth fold,*
The Sword falls from the God of the fift Spheare,
The Heards to feede, the Birds to sing, forbeare,
Each plant breathes Loue, each Flood and Fountaine cold:
And hence it is, that that once Nymphe, *now Tree,*
*Who did th'*Amphrisian Shepheards *Sighes disdaine,*
And scorn'd his Layes, mou'd by a sweeter Veine,
Is become pittifull, and followes Thee:
Thee loues, and vanteth that shee hath the Grace.
A Garland for thy Lockes to enterlace.

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VI.

[Prefixed to the advance issue of *Poems*, by William Drummond of Hawthornden. ? Edinburgh, ? 1614, 4to.]

Alexis.

The Loue Alexis *did to* Damon *beare,*
Shall witness'd bee to all the Woodes, and Plaines
As singulare, renown'd by neighbouring Swaines,
That to our Relicts Time *may Trophees reare :*
Those Madrigals *wee song amidst our Flockes,*
With Garlands guarded from Apollos *Beames,*
On Ochells *whiles, whiles neare* Bodotrias *Streames.*
By Ecchoes *are resounded from the Rockes.*
Of forraine Shepheards bent to trie the States,
Though I (Worlds Guest) a Vagabond doe straye,
Thou may that Store, which I esteeme Survaye,
As best acquainted with my Soules Conceits :
What euer Fate Heauens *haue for mee design'd,*
I trust thee with the Treasure of my Mind.

VII.

[From the Hawthornden MSS. vol. xiii. First printed in the folio edition of *The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden.* Edinburgh, 1711.]

On the Death of Mr. John Murray.

Mourne Muses, mourne, your greatest gallant dyes,
Who free in state did court your sacred traine,
Your Minion *Murray, Albiones* sweetest swaine,
Who soar'd so high, now sore neglected lyes.
If of true worth the world had right esteemd
His loftie thoughts what bounds could haue confind ?
But Fortune feard to match with such a mind,
Where all his due, and not her gift had seemd.
Faire Nymphes whose brood doth stand with Tyme at stryf,
Dare Death presume heauens darelings thus to daunt ?
To flattering fancies then in vaine you vaunt
That you for euer will prolong a lyf.
He gracd your band, and not your bayes his brow :
You happie were in him, he not by you.

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VIII.

[From the folio edition of *The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden.* Edinburgh, 1711.]

A Poem by Sir William Alexander.

WHEN *Britain's* Monarch, in true Greatness great,
His Council's Counsel, did Things past unfold,
He (eminent in Knowledge as in State)
What might occur oraculously told ;
And when far rais'd from this Terrestrial Round,
He numbrous Notes with measur'd Fury frames,
Each Accent weigh'd, no Jarr in Sense, or Sound,
He *Phœbus* seems, his Lines *Castalian* Streams,
This Worth (though much we owe) doth more extort ;
All Honor should, but it constrains to Love,
While ravish'd still above the vulgar Sort
He Prince, or Poet, more than Man doth prove :
But all his due who can afford him then,
A God of Poets, and a King of Men.

IX.

[From the folio edition of *The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden.* Edinburgh, 1711.]

THIS Day, design'd to spoil the World of Peace,
And accessary to so foul a Crime,
Why should it rest in the Records of Time,
Since stain'd by Treason forfeiting the Place.
O ! but those err who would it odious make :
This Day from Danger *Britain's* Monarch sav'd,
That Day when first the Mischief was conceiv'd,
Let it accurst still clad with Clouds look black.
Then happy Day, to which by Heaven's Decree
(As consecrated) Festual Pomp is due,
Long may thy Saint (a living Martyr) view,
All Hearts for Love of Him to Honour Thee.
More length we wish, but what thou wantst of Light
Shall be by Fire extorted from the NIGHT.

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X.

[From *Lithgow's Travels.* London, 1616, 4to.]

To his most affectionate friend, W. Lithgow.

No *Arabs*, *Turkes*, *Moores*, *Sarazens*, nor strangers,
Woods, Wildernesse, and darke, vmbragous Caues,
No Serpents, Beasts, nor cruell fatall dangers,
Nor sad regrates of ghostly groning graues,
Could thee affright, disswade, disturbe, annoy,
To venture life, to winne a world of ioy :
This Worke, which pompe-expecting eyes may feed,
To Vs, and Thee, shall perfect pleasure breed.

W. A.

XI.

[From *The Memorie of the most worthie and renowned Bernard Stuart, Lord D'Aubigni.* . . . By Walter Quin. London, 1619, 4to.]

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND *MASTER WALTER QUIN.*

I MUST commend the clearenesse of thy mind,
Which (stil ingenuous) bent true worth to raise,
Though in the graue an obiect fit will find,
Not flattring liuing Men with question'd praise.
Braue *Bernards* valour noble Naples sounds :
Which scarce his Country venters to proclaime,
But sith his sword preuail'd in forraine bounds,
Their pennes should pay a tribute to his fame.
Lest Natiues vaunt, let Strangers then deale thus :
For I confesse they prooue too oft ingrate.
What deeds have smother'd bin, or rob'd from vs
By *Frenchmen* first, by *Flemmings* now of late ?
Where, had all met with such a Muse as thine,
Their lightning glory through each Age might shine.

William Alexander.

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XII.

[Prefixed to *Christian and Heavenly Treatise, containing Physicke for the Soule*, by M. I. Abernethy, now Bishop of Cathnes. London, 1622.]

SONNET.

To the Authour.

OF knowne effects, grounds too precisely sought,
Young Naturalists oft Atheists old doe proue.
And some who naught, saue who first moues, can moue,
Scorne mediate meanes, as wonders still were wrought :
But tempring both, thou dost this difference euen,
Diuine Physician, physicall Diuine ;
Who soules and bodies help'st, dost heere designe
From earth by reason, and by faith from heauen,
With mysteries, which few can reach aright :
How heauen and earth are match'd, and worke in man ;
Who wise and holy ends, and causes scan.
Loe true Philosophy, perfections height,
For this is all, which we would wish to gaine :
In bodies sound, that mindes may sound remaine.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

XIII.

[From the first edition of *Flowres of Sion*, by William Drummond of Hawthornden. 1623.]

On the Report of the *Death of the Author.*

If that were true, which whispered is by Fame,
That Damons *light no more on Earth doth burne,*
His patron Phœbus *physicke would disclame,*
And cloath'd in clowds as earst for Phæton *mourne.*

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Yea, Fame *by this had got so deepe a Wound,*
That scarce Shee could haue power to tell his Death,
Her Wings cutte short ; who could her Trumpet sound,
Whose Blaze of late was nurc't but by His breath ?

That Spirit of His which most with mine was free,
By mutuall trafficke enterchanging Store,
If chac'd from Him it would haue come to mee,
Where it so oft familiare was before.

Some secret Griefe distempering first my Minde,
Had (though not knowing) made mee feele this losse :
A Sympathie had so our Soules combind,
That such a parting both at once would tosse.

Though such Reportes to others terrour giue,
Thy heavenly Vertues who did neuer spie,
I know, Thou, that canst make the dead to liue,
Immortal art, and needes not feare to die.

Sir William Alexander.

XIV.

[From *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, Founder of Dulwich College*, edited for the Shakespeare Society by J. Payne Collier. London, 1841.]

To his deservedlie honored frend, Mr. Edward Allane, the first founder and Master of the Colleige of Gods Gift.

Some greate by birth or chance, whom fortune blindes,
Where (if it were) trew vertue wold burst forth,
They, sense not haveing, can afford no worth,
And by their meanes doe but condemne their myndes.
To honour such I should disgrace my penne,
Who might prove more, I count them lesse then men.

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But thee to praise I dare be bould indeede,
By fortunes strictnesse whilst at first suppress'd,
Who at the height of that which thou profess'd
Both ancients, moderns, all didst farr exceede :
Thus vertue many ways may use hir pow'r ;
The bees draw honnie out of evrie flow'r.

And when thy state was to a better chang'd,
That thou enabled wast for doing goode,
To clothe the naked, give the hungrie foode,
As one that was from avarice estrang'd :
Then what was fitt thou scorn'd to seeke for more,
Whilst bent to doe what was design'd before.

Then prosecute this noble course of thyne
As prince or priest for state, in charge though none,
For acting this brave part, when thou art gone,
Thy fame more bright then sonnes' more high shall shyne,
Since thou turnd great, who this worlds stage doe trace,
With whom it seemes thou hast exchangd thy place.

W. Alexander.

XV.

[From a manuscript in the National Library, Edinburgh.]

THE Ciprian's smyling, led our prince to Spayne,
Her husband's lightning welcomes him againe ;
Love was but hoped for in a forrayne pairt,
He finds it burning heere in every heart.
As revells strange would waste the world away,
We burned the night, and heaven drown'd the day.
Juno and Venus onely frowne a space,
That Pallas now preferred of both takis place.
This day, like doomesday, flameing all with fyre,
To judge of secreets, too, will needs aspire ;
What hopes and feares, did vpon it depend,
Which now dispayre or confidence must end.
But how comes this, that clouds ecclipse the spheares ;
These showres, vnlesse of Joy, can not be teares ;
The heavens, I think, of our hudge fyres affray'd,
Their violence in tyme by raine have it stayed.

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XVI.

[From the Bannatyne Manuscript, printed for the Hunterian Club, MDCCCXCVI.]

Of Conquerouris.

Thay quho to conqueir all the erth presume,
A littill airth schall thame at last consume.

Of Kingis.

Mo Kingis in chalmeris fall by flatterreris charmis,
Than in the feild by the aduersareis armis.

A Comparisone betuix heich and law Estaitis.

The bramble growis althocht it be obscure,
Quhillis michty cederis feilis the busteous windis ;
And myld plebeyan spreitis may leif secure,
Quhylis michty tempestis toss imperiall myndis.

Off an Ennemy.

An ennemy, gif it be weill adwysd',
Thocht he seme waik sould' never be dispysd.

Off Man.

No woundir thocht men change and faid,
Quho of thir chengeing elementis ar maid.

Off the Erth.

We may compair the erthis glory to a floure,
That flurische and faideth in an houre.

Off Man.

Quhat are we bot a puff of braith,
Quho live assurd' of nothing bot of deth.

Finis quod William Alexander of Menstry

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NOTES.

COMMENDATORY SONNET.

(For an alternative version of this sonnet from the Hawthornden MSS. see Drummond's *Poetical Works* (ed. Kastner), vol. ii. p. 371.)

P. 1, l. 2. **With Crimson Cothurne.** The epithet as applied to the tragic buskin appears to have no classical precedent. Either Drummond uses 'crimson' as symbolical of tragic tales of blood; or he remembers that Latin writers frequently described the hunter's buskin as 'cothurnus puniceus' (Virgil, *Eclogue*, 7. 32; Valerius Flaccus, i. 384; Nemesianus, *Cynegetica*, 90). Virgil (*Aeneid*, i. 337) also uses 'purpureus' to describe the 'cothurnus'; but both *purpureus* and *puniceus* are otherwise employed to describe the colour of a blush, and Cooper's *Latin Dictionary* (1573) has *puniceus color*, 'red colour.'

l. 4. **Monarchs of the worlds first Age.** On the title of Alexander's *Monarchicke Tragedies* and their relation to the Ages of the world, see Introd. vol. i. pp. cxci, cxcii. As a supplement to the note given there, a quotation explicitly dividing ancient history into four monarchies is here appended. It is from *The Historie of all the Romane Emperors, first collected in Spanish* by Pedro Mexia, since enlarged in Italian by L. Dulce and G. Bardi, and now Englished by W. T[raheron], London, for M. Lownes, 1604: "For that [monarchy] of the Assyrians and Babylonians (which was the most auncient of all the Monarchies) . . . then the Persians, which subverted the Medes by the hand of the mightie Cyrus, which is reckoned for the second Monarchie . . . yet in the end . . . overcome and subdued . . . by Alexander [who] . . . is accounted for the third Monarchie. . . . But the dominion and Empire of the Romanes, which is the fourth Monarchie . . . etc." (p. 3). A concise review of the succession of the four monarchies occurs in *Doomes-day*, p. 30, stanza 84 below.

l. 7. **a Day**, *i.e.* Doomsday: the title of Alexander's religious epic.

l. 8. **Scance**: 'scan', 'scrutinize'. Alexander himself was suspicious of this word as a Scotticism, and having used it in the G.H. versions of *Doomesday* (p. 103, l. 851), he excised it on revision.

l. 10. **Brookes.** For specific mention of Alexander's association with the river Doven, see quotations from Drayton and Daniel in vol. i. pp. 448, 449. In the same volume, p. ccix, appears a poem by Drummond which plays on the same motif as the one in this sonnet, the superiority of the Doven to other rivers with poetical associations.

staine: something which mars the lustre of; see note to p. 505, l. 86.

DOOMES-DAY.

P. 5 (foot). **To the Right Noble Robert, Earle of Somerset, etc.**
The notorious Robert Carr (or Ker) was created Earl of Somerset in 1613, Viscount

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Rochester in 1611, K.G. in the same year, a P.C. in 1612. The first stage in his political decline began with the appearance of Villiers in August 1614. The first steps for his trial for complicity in the Overbury murder were taken in 1615—and after that he was disgraced. Hence the withdrawal of the dedication after the first (1614) edition —although Somerset was still alive when the *Recreations* was published. The fulsome adulation of this dedication may be compared with the opinion of the still youthful Carr held by the circle of Harrington: see Howard's letter to Sir John Harrington in *Nugae Antiquae* (ed. Park, 1804, vol. i. p. 390 ff.).

l. 12. **The azure Arke**, the 'arch' of the sky, as 'arcus' is the usual Latin word for a triumphal arch, 'Trophees' (l. 11) are in keeping with the idea.

although too small, *i.e.* adequately to commemorate God's glory.

l. 18. **afford** : supply, provide, as in *Psalms* cxliv. 13 (A.V.).

l. 20. **Whose foot-stoole**, etc.: cf. *Isaiah* lxvi. 1.

l. 22. **Whose weapons**, etc.: cf. *Ezekiel* vii. 2, 3, 15.

P. 6, l. 7 of footnote. **Macedonians Page.** The boy or slave (παῖς) whom Philip, to prevent undue elation after his victory at Chaeronea, instructed to remind him of his mortality. He also (adds Aelian, *Varia Historia*, 8. 15) never started the day's task before an attendant had three times called to him—Φίλιππε, ἄνθρωπος εἶ.

P. 7, l. 30. **successe.** See our introduction to vol. i. p. cxcix, on Alexander's difficulties with English accents. The word *successe* occurs six times in vol. ii. In the earliest-written piece, *Aurora*, Son. 53, l. 9, he has *súccesse*; in the next (the GH versions of *Doomes-day*, p. 7, l. 30) he has *succésse*; but in the revision (J) he alters it to *súccesse*. In the remaining cases (all of the date of the revision) he has *súccesse* uniformly (see p. 13, l. 218; p. 380, l. 5; p. 409, l. 5; p. 433, l. 783). Many other words gave him trouble. Some he regularly accentuates in a way different from the modern usage: *assisters* (p. 310, l. 590); *dssaslnes* (p. 197, l. 843); *excéllency* (p. 354, l. 81, p. 355, l. 132, p. 536, l. 23, the last in a poem published in 1604); *commérce* (p. 355, l. 139); *enviéd* (p. 528, l. 33). More interesting are his variations of accentuation at different stages of revision. In the 1604 version of the *Paraenesis* he has *divine* (p. 385, l. 129 C); *Empire* (p. 392, l. 322 C); *mischiéf* (p. 400, l. 531 C—a form which also occurs in *Aurora*, p. 454, l. 7); in the revision he recasts the phrases in which these occur, to substitute a word of less doubtful accent. In the same poem he changes *cherish* of C version to *chérish* (p. 397, l. 459). The GH versions of *Doomes-day* (p. 105, l. 902) have *Melancholie*, which is changed in the final version to *mélanchály*. *Deluge* and *refuge* give him considerable trouble. Normally his practice is to accent *delúge* and *refúge* at all stages prior to the final revision, when he usually alters them to *déluge* and *réfuge*. But in odd cases, the older form persists; *e.g.* both versions of *Paraenesis*, p. 386, l. 148, have *refúge*, and p. 382, l. 43, *delúge*.

l. 36. **Of earth**, etc. *St. John* iii. 31 "He that is of the earth is earthly, and speaketh of the earth."

P. 8, l. 55. **There is no God**, etc.: see *Psalms* xiv. 1, and liii. 1.

l. 68. **influence** : in the original and common Elizabethan sense, the supposed flowing from the heavenly bodies of an aethereal fluid acting on man's destiny.

l. 79. **centers** : the *N.E.D.* gives 'provide or mark with a centre' as a transitive meaning of the word, but cites no use exactly parallel to the one here. Du Bartas, in the fourth Day of the first Weeke, has a scornful attack on the new astronomy of Copernicus.

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P. 9, l. 89. **sift**, 'let fall as through a sieve': the *N.E.D.* has no illustration as early as this.

l. 92. **And doth dispense**, etc. Cf. *Job* xxxviii. 22 "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail?"

P. 10, l. 123. **remording**, 'feeling remorse': a common sense in sixteenth-century Scots.

P. 11, l. 139. **his**, *i.e.* God's.

l. 140. **his . . . his**, *i.e.* Satan's.

l. 160. **square**, 'standard.' 'rule': the commonest sense of the word in the sixteenth century. See below, p. 306, l. 463, and p. 384, l. 78.

P. 12, l. 185. **The Sunne**, etc.: cf. *St. Matthew* v. 45.

P. 14, l. 224. **with his succeed**, *i.e.* with his (wish), succeed.

P. 15, l. 249. **That King**. Solomon. Cf. 1 *Kings* iii. 12 "There was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee."

P. 16, l. 282. **pleasure purchas'd is with paine**. Cf. the similar jingle in *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. i. 73 "All delights are vain: but that most vain, Which with pain purchas'd doth inherit paine."

l. 286. **'Twixt heaven and earth they have a spirituall chaine**, etc. The chain between heaven and earth is frequently encountered in literature. Milton's cosmogony employs a golden chain to suspend earth from heaven (*P.L.* ii. 1051 ff.). The origin of this chain between heaven and earth is curious. In the *Iliad*, viii. 18 ff., Zeus, forbidding the gods to take part in the battle between Greeks and Trojans, threatens them with severe punishment if they disobey, and to show that he is much stronger, challenges them to fasten a golden rope to heaven and try, gods and goddesses together, to drag him down. They will be unable to do so, but if he chooses, he will pull them up with the earth and the sea, he declares. Dr. Leaf has this note in his edition of the *Iliad*: "It is curious that this line (*Iliad* viii. 19) 'fastening a golden rope from heaven,' which evidently alludes to a mere trial of strength by pulling at a rope, should have been made the base of all sorts of mystical interpretations and esoteric myths from the earliest times." (He quotes Plato, *Theaetetus*, 153 c, where the golden rope is interpreted as the sun, and Euripides, *Orestes*, 982, where the sun is spoken of as "a rock that is stretched (*τεταμένην*) with floating strings of golden cords in the middle between heaven and earth," and continues, "The neo-Platonists took up the idea, and from them it was handed on to the Alchemists of the middle ages in whose mystical cosmogony the *aurea catena Homeri* signified the whole chain of existences up to the *quinta essentia universalis*. The rope is here (*i.e.* in Homer) of gold simply because it is divine." See also Tennyson, *Morte d'Arthur*:

> "For so the whole round world is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

No doubt the golden (divine) rope of Homer becomes a chain afterwards because *gold* suggested a thing of metal.

l. 293. **eare**, 'plough': in common use in the sixteenth century; cf. Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. iv. 49. See below, p. 130, l. 645.

l. 302 ff. **Hath not the Potter**, etc. See *Romans* ix. 21 "Hath not the potter

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power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?"

P. 20, l. 399. **at Phlegra bounds.** The mythical battle between gods and giants was fought at Phlegra, whence Milton's use of "all the giant brood of Phlegra" in his endeavour to give some sense of the greatness of Satan's host (*P.L.* i. 576). Herodotus fixes Phlegra at Pallene, the western projection of the Macedonian peninsula of Chalcidice; others localised the battle in the Campi Phlegraei in Campania. The battle is referred to frequently in Latin poetry: cf. Ovid, *Metam.* x. 150-1; Claudian's fragmentary *Gigantomachia*, as well as his *De Raptu Proserpinae*, ii. 255 ff.; iii. 196, 337 ff., etc.

bounds, like Latin *fines* in the derived sense of 'district,' 'territory,' the space bordered by the 'fines' or 'bounds' in the stricter sense.

P. 21, l. 433. **If we great things**, etc. Cf. Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 176, "si parva licet componere magnis" (and *Eclog.* i. 23, "sic parvis componere magna solebam").

l. 439. **Like some Bride-groome**, etc. See *Psalms* xix. 5 "Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." Alexander changes the direction of the bridegroom's steps, and gives a Gentile substitute for the Jewish custom.

P. 22, l. 445. **runnagates**, 'runaways,' as in Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, III. v. 90; cf. Sylvester's *Dubartas* (ed. 1611, p. 386), "To roam uncertain (like a Runnagate)."

l. 452. **As dogs bite stones for him**, etc. Plutarch, in c. xxxvii. of his *Aetia Physica*, as preserved in Gybertus Longolius's Latin version, discusses the question "Quare canes relicto homine qui iecit, lapidem morsu insectantur." See also Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xxix. 5 (32). 102, and Erasmus, *Adagia*, "canis saeviens in lapidem," etc. Aristotle (*Rhet.* iii. 4) refers to Plato's comparison (*Republic*, v. 469 D, E) of men who strip the bodies of fallen enemies to dogs that vent their anger on stones by which they are struck instead of attacking the person who threw them. The idea is the subject of Emblem 175 in the 1621 edition of Alciat's *Emblems*.

P. 23, l. 478. **discharg'd**, 'forbidden,' a Scotticism. The *N.E.D.* quotes Dalrymple's translation of Leslie's *Hist. Scot.* viii. 89 (1596): "This parleament . . . discharges al man the futball and al sik games." See l. 500 below, and p. 396, l. 430.

P. 24, l. 500. **discharg'd**, 'forbidden,' see l. 478 above.

l. 517. **rinne**, the rhyme prevented Alexander from following his habit in revising the GH versions, from which (cf. ll. 321 and 348) he removes this Scotticism as a rule; but in l. 321 above he made the alteration at the expense of the rhyme.

l. 518. **learn'd**, 'taught.' 'Learn' for 'teach' is good Elizabethan English.

l. 520. **rest**, 'support for a fire-arm to steady the aim.' *N.E.D.* quotes Markham, *Bk. War.* i. ix. 35 (1622): "He shall have for his right hand a handsome Rest of Ash or other light wood, with an yron pike in the nether end, and an halfe hoope of yron above to lay the musquet in when hee rests it."

P. 25, l. 537. **But he who tryes**, etc. See *Psalms* vii. 9 "for the righteous God trieth the hearts and reins"; and *Jeremiah* xvii. 10 "I, the Lord, search the heart, I try the reins."

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P. 26, l. 559. **mustred**, 'displayed': a common sense of the word up to the 17th century.

P. 30, l. 673. **Ashur**, the Hebrew name for Assyria.

P. 32, l. 742. **whose sacred vessels**, etc. See *Daniel* v. 2-3.

P. 35, l. 824. **Romes mildest Emperour.** Titus, who captured Jerusalem, was famous for his mildness and magnanimity. See Suetonius, *Life of Titus*, *passim*, and particularly c. 8.

P. 36, l. 829. **the worlds delight**: Titus; see above. Suetonius begins his *Life of Titus* with these words: "Titus, cognomine paterno, amor ac deliciae generis humani . . ."

l. 849. **By him**, etc. The reference may be to Herod, "who first 'gainst Christ did ensignes pitch" in that he ordered the massacre of the innocents. Eusebius (chap. 8) draws extensively on Josephus to bring home Herod's punishment, telling how "he stained his princely affaires . . . by his interchangeable domesticall calamities, that is, by the cruel slaughter of his wife, of his children, of his nearest kinsfolks," etc. (*The Ancient Ecclesiasticall Histories* . . . translated by M. Hanmer, 6th ed. 1650, p. 11). Or the passage may refer to Nero, whose history more closely fits the description in l. 850: he had been called the "first persecutor of Christianity" by Tertullian, as Eusebius (*op. cit.* p. 34) asserts—"Of him doth Tertullian the Romane write thus: read your authors, there shall ye find Nero chiefly to have first persecuted this doctrine at Rome."

l. 851. **the great Apostate**, etc. Refers to the alleged dying words of the emperor Julian (the Apostate). Theodoret, *Ecclesiastica Historia*, iii. 20, says that when Julian received his fatal wound, he threw some drops of his blood towards heaven and cried Νενίκηκας Γαλιλαῖε. Theodoret, writing in Greek, naturally gives the words in that tongue, but as Julian himself wrote in Greek, they may be taken to represent his actual words. The whole incident, however, appears unhistorical. Ammianus Marcellinus, who was present, says nothing of the incident. The words are more often quoted in their Latin form, "Vicisti Galilaee."

P. 37, l. 857. **He who**, etc. Charles IX., who, according to the Protestants, died from a horrible disease, because of his share in the Bartholomew massacre. D'Aubigné says: "Il sortoit du sang par les pores de la peau de ce Prince presques en tous endroits." Drummond (ed. Kastner, vol. ii. p. 287) has an epigram:

"Why vomits Charles so much blood from his brest?
The blood he dranke he culd not vel dygest."

A Latin one by Andrew Melville is printed in *Delitiae Poetarum Scotorum* (1637), vol ii. p. 112:

Ad Carolum Galliarum tyrannum, sanguinis inusitato fluxo peruentem.

"Naribus, ore, oculis, atque auribus, undique et ano,
Et pene erumpit qui tibi, Carle, cruor;
Non tuus iste cruor: sanctorum et caede cruorem
Quem ferus hausisti, concoquere haud poteras."

l. 861. **his brother.** Henri III., who is the king of l. 863. The Duke is the duc de Guise, killed by Henri's orders in 1588, and the Fryer is Jacques Clément, who assassinated the king in 1589.

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P. 38. l. 889. **rinne**, see note above, p. 24, l. 517.

l. 893. **processe**, the whole proceedings connected with a trial: a not uncommon sense from the fifteenth century.

l. 909. **O what designes**, etc. This may be merely a piece of imagery: we are unable to trace any historical or literary triumphal arch of bones.

P. 41, l. 11. **Adamants**, 'loadstone,' 'magnet': a common sense from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, arising from the early mediaeval Latin writers who wrongly derived it from *adamare*, 'to take a liking to.'

P. 43, l. 45. GH. **beguesse**, 'by chance,' 'at a venture' (Scots).

P. 44, l. 83. **all that . . . Zachary the just.** See *St. Matthew* xxiii. 35; for St. Matthew's reference to Zachary see 2 *Chron.* xxiv. 20, 21.

l. 89. **God is not slack**, etc. See *II. Epistle of St. Peter* iii. 9.

l. 94. **processe**, see note p. 38, l. 893 above.

P. 45, l. 125. **If holy Ierome**, etc. St. Jerome is credited with this experience in many sixteenth- and seventeenth-century references; cf. *Complete Works* of Thomas Brooks (1608–1680), ed. Grosart, i. 217; and the *Epigrammatum liber* of Cornelius Schonaeus (in his *Poems*, part iii. ed. 1618), p. 305:

Dictum D[ivi] Hieronymi.

"Seu vigilo intentus studiis, seu dormio, semper
Iudicis extremi nostras tuba personat aures."

Jeremy Taylor quotes this epigram (without author's name) in a sermon (*Works*, ed. C. P. Eden, vol. iv. p. 46). The origin of the story is given by Corrie in a note to Latimer's *Sermons* (ed. Parker Society, i. p. 530): "The sentiment here ascribed to St. Jerome occurs very frequently in the sermons of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but is not found in Jerome's works. The following is in a work which is attributed to him: "Semper tuba illa terribilis vestris perstrepet auribus, Surgite mortui, venite ad iudicium" (*Regula Monachorum*, xxx.).

P. 49, l. 225. **Churches seven**: see *Revelation* i. 4; i. 11; and for the 'lanterns seven,' *ibid.* i. 20.

l. 234. **her Nephews**: in the common seventeenth-century sense, 'grandsons,' and so, descendants; cf. the use of 'nepotes,' *e.g.* Catullus, 58. 5, has 'Remi nepotes' for *Romans*.

P. 51, l. 275. **regener'd**, Scots, 'made anew.' The *N.E.D.* gives no example after 1500.

l. 282 ff. **Ah brag not**, etc. This is based on *Epistle to the Romans* xi. 17, 18.

P. 52, l. 297 ff. **This signe**, etc. The Jews would be converted to Christianity, but that, living mainly amongst Catholics, they are prejudiced against the Christian religion by seeing in it the worship of images, and other such 'Gentiles dregges,' or relics of paganism.

P. 53, l. 329. **This mysterie of sinne**, etc. The reference is to the second *Epistle to the Thessalonians* ii. 7. Early Catholic commentators explained the mystery of sin as Antichrist; ὁ κατέχων, he who letteth or restraineth, was explained by Chrysostom as the Roman Empire, which was to pass away before the reign of Antichrist prevailed. Protestant polemical divines explained the meaning of the text to be that the later development of the papacy represented Antichrist, and that what restrained this develop-

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ment was the power of the Roman Empire. When the Roman Empire decayed the power of the popes increased. Thus Hieron. Zanchius (*Opera Theolog.*, 1619, tom. vi. pars. iii. col. 493), commenting on this text, says that Antichrist broke out openly when Boniface III. obtained for himself and his successors, from the Emperor Phocas, the title of head of the Catholic Church.

P. 54, l. 357. **scandaliz'd**, not, of course, in the modern sense, 'horrified' but 'made the object of horror,' 'her infamy published to the world.'

l. 370. **from the horned Beast**: the GH versions read 'the two-horned Beast.' Perhaps Alexander preferred the less definite description to include the many horned beasts of *Revelation*, rather than the one of xiii. 11.

P. 56, l. 408. **historifie**, an uncommon word, not found before Elizabethan times. The Countess of Pembroke (*c.* 1586) uses it transitively, "Thy conquest meete to be historified" (*Psalms* lxxvi. 2).

l. 412. **upbraid**: the *N.E.D.* does not appear to give a sense which fits exactly this use of a favourite word of Alexander's. It appears to mean here, not 'to bring forward as a ground of censure,' 'to reproach,' etc., but 'to cause to be a ground of reproach,' 'to make the occasion of sin.' It may be taken here and in l. 496 below, as an extended use of the sense of a meaning given by the *N.E.D.* as limited to food, 'to make uneasy with repletion or indigestion,' a sense found in Nashe and Ben Jonson. The devil feasts the eyes of his victims to their discomfort. **Upbradying** (p. 297, l. 160) is simply 'reproving,' as is **upbraid** (p. 517, l. 19), whilst **upbraides** (p. 539, l. 4) seems to mean 'brings to mind, with an accompanying (but not reproaching) sense of pain.'

l. 414. **Which onely**, etc. The end of the world is portended by the fact that the froth of virtue and the dregs of vice are all that now subsist.

l. 420. **Though**, etc.: a phrase in apposition to **garments**.

l. 427. **or**: probably 'ere.'

P. 58, l. 470. GH. **brangling**, 'shaking.' This common Scotticism might have established itself in English. James I. used it substantively in his *Essay of Poesie* (1585), and Daniel has it as a participle in his *History of England* (1613).

l. 473. **One Earth-quake**. Richard Knolles, *The Generall Historie of the Turkes*, 1603, p. 476, recounts a terrible earthquake which chanced at Constantinople on September 14, 1509. It endured eighteen days.

l. 481. **Twixt Rome and Naples**, etc.: a reference to Herculaneum and Pompeii. Though no excavations had been made in Alexander's day, he would know of the destruction of these places from classical authors (*e.g.* Pliny, *Epist.* vi. 16). His geography is slightly out, as both Pompeii and Herculaneum are south of Naples, not between Rome and Naples. Moreover, they were overwhelmed by ashes, not swallowed by earthquake.

l. 487. **Like Sisiphus**, etc.: a number (of victims) are perchance compelled, as Sisyphus was, to roll uphill the stones (which once made the buildings of Pompeii); or perhaps Dis uses the stones for building dungeons in hell.

P. 59, l. 489. **Late neare those parts**, etc.: it is not easy to identify the event referred to. Fynes Morison's *Itinerary*, I. ii. 116, has an account closely corresponding in detail: "Neere the Lake of Avernus upon the side towards Pozzoli, lies a Mountaine, which lately broke out of the earth, where of old were the bathes of Tripergola, whence the dwellings in this part, and this place, are called Tripergola, and here of old were

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many large and stately buildings, but by reason of many Earthquakes, and roberies of Pirats, the houses were long since forsaken, and at last in the yeere 1538 were swallowed up by the earth. For in that yeere upon Michaelmas day was a terrible Earthquake in this place, which brake out with fire in great flames, casting up stones, with a great tempest of winde, and darknesse of the aire, so as the people thought the worlds end was come. . . . At last after seven daies, this confusion ceased. . . ." The difficulty is that Morison's *Itinerary* was not published until 1617, and that Alexander notes the event as 'late.' But Morison also says 'lately,' though the main incident happened in 1538. Moreover, he was writing his *Itinerary* from 1609 onwards.

l. 491. **acquire**: the *N.E.D.* gives no use of the word exactly in this sense, 'produce,' 'cause,' 'bring about.'

l. 497. **Last in this land**, etc. Camden, *Annales* (trans. by R. N. as *The Historie of Elizabeth*, 1630), Bk. 2, p. 106: " The sixth day of *Aprill* [1580] at 6 of the clocke in the evening, the ayre being cleere and calme, England on this side Yorke, and the *Netherlands* almost as high as *Coloine*, as it were in a moment trembled in such sort, that in some places stones fell doune from buildings, the Bels in steeples strooke against the clappers, and the very Sea being then most calme, was vehemently shaken up and downe." A fuller account of this appears in R. B.'s (pseudo. for Nathaniel Crouch) *General History of Earthquakes*, 1694, p. 62: he emphasises the wide extent of the earthquake and its comparative mildness.

l. 512. **denounce**, 'proclaim.' This obsolete sense survived in Scotland longer than in England, but it was fairly common up to *c.* 1700. The Douay *Bible* has in its commentary on *Psalm* lxxxvii, " When I shal be dead and buried, I cannot denounce thy praises as now I can to mortal men." See p. 70, l. 797; p. 88, l. 423.

P. 60, l. 519. **And yet her broode**, etc. Bartholomeus, *De proprietatibus rerum* (so-called Trevisa version published by Berthelet 1535), Bk. xviii. § 117: " Viper is a manner kind of serpents that is full venemous and hath that name for he bringeth forth brood by strength; for when her womb draweth to the time of whelping, the whelps abideth not convenable time nor kind passing, but gnaweth and fretteth the sides of their mother and they come so into this world with strength and with the death of the mother " (quoted from Seager, *Natural History in Shakespeare's Time*). Cf. *Pericles*, I. i. 64:

" I am no Viper, yet I feed
On mothers flesh which did me breed."

l. 526. **fin'd**, probably 'refined,' as in *Job*, xxviii. 1, etc.; if it means 'confined', the *N.E.D.* gives no verbal usage similar to Alexander's.

l. 533. **From Gods wine-presse**, etc.: cf. *Revelation* xiv. 20.

l. 537. **When father-like**, etc.: see 2 *Samuel* xxiv. for God's chastisement of David by a plague which lasted three days and killed seventy thousand men.

P. 61, l. 545. **The pestilence**, etc. This and the following stanzas refer to the afflictions which were a common occurrence in Elizabethan England. The outbreaks of the plague were most severe in 1563, 1592/93, 1603/4, 1606/7 and 1609/10. How much the fear (the 'fame' of the pestilence) " moved this land " may be gathered from such pamphlets as Dekker's *Work for Armourers*, 1609.

l. 555. **GH brangled**: see note to p. 58, l. 470 above.

l. 572. **byles**: the *N.E.D.* records that *bile* is the regular M.E. form, stating that it is not clear whether the modern 'boil' is due to association with the verb or to the influence of the Dutch form *buil*.

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P. 62, l. 580. **Men by the plague**, etc. Dekker's plague pamphlets (of which six are edited by F. P. Wilson, Oxford Press) give realistic accounts of the fear of contagion.

l. 588. **Three doe infect**, etc. Apparently meaning that whereas the plague is contagious through touch and taste and smell, eye and ear are not channels for infection, although sufferers have horrible sores on all parts of the body, including eye and ear.

P. 64, l. 655. **disgest**: a common sixteenth-century form of 'digest.'

P. 65, l. 670. **Then men**, etc. A crude inversion, "since (the corn) is rather bent to die than nourish men."

P. 66, l. 712. **the fourth**, *i.e.* fire, which will destroy the evil doers whose tyranny doth thrall the other three elements, earth, air, and water. Witches were commonly burned alive.

P. 67, l. 734. **as babes with knives**. The *Adagia* of Erasmus has both the Latin and the Greek proverb; the Latin form is found in St. Augustine's *Epist.* 104. 2. 7, "unde illud proverbium: nec puero gladium." Nearer the Greek is St. Ambrose, "quod proverbialiter dicitur: quasi puer machaeram." Diogenianus gives the Greek, Μὴ παιδὶ μάχαιραν.

l. 737. **Delphos**. This form is the Latin accus. of the plural word Delphi; its frequency in English is due to its being mistaken for a neuter singular form.

l. 738. **The Priestresse Pythia**. The Pythia was the priestess of Apollo chosen from among the virgins of Delphi to serve the celebrated oracle of Apollo at Delphi (anciently called Pytho). She gave forth the oracular utterances as if in a state of raving frenzy. The Elizabethans (see note above) regularly wrote *Delphos* for *Delphi*, and often were led to confusions, as, for instance, in *The Winter's Tale*, where Shakespeare, following Greene, confuses Delphos with Delos, and takes the oracle to have been situated on an island. With Alexander's description of Pythia compare Virgil's account of the Sibyl at Cumae (*Aen.* vi. 45-51, 77-80, 98-101). *Priestresse*, although rare, is the earliest English form of the word, the late M.E. *prestresse* being directly from O.F. The *N.E.D.* has no example after 1603.

P. 70, l. 797. **denounce**, see note p. 59, l. 512 above.

l. 805. **the fourth fire**, see note to p. 66, l. 712 above.

l. 808. **GH fines**, 'refines.'

P. 71, l. 837. **obdur'd**, 'hardened': a favourite word of the Elizabethan dramatist Heywood; cf. *The English Traveller* (*Works*, Pearson ed., vol. 4, p. 90), "Hath . . . sinne so obdur'd thy heart?"

P. 72, l. 855. **The harvest ripe, and the wine-presse is full**: see *Revelation* xiv. 15, 20.

l. 857. **Seale, viall**, etc. A curious illustration of the mannerism of Alexander, the separation of the subjects from their predicates, and the odd position of 'seventh' which applies to all the subjects. The opening of the seventh seal refers to *Revelation* viii. 1; the pouring out of the seventh vial filled with the wrath of God to *Revelation* xvi. 17; the sounding of the seventh trumpet to *Revelation* xi. 15.

P. 73, l. 10. **Embalme**, apparently used loosely for 'keep fresh.' Except in the sense of 'endue with balmy fragrance' all the uses quoted by the *N.E.D.* refer to corpses.

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P. 74, l. 27. **Like a drunkard reeles the Cristall skie**: cf. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii. 3:

> " And flecked darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
> From forth daies path, and Titans burning wheeles ";

and Drummond of Hawthornden's *Poetical Works* (ed. Kastner), i. 195.

l. 28. **As garments**, etc. See *Hebrews* i. 10-12: " The heavens are the works of thine hands: They shall perish, but thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed."

pallio[u]ns (GH version), the regular sixteenth-century Scots form.

l. 40. **muddy**, ' earthy ': in the sixteenth century the word frequently connoted ' morally impure.'

P. 75, l. 55. **The Lords great day**, etc. Cf. *Zephaniah* i. 14, 15 " the great day of the Lord is near . . . that day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress."

l. 62. **bounds**. Alexander uses the plural form as a singular noun; the *N.E.D.* cites no example of such usage.

P. 76, l. 97. **With lodgings twelve**, etc.: the Zodiac. Hall, in his *Satires* (II. vii. 29), calls the signs of the Zodiac " Twelve goodly *Innes* . . . with twelve fayre signes," and in the same satire (l. 35) he adds

> " The legs their lodging in Aquarius got."

P. 77, l. 104. **halfe times**. The phrase appears odd. But although the *N.E.D.* defines it merely as ' half of a (particular) time ' it has one illustration which indicates the usage in this line—Pagitt, *Heresiogr.* (wr. 1645): " Months, weeks, daies, and half-times, and such like Chronology."

l. 105. **As slimy vapours**, etc. See *N.E.D.*, *s.v.* Jelly 2. b.: " applied to the alga *Nostoc* which appears as a jelly-like mass on dry soil after rain, and was popularly supposed to be the remains of a fallen star or meteor."

l. 115. **The Moone**, etc.: cf. *Revelation* vi. 12 ". . . and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood." See also *Joel* ii. 31, and *Acts* ii. 20.

l. 124. **fine**: ' punish,' as in Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, III. i. 115:

> " If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
> Why would he for the momentarie tricke
> Be perdurablie fin'de? "

P. 78, l. 129. **When God**, etc. See *Exodus* xix. *Sions* seems a slip for *Sinais*.

l. 144. **The mountaine smoak'd**. See *Exodus* xix. 18.

P. 79, l. 164. **The Pines of Idus**. There is no ancient authority for the form Idus for Mount Ida (near Troy). Many names of the neighbourhood have variant forms (*e.g.* Pergamos, Pergamon, Pergama), and a peak of Ida is Gargara or Gargaron. The pines of Ida supplied wood for Aeneas's fleet (cf. *Aen.* ix. 80, 81, 85, and x. 230). Joseph Hall has

> " Nay: let the prouder Pines of Ida feare
> The sudden fires of heaven."
>
> " Defiance to Envy," at beginning of his *Satires*.

l. 169. **The smoaking mountains**, etc. Cf. *Psalms* xcvii. 5 " The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord."

l. 184. **aguous**: the *N.E.D.* does not record this form.

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P. 80, l. 185. **The godly kings wise sonne**, etc.: cf. 1 *Kings* ix. 26-28.

l. 186. **With Ethnicks joyn'd**. Solomon leagued himself with the "ethnick" or heathen, as, for instance, with Hiram, to promote traffic in gold from Ophir. See 1 *Kings* v. 11, 12, etc.

l. 191. **Ah, ah, curst gold**, etc.: cf. Virgil, *Aeneid*, iii. 56-57:

> "Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
> Auri sacra fames?"

l. 200. **brave**, 'treat with bravado': cf. Greene, *Orlando Furioso*, 9, "Ile beard and brave thee in thy proper towne."

l. 201. **At heaven**, etc. Apparently, "if only barbarians had security for the future life, their lot would be ideal—gold for which we slave, is but a toy to them in their unspoiled innocence."

P. 81, l. 217. **The stately birds**, etc. This classical legend of the eagle is thus given in Bartholomeus *De proprietatibus rerum* (trans. Trevisa, Berthelet, 1535): "Also there is one manner Eagle that is full sharp of sight, and she taketh her own birds in her claws, and maketh them to look even on the sun, and that ere their wings be full grown, and except they look stiffly and steadfastly against the sun, she beateth them, and setteth them tofore the sun; and if any eye of any of her birds watereth in looking on the sun, she slayeth him, as though he went out of kind; or else driveth him out of the nest and despiseth him, and setteth not by him" (quoted from Seager *ut supra*). There are many references to this legend in classical authors: Aristotle, *Historia Animalium*, ix. 23 (34). 3, tells it of the sea-eagle, ἀλιάετος; Aelian, *De Nat. Animalium*, ii. 26, tells it of the eagle generally, Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* x. 3 (3). 10, attributes it, as Aristotle, to the sea-eagle. Lucan, ix. 902-906, has

> "Utque Iovis volucer, calido cum protulit ovo
> Implumes natos, solis convertit ad ortus:
> Qui potuere pati radios et lumine recto
> Sustinuere diem, caeli servantur in usus,
> Qui Phoebo cessere, iacent."

Two of Lucan's words, "sustinuere diem," provide the title for Emblem IX. Centuria III. of Camerarius's *Symbola et Emblemata*: the picture represents an eagle flying towards the sun, holding one young eagle in its talons. The young eagle is looking towards the sun. Another young one, which has not survived the test, is tumbling down towards the sea. Claudian, *De Tertio Consulatu Honorii*, Praefatio, has the legend in detail.

l. 225. **The sixth**, etc. The reference is to the fact that according to legend there was never at any time more than one phoenix. "Phoenix is a bird, and there is but one of that kind in all the wide world . . . it is a bird without make [mate], and liveth 300 or 500 years, when the which years be passed, she feeleth her own default and feebleness, and maketh a nest of right sweet smelling sticks, that be full dry; and in summer when the western wind bloweth, the sticks and the nest be set on fire with burning heat of the sun, and burneth strongly. Then this bird Phoenix cometh wilfully into the burning nest, and is there burnt to ashes, among these burning sticks. And within three days, a little worm is gendered of the ashes, and waxeth little and little, and taketh feathers and is shaped and turned to a bird, and is the most fairest bird that is." (Bartholomew (Berthelet), quoted from Seager.) The age of the bird varies in different accounts. Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* x. 2. 4) makes it 640 (or, *v.l.*, 540) years, but the thousand chosen by Alexander was the commoner belief (see Martial, v. 7. 2,

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Claudian, *Carm. Min.*, xxvii. (xliv.) 27, and pseudo-Lactantius *De Ave Phoenice*, 59); Sylvester's *Dubartas* has (5th day 1st week, ed. 1611, p. 130):

> " For, having passed under divers climes,
> A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes . . ." etc.

Alexander speaks of the " sixth and last," because, the year of creation being 4000 B.C., at the time of writing the world was 5614 years old, and so the sixth phoenix would still have 400 years to live, were it not for the intervention of the Day of Judgement, which, Alexander implies, will come before A.D. 2000: " For in the last age of the world, that is, saith he [St. Methodius, Bishop of Tyre], in the last thousand of six " (*Admirable and Notable Prophesies . . .* by James Maxwell, London, 1615, p. 24).

l. 230. **As o're small lights**, etc.: cf. Horace, *Odes*, i. 12. 46-48,

> " Micat inter omnis
> Iulium sidus velut inter ignis
> Luna minores."

l. 233. **Salamander.** Bartholomew (*ut supra*) says that " of all beasts only the Salamander liveth in fire." Aristotle (*Hist. Animal.* v. 19) tells of the power of the salamander to extinguish fire by contact with it. Both he (though the passage is held to be an interpolation) and Pliny tell also of certain flies which come into being in the smelting furnaces of Cyprus. They die when separated from fire . . . " in Cypri aerariis fornacibus et medio igni maioris muscae magnitudinis volat pinnatum quadrupes. Appellatur pyrallis, a quibusdam pyrota. Quamdiu est in igne, vivit, cum evasit, longiore paulo volatu, emoritur " (Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xi. 36 (42). 119. As in *Doomes-day*, so in *Dubartas*, salamanders and other strange creatures are named in consecutive sentences; after four lines given to the salamander, there follows:

> " So, of the Fire in burning furnace, springs
> The fly Pyrausta with the flaming wings;
> Without the Fire, it dies; within it, ioyes;
> Living in that, which each thing else destroyes."
> (Sylvester's *Dubartas*, ed. 1611, p. 273.)

But the passage Alexander had in mind was St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, xxi. 2. He not only names the animals which live in fire, but, unlike Du Bartas, he goes on to speak of worms which live in hot springs. Moreover, whilst Du Bartas cites his examples as instances of curious modes of creation, St. Augustine, like Alexander, names them as evidences in an argument as to whether bodies may not live in the torments of everlasting fire. There is, however, no mention of the salamander by name in Augustine's paragraph.

P. 82, l. 245. **His flesh (which to corrupt so long forbeares).** Bartholomew (*ut supra*) says the peacock's flesh " is so hard that unneath it rotteth." Sir T. Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, Bk. III. chap. xxvii. sect. 2 : " That there is a special propriety in the flesh of Peacocks, roast or boiled, to preserve a long time incorrupted, hath been the assertion of many; stands yet confirmed by Austin, *De Civitate Dei*, etc." St. Augustine had written (*De Civ. Dei*, xxi. chap. iv. sect. 1): " Quis enim nisi Deus creator omnium dedit carni pavonis mortui ne putresceret? " and told of an experiment of his own by which he had assured himself that roast peacock would remain edible for a year.

l. 249. **The Indian Griphon.** This ' flying Giant ' more usually called a Gripe than a Griffin, was four-footed, like the eagle in head and in wings, like the lion in other parts of the body. It seems in legend to have been partly identified with the

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Dragon, which sometimes "setteth the air on fire by heat of his venom, so that it seemeth that he bloweth and casteth fire out of his mouth" (Bartholomew).

l. 265. **Those birds**, etc.: quails; see *Numbers* xi. 31-33.

l. 267. **And those for sport**, etc. Aristotle (*Eudemian Ethics*, iii. 2, 12.) tells of gourmands like Philoxenus, the son of Eryxis, who wish their throats were longer than that of a crane. Aelius Lampridius in his life of Heliogabalus (*Augustan History*, xvii. 23. 6) states that on one occasion the emperor promised his guests a phoenix. Both these incidents are to be found in Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Philoxenus in chap. xiv. bk. vii., and the phoenix in chap. xii. bk. iii.

P. 83, l. 285. **Who at their will**, etc. This is merely Alexander's way of referring to migratory birds.

l. 289. **Those which themselves**. The reference is to the cock, of whose crowing and of whose comb the lion was proverbially said to be afraid. See Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* viii. 16. 52. Lupton, in his *Thousand Notable Things* (1601), notes that the "circles of cart-wheels, empty carts, and the comb on a cock's head do marvellously fear a Lion." The belief gives Rabelais a characteristic paragraph: "By understanding hereof you may solve one problem, which Alexander Aphrodiseus hath accounted unanswerable, why the lion who, with his only cry and roaring, affrights all beasts, dreads and feareth only a white cock? for, as Proclus saith, "libro de sacrificio et magia," it is because the presence, or the virtue of the sun, which is the organ and promptuary of all terrestrial and syderial light, doth more symbolise and agree with a white cock, as well in regard of that colour as of his property and specifical quality, than with a lion. He saith furthermore, that devils have been often seen in the shape of lions, which, at the sight of a white cock, have presently vanished. This is the cause why the Galli (so are the Frenchmen called, because they are naturally white as milk, which the Greeks call Gala) do willingly wear in their caps white feathers" (*Gargantua*, i.).

l. 293. **horologe**, 'time-piece': the regular mediaeval word, usually, however, in a form without the *h* and the second *o*, which are due to a later adaptation to the Latin. Compare the description in Du Bartas:

> "A son flanc i'apperçoy le Coq audacieux,
> Seur resveille-matin, veritable astrologue,
> *Horloge du paysan*, frayeur du Lion rogue,
> Fidele annonce-iour, Roy du peuple creste,
> Roy qui se leve et couche avecques la clarté
> Qui dore l'univers."
>
> (*Œuvres de Du Bartas*, ed. Geneva, 1615, p. 129.)

The passage is rendered by Sylvester:

> "Close by his side stands the courageous Cock,
> Crest-peoples King, the Peasants trusty Clock,
> True Morning Watch, Aurora's Trumpeter,
> The Lyons terror, true Astronomer,
> Who dayly riseth when the Sun doth rise,
> And when Sol setteth, then to roost he hies."
>
> (*Ed. cit.* p. 137.)

P. 84, l. 301. **Who us'd with tragick notes**, etc. The reference is to the familiar superstition of the dying swan's song. In connecting the swans with the Maeander, Alexander had in mind Ovid's *Heroides*, vii. 1-2:

> "Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis
> Ad vada Maeandri concinit albus olor."

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l. 321. **Wing'd Alchymists**, etc. Bees are very thirsty creatures and are often drowned. Beekeepers provide against the danger by a simple drinking-pan. The sense of the stanza is obscured by the colon after ' powers '—" the proportions of the works of the bees (*i.e.*, their cells) are more perfect than are those in the works of architects, artists who measure by mechanical devices for measurement." In Alexander's sonnet to Drummond (see p. 539 of this volume), he uses ' numbrous Power ' for ' power with poetic numbers '; for ' numbrous powers,' the ' numbrous art ' of the architect, see note to p. 104, l. 882 below.

P. 85, l. 349. **Oft shalt thou wish**, etc. See *Revelation* vi. 16. The A.V. has the wording which Alexander echoes: " Fall on us and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne." The Geneva Bible has " from the presence of him that sitteth on the throne."

P. 86, l. 361. **thy first parent slyme**, ' the earth.'

P. 87, l. 395. **G H pufts**. This earlier form of ' puffs ' is found in Douglas, *Aeneid*, iv. 12. 122, and in Chapman, *Odyssey*, v. 65.

l. 404. **As Thetis**, etc. The sea-goddess Thetis had received Vulcan, the god of fire, when he was hurled from heaven. See *Iliad* xviii. (Chapman's trans. i. 348):

> . . . " Thetis to me," said he [Vulcan],
> " Is mighty, and most reverend, as one that nourish'd me
> When grief consumed me, being cast from heaven by want of shame
> In my proud mother."

P. 88, l. 409. **The halting Lemnian**, etc. When Vulcan was hurled from heaven the second time, he fell to earth on the island of Lemnos: " All day I was in falling down; at length in Lemnos I strook earth " (Chapman's *Iliad*, i. 573). Alexander develops the symbolism by which Vulcan stands for fire, and Juno, his mother, for air. He may have found it in Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, ii. 26, 66: " Aër autem, ut Stoici disputant, interiectus inter mare et caelum Iunonis nomine consecratur, quae est soror et coniunx Iovis, quod ei similitudo est aetheris et cum eo summa coniunctio. Effeminarunt autem eum Iunonique tribuerunt, quod nihil est eo mollius."

l. 418. **bellows**. The *N.E.D.* notes that the word ' billow ' does not appear in any form before 1550: after its appearance, *bellow* is frequently the form of it.

l. 423. **denouncing**, see p. 59, l. 512 above.

l. 425. **That stormie Tyrant**, etc. Boreas, the North Wind, with ' liquid pillars ' [icicles] and enfolded with ' woolI ' [snow, cf. *Psalms* cxlvii. 16 " He giveth snow like wool "]. Du Bartas is fond of the image: cf. the passage which fascinated Dryden:

> " And perriwig with wooll the bald-pate woods "
> (Sylvester's *Dubartas*, ed. 1611, p. 281.)

and

> " Sometimes it happens that the force of Cold
> Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold
> In silver Flakes a heav'nly Wooll to fall "—(*ibid.* p. 39).

In l. 469, p. 90 below, Alexander describes a sheep's wool as its " growing snowes." Horace, *Odes*, iii. 3. 4-5, calls the South Wind, " Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae."

l. 433. **The Lands great creature**, etc. The attributes of the Elephant named by Alexander are all attested by ancient legend. Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* viii. 5. 13, etc., tells of an elephant which loved a woman who sold garlands. He tells a story, citing the Numidian King Juba as his authority, of another elephant that loved a woman who

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sold perfumes. Plutarch, *De Solertia Animalium*, 972 D, also illustrates the ardour and the refinement of the elephant's love by the story of the elephant and the woman who sold garlands. He also (972 B) records Juba's remark that elephants pray to the gods and adore the rising sun. Bartholomew (Berthelet's version as above) adds other details relevant to this passage: "When elephants are sick . . . they look up toward heaven, and pray for help of God in a certain religion. . . . Between Elephants and dragons [Alexander's 'his armed match'] is perpetual wrath and strife." Topsell, *History of Four-footed Beasts*, etc. (1607), records that "at the sight of a beautiful woman, elephants leave off all rage and grow meek and gentle. . . . In the summertime they choose out and gather the sweetest flowers, and being led into their stables, they will not eat meat until they take of their flowers, and dress the brims of their mangers therewith . . . like dainty-fed persons who set their dishes with green herbs."

P. 89, l. 441. **do deceive.** Unless this alteration of the GH 'doth deceave' is a mistake, it illustrates either Alexander's indifferent command of English or his indifference to a precise meaning.

l. 443. **The embrions enemy**, etc. The hyaena is the embryo's enemy, and on account of its enmity to the embryo women might wish to cause its death, because of the specific virtue for staying birth attributed to its flesh. Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xxviii. 8. 98: "Mulieri candida a pectore hyaenae caro et pili septem et genitale cervi, si inligentur dorcadis pelle, collo suspensa continere partus promittuntur."

l. 449. **The Hart . . . which cures himselfe**, etc. There are many legends concerning the instinct which leads animals to the cure for their ills. Lyly has a fuller reference than Alexander to the wounded hart: "The Hart beeing perced with the dart, runneth out of hand to the hearb *Dictanum* and is healed" (*Euphues*, p. 61, Arber's reprint). Aristotle (*Hist. Animal.* ix. 6. 1) has the same story of wild goats; Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, ii. 50. 126, repeats the account, but specifies the wounds as those made by poisoned arrows. See also *Aeneid*, xii. 414. Pliny tells the tale but mentions stags and does as the animals concerned (*Nat. Hist.* viii. 27 (41). 97, and xxv. 8 (52). 92). Holland's *Pliny* mentions the artichoke as the cure to which stag and hind resort to cure poisoning by venomous weeds (viii. chap. xxvii.). *Du Bartas* has

> "But I suppose not, that the earth doth yeeld
> In Hill or Dale, in Forrest or in Field,
> A rarer Plant than Candian Dittanie,
> Which wounded Deer eating, immediatly
> Not only cures their wounds exceeding well,
> But 'gainst the Shooter doth the shaft repell."
>
> (*Ed. cit.* p. 97.)

Cf. also *Aurora* (p. 482, l. 31 below).

l. 457. **The painted Panther**, etc. For the adjective, cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 669: "pictarumque . . . pantherarum." There are stories in Aristotle (*Hist. Animal.* ix. 7 (6). 2) and Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* viii. 17 (23). 62) of the wiles of the panther (or leopard) to attract other animals by the sweetness of its smell, and so secure its prey. Bartholomew (*Berthelet*, xviii. § 82) has: "The panther is a beast *painted* with small round speckles . . . out of his mouth cometh right good air and savour and is passing measure sweet; and for the sweetness all beasts follow him . . . all four-footed beasts have liking to behold the diverse colours of the panthers, but they be afeard of the horribleness of their heads: and therefore they [the panthers] hide their heads and toll the beasts to them with fairness of that other deal of the body, and take them when they come so tolled and eat them."

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P. 90, l. 477. **Like Hannibals**, etc. Plutarch (*Life of Fabius*) records at length Hannibal's trick: he tied light bundles of reeds and faggots to the horns of two thousand oxen, and at night had the herd driven towards Fabius's troops in their mountain strongholds, with the bundles alight.

l. 482. **Pasiphaes lover**, etc.: alluding to the famous bull sent to Minos.

l. 487. **that of Phalaris**: he had caused a brazen bull to be invented in which to burn victims alive; see our note to p. 478, l. 5 below.

l. 488. **bullering**: 'to buller' is a recognised Scotticism for 'to bellow.'

P. 91, l. 494. **And on his tombe**, etc. There are many classical stories of the dog's fidelity, and of the death of a faithful animal on its master's tomb. See Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* viii. 40 (61). 143; Plutarch, *De Solertia Animalium*, 14; Aelian, *De Natura Animalium*, vi. 25, vii. 40. Lipsius, *Epist.* cent. I ad Belgas, xliv., records many instances from the classics, and adds a story of his grandmother's dog.

l. 513. **Those poys'nous troupes**, etc. The phrasing and the fact that Elizabethan serpent-lore did not restrict the reptile's habitat to Africa, makes it certain that Alexander has a passage of Lucan's *De Bello Civili* in mind. In Bk. ix. ll. 607 ff. he tells of the march of Cato's army through the African desert and their encounter with serpents:

> "Cur Libycus tantis exundet pestibus aer
> Fertilis in mortes," etc.

P. 92, l. 521. **The Crocodile**, etc. The fixed lower jaw (l. 523) and the peculiar mode of "cleansing" (l. 524) appear in Bartholomew: "It is a beast nourished in great gluttony and eateth right much. And so when he is full, he lieth by the brink or by the cliff, and bloweth for fullness; and then there cometh a little bird which is called king of fowls among the Italians, and this bird flyeth tofore his mouth, and sometime he putteth the bird off, and at the last he openeth his mouth to the bird and suffereth him enter, and this bird claweth him first with claws softly and maketh him have a manner liking in clawing, and falleth anon asleep, and when this bird knoweth and perceiveth that this beast sleepeth, anon he descendeth into his womb, and forthwith stricketh him as it were with a dart, and biteth him full grievously . . . [there are] birds which fly into the womb of the Crocodile for heat of the sun, and eateth the worms of his womb, and so that fierce beast is cleansed and purified of worms. . . . It is said that among beasts only the Crocodile moveth the over-jaw" (Bartholomew (Berthelet), xviii. § 33).

l. 529. **The beast**, etc., the beaver. James Howell (*Epistolae Ho-elianae*, i. 1. 17), in a letter dated Paris, 1 May 1620, remarks "Bever hats are grown dearer of late because the Jesuits have got the Monopoly of them from the king."

l. 533. **waste**. In the obsolete sense, 'to traverse,' 'to get over such and such distance'; cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II. ix. 9:

> "So talked they, the whyles
> They wasted had much way and measur'd many miles."

It was formerly used, in the same way, of spending or passing time, and without any implication of the unfavourable sense now predominant.

l. 548. **flot-flotting**. The reduplicated form is not given in the dictionaries. It is one of Alexander's Dubartian idiosyncrasies. Jamieson gives the Scotch noun *flot*, 'the scum of a pot of broth when it is boiling.' See l. 556 below; p. 97, l. 669, *jar-jarring*, and p. 173, l. 53, *howle-howling*. Du Bartas (ed. Geneva, 1615) has *flo-flotant* (p. 120) and *ba-bramlante* (p. 121), neither being reproduced by Sylvester in his translation of those particular passages.

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P. 93, l. 553. **The Crystals quicke**, 'icebergs.'

l. 556. **pop-popling**. The reduplication is the Dubartian trick again. 'Popple' is obsolete except in Scots, and means 'to bubble or boil up.' Cf. Drummond, *Works* (ed. Kastner), vol. i. p. 230.

l. 561. **The dwellers of the deeps**, etc. Perhaps Alexander has in mind the early Christian use of the fish as a sacred symbol by virtue of what they read anagrammatically into ΙΧΘΥΣ (Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ). St. Augustine, after giving a history of the anagram, adds "ἰχθύς, that is 'fish,' in which word Christ is mystically understood, because He was able to live, that is, to exist, without sin in the abyss of this mortality as in the depth of waters" (*De Civitate Dei*, xviii. 23).

l. 563. **more sacred**. The children of Israel were forbidden to worship "the likeness of any fish that is in the waters beneath the earth" (*Deut.* iv. 18, and cf. *Exodus* xx. 4), because the Philistines worshipped Dagon a fish-god, and the Phoenicians Sidon a fish-goddess.

l. 568. **G H callour**, a Scots word, originally 'cool,' then 'fresh' (of meat and fish).

P. 94, l. 583. **Salmond**. The spelling with *t* or *d* is common in early Scots. There appears to be no explanation of the intrusive letter. See *relicts*, p. 540, l. 4 and note.

l. 591. **talke**. Clearly 'take.' Cf. p. 111, l. 95, 'walking' for 'waking.' On the intrusive 'l' chiefly after 'a' and 'o,' common in Middle Scots, to indicate that the preceding vowel is long, see Drummond's *Works* (ed. Kastner, ii. p. 425).

l. 594. **The rivers foure**. These are the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, which, according to *Genesis* ii. 10-14, were formed when the river which went out of Eden parted into four heads. Hence these rivers have been extensively discussed by those who have sought to locate Paradise. As Hiddekel is certainly the Tigris, discussion has mainly turned on the identification of Pison and Gihon. Alexander alludes to the many futile attempts to locate these streams. Modern scholars solve the difficulty by taking Pison to be the canal on which Babylon was built, and Gihon the modern Jûkhâ which flows westward from the Euphrates.

P. 95, l. 617. **That floud**, etc. The Tiber, which frequently inundated parts of Rome. See Livy, xxiv. 9; xxx. 38; xxxv. 9. 21; xxxviii. 28. An inundation in December 1598 is described, with its devastation, in *A General Inventorie of the History of France* written by Jhon de Serres, translated by Edward Grimeston (1607), p. 835.

l. 632. **Lake where brimstone**, etc. See *Revelation* xxi. 8, 'the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone'; and *Genesis* xix. 24 for a *rain* of brimstone.

P. 96, l. 641. **That floud which**, etc. The S. American River Plate, from Spanish *plata*, 'silver.'

l. 642. **The sea-like Obbe**. The Siberian river which empties itself into the Arctic Gulf, called the gulf of Obi. Milton refers to it in *P.L.* ix. 78.

l. 657. **rampire**, rampart, a common form in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. See our Vol. I. note to p. 5, l. 64.

l. 669. **jar-jarring**: see note to p. 92, l. 548.

P. 98, l. 705. **The loving Alcion**, etc. The story of Ceyx and his wife Alcyone is told by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xi. 410-748. They were both changed into kingfishers, ἀλκυόνες. The legend was that during the kingfishers' breeding time, for seven days before and seven days after the shortest day of winter, the sea was calm. Aelian, *De Nat. An.* ix. 17, describes the kingfisher's nest as woven out of fish-bones and then

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launched on the sea by the birds. Perhaps the story and later forms of the word with an aspirate are due to a fanciful derivation from ἅλς and κιέω, as if "the bird that breeds in the sea." Du Bartas naturally has most of the salient facts of the story:

"And the Kings-Fisher, which so builds her nest
By the Sea-side in midst of Winter Season,
That Man (in whom shines the Bright Lamp of Reason)
Cannot devise with all the wit he has,
Her little building how to raise or raze:
So long as there her quiet Couch she keeps,
Sicilian sea exceeding calmly sleeps;
For Aeolus, fearing to drown her brood,
Keeps home the while, and troubles not the Flood."

(*Ed. cit.* p. 134.)

P. 99, l. 721. **That little wonder**, the 'remora' or ἐχενηίς, a small fish or marine creature (*Thetis bowre* is, of course, the sea) which, according to legend, could stop or delay ships (*wooden towres*). See Aristotle, *Hist. Animal.* ii. 14, and Aelian, *De Nat. Animal.* i. 36, and ii. 17. The reference of the legend to the slower speed of a barnacle-covered ship is indicated by Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* ix. 25 (41). 79: "est parvus admodum piscis adsuetus petris echeneis appellatus. Hoc carinis adhaerente naves tardius ire creduntur." Alexander seems to have had Du Bartas in mind once more:

"If in his Works thou wilt admire the worth
Of the Seas Soverain, bring but only forth
One little *Fish*, whose admirable Story
Sufficeth sole to shewe his might and glory.
Let all the Windes in one Winde gather them,
And (seconded with Neptunes strongest stream)
Let all at once, blowe all their stiffest gales
Astern a Galley under all her sails;
Let her be holpen with a hundred Owers,
Each lively handled by five lusty Rowers:
The *Remora*, fixing her feeble horn
Into the tempest-beaten Vessels stern,
Stayes her stone-still: while all her stout Consorts
Sail thence at pleasure to their wished Ports
Then loose they all the sheats, but to no boot:
. . . . . .
O *Stop-ship* say, say how thou canst oppose
Thy self alone against so many foes?
O! tell us where thou doo'st thine anchors hide,
Whence thou resistest Sayls, Owers, Wind and Tide?
How on the sodain canst thou curb so short
A Ship whom all the Elements transport?
Whence is thine Engin and thy secret force,
That frustrates Engines and all force doth force?"

(Sylvester's translation, *ed. cit.* p. 125.)

l. 729. **That moving mountaine.** It is suggested that this is the Kraken, legends of which Alexander may have heard from Scotch fishermen, but there is no printed reference to the Kraken before 1750; more likely, it is the leviathan. Alexander's description has many points in common with Milton's account of the leviathan

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(*P.L.* vii. 412 ff.). The Biblical leviathan was sometimes the crocodile and sometimes a sort of whale. l. 733 may therefore corroborate the identification. The mention of its "bloud (all poison)" is a serious difficulty in identifying Alexander's 'monster' with the whale. Pliny does not attribute this venom to any of his whales. Du Bartas has a brief description of a kind of whale which he calls 'l'énorme senedette': but that too has no poison, though its qualities otherwise correspond with those named by Alexander, as will be seen from Sylvester's version (he translates *Senedette* by *Whirl-about*):

> "Shall I omit the monstrous *Whirl-about*,
> Which in the Sea another Sea doth spout,
> Where-with huge Vessels (if they happen nigh)
> Are over-whelm'd and sunken sodainly?"
>
> (*Ed. cit.* p. 116.)

l. 738. **the gentle Dolphins**, etc. The reference is to the legend of Coeranus, told by Plutarch, *De Solertia Animal.* xxxvi.; Aelian, *De Natura Animal.* viii. 3; Athenaeus, xiii. 606 e. According to Plutarch, Coeranus of Paros saw some dolphins caught in a net at Byzantium. He bought them and set them free as they were about to be killed. Afterwards, on a voyage, his ship foundered between Naxos and Paros and all were drowned except Coeranus, who was saved by a dolphin. When Coeranus died, dolphins attended his cremation near the sea-shore. That the dolphin "is a creature that carrieth a loving affection not only unto man, but also to musicke" (Topsell, *Historie of Serpents* (1608)) is attested by the familiar story of Arion. Topsell has a charming woodcut of Arion riding on a dolphin's back; and Du Bartas, who calls the dolphin "Lover of Ships, of Men, of Melody," tells the story of Arion at length.

l. 745. **The fairest Nymph.** This must refer to the Sirens, but unless the singular is used collectively as of a species, the form is inexplicable. Ulysses stopped the ears of his crew with wax, not his own ears: he ordered them to tie him to the mast. Thetis is said to envy the nymph presumably because she, as the most beautiful sea-goddess, must be assumed to feel jealous of the Sirens.

P. 100, l. 753 ff. **Those which**, etc. The curious lore of this stanza of Alexander goes back to Oppian's *Halieutica*. In Bk. III. of the poem, Oppian says that fish employ their cunning not only against one another, but against the skill of the fisherman (the fishes, by sleight, escape the sleights of the fishermen). Some fish cast forth hooks: Oppian, iii. 128 ff., says that the λάβραξ (bass) when hooked leaps up to press its head against the line and so enlarges the wound to get rid of the hook; the δρκυνοι (tunny) dive to the bottom and beat their heads against the ground to cast forth the hook (*ibid.* ll. 132 ff.), and certain huge fish oppose their dead weight to the angler (138 ff.). The νάρκη (torpedo or electric ray) sets its side against the line and sends a shock along it which numbs the fisher's hand (149 ff.). Other fish escape by drawing in the line and then biting through it (144 ff.). The labrax has another dodge: it digs a hole in the sand with its fins and when the net is *dragged* ashore, escapes (ll. 121 ff.). But once more Alexander's immediate source is Du Bartas, who has *consecutively* in his list of fishes, the *torpedo* (*Torpille*), the *scolopendra*, and the *amia*. Sylvester's version runs:

> "'Tis this *Torpedo*, that when she hath took
> Into her throat the sharp deceitfull hook,
> Doth not as other Fish, that wrench and wriggle
> When they be prickt, and plunge, and strive, and struggle;
> And by their stir thinking to scape the Angle
> Faster and faster on the hooke doo tangle:

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But, wily, clasping close the fishing line,
Sodainly spews into the Silver Brine
Her secret-spreading, sodain-speeding bane;
Which, up the Line, and all along the Cane,
Creeps to the hand of th' Angler; who with-all
Benumm'd and sens-less, sodainly lets fall
His hurtfull pole, and his more hatefull prize.
. . . . .
But, if the *Scolopendra* have suckt-in
The sowr-sweet morsell with the barbed Pin,
She hath as rare a trick to rid her from it:
For instantly, she all her guts doth vomit;
And, having clear'd them from the danger, then
She fair and softly sups them in again.
. . . . . .
The thriving *Amia* (near Abydos breeding)
And suttle *sea-fox* (in Steeds-love exceeding)
Without so vent'ring their dear life and lyning,
Can from the Worm-clasp compass their untwining;
For, sucking-in more of the twisted hair,
Above the hook they it in sunder shear;
So that their foe who for a fish did look
Lifts up a bare line, rob'd of bait and hooke."

(*Ed. cit.* pp. 120 ff.)

l. 769. **The liquid labyrinth.** Alexander takes over from Horace, *Odes*, i. 3. 9 ff., a quite un-English fear of the sea, and of admiration for the 'heart of steele' which dares to sail on it! Du Bartas mentions three claimants to the honour of being the first builder of ships:

" For, whether *Typhis*, or that Pride of *Greece*
That sayl'd to *Colchos* for the *Golden-Fleece*,
Or Belus Son, first builded floating bowrs . . ." etc.

(*Ed. cit.* p. 124.)

l. 773. **Then he who first.** Prometheus, who is mentioned by Horace in the ode named in the preceding note.

P. 104, l. 871. **As naked borne**, etc., cites, of course, *Job* i. 21.

l. 882. **Architectors.** The *N.E.D.* cites examples of this obsolete form (from French *architecteur*) from writings between 1563 and 1702.

numbrous, 'disposing in rhythmic proportion'; see also note to p. 84, l. 321 above. The *N.E.D.* quotes Alexander's use of the word in more direct reference to poetic numbers (see the passage, p. 541 of our edition, on Sonnet VIII. ll. 6-7, and note similar use, p. 539, in Sonnet IV. l. 11).

bewray, in the obsolete but possibly common sense 'reveal,' 'show,' without innuendo. Cf. Shakespeare, *Titus Andr.* II. iv. 3: " Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so."

l. 890. **Where times bright patron**, etc. Unless time's bright patron (*i.e.* pattern), is a sundial, Alexander's meaning eludes us. Or is he thinking of the principle Bacon regarded as primary in the making of gardens—" in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year "? Or does he merely mean 'the sun'?

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l. 892. lying, 'laying.'

P. 105, l. 900. uncouth, 'unaccustomed,' 'strange': a common Elizabethan sense. The *N.E.D.* cites J. Lane, *Tom Tel-troth* [1600], "Nature . . . Is now inforc'd in uncoth walkes to stray." Bacon's opinion on fantastic fountains as garden furniture—"they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness"—did not prejudice him against the simpler sort "that sprinkleth or spouteth water."

l. 907. And yet (as Asses), etc. It looks as if a crude pun is meant. The first 'asses' are donkeys, and the "asse not weigh'd" is presumably the Roman copper coin, which at best weighed 12 ounces and was reduced at intervals to two, to one, and finally to half an ounce. An 'asse not weighed' would clearly be of very insignificant value.

P. 106, l. 931. natures student. Empedocles.

l. 937. lucrous. The commoner sense of this rare word is 'avaricious': but it is occasionally used for 'gainful.' The *N.E.D.* quotes an example from the year 1551.

P. 111, l. 95. walking, 'waking' See note to p. 94, l. 591.

P. 112, l. 109. detaste, 'distaste,' 'loathe.' The *N.E.D.* cites only this example. See also p. 205, l. 119; p. 218, l. 530; and p. 227, l. 827.

P. 113, l. 145. compeer, 'appear.' A common Scotticism in earlier times; now surviving in the technical language of Scots law.

P. 115, l. 201. complexions. In mediaeval physiology the 'complexion' was the combination of supposed qualities (the properties, *cold*, *hot*, *moist*, *dry*, of the four elements, *earth*, *fire*, *water*, *air*) in a certain proportion which determined the nature of a body, and from which its bodily habits, and finally its temperamental disposition, was derived. Lanfranc's *Cirurg* (*c.* 1400) has "The qualities . . . ben foure: hot, colde, moyst, and drye, and complexiouns ben by ham, yt ys necessarie to fynden in bodies that ben medlyde, foure complexiouns." Elyot, *Cast. Helthe* (1541): "Complexion is a combynation of two dyvers qualities of the foure elements in one bodye, as hotte and drye of the Fyre: hotte and moyste of the Ayre."

l. 204. accrest. Probably the past participle of 'accress,' to increase, to accrue, an intermediate form between 'accrease' from the French and the modern 'accresce' from the Latin.

P. 116, l. 242. cruds. The origin of the word is unknown. It appears first in the fourteenth century in the form *crud*, whilst the modern form *curd* first appears in the fifteenth century.

P. 118, l. 297. Of them whom Thetis, etc. This reference, apparently to some catastrophe at sea, eludes us. The problem is not made easier by the GH version: its reading "her three mates," *i.e.* mates of Thetis, leads one to identify the "mates" with the three elements other than water (Thetis = the sea, of course). But the more obvious line of inquiry, following the 'their' of the final version, would look for the three mates amongst the sons of man.

P. 122, l. 405. Who charg'd with chains, etc. Cimon, the son of Miltiades, according to Cornelius Nepos, was imprisoned because of the unpaid debts of his dead

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father. Diodorus Siculus makes the imprisonment a voluntary act on Cimon's part as the only condition on which he could secure the body of his father for burial—an account copied in many of the Latin writers, *e.g.* Valerius Maximus and Justinus. Plutarch mentions no imprisonment at all in his *Life of Cimon*.

l. 409. **The last great act**, etc. This refers to the Sicilian expedition, 415–413 B.C., which was 'intended' in that it was an attempt only. It "defrauded thousands of their funerall right" because, as Plutarch tells us in his *Life of Nicias*, chap. xxv., when the Athenians were defeated in their last naval engagement in the harbour of Syracuse, they did not "ask the privilege of taking up their dead: these forsooth could go unburied."

l. 417. **Their greatest captaine**: Alcibiades. For his removal, see Plutarch's *Life* of him, chaps. xix.-xxi.

l. 418. **The other cold**, etc. This is Nicias. Plutarch's *Life of Nicias* (chap. xxiv.): "Abandoning almost everything else, Nicias lay there, sacrificing and divining until the enemy came up against him." Chapter xxiii. also tells of his superstitious terror when the sun was eclipsed.

P. 123, l. 421. **But Siracusa**, etc. The "greater foes" who were to conquer it were, of course, the Romans, lead by Marcellus, in 212 B.C.

l. 439. **Plutoes self**. Proserpine was carried off by Pluto in the fields of Enna in Sicily.

P. 124, l. 466. **Volteius**. This refers to an episode in the first year (49 B.C.) of the war between Caesar and the Senate. Lucan tells the story at length in iv. 448–581. During the operations in the Adriatic a raft carrying some of Caesar's soldiers under the command of Volteius was caught by the enemies' nets. As escape was impossible, Volteius exhorted his men to fall on one another's swords rather than surrender. So they slew each other.

l. 473. **two brothers . . . bound in law**. Octavian and Antony who fought each other at Actium 31 B.C. But the allusion is not as specific as might be. The GH readings of l. 473, introducing 'Father, Sonne and Brother' in place of the brothers-in-law, and the H readings of stanza 62 (which appears to be a continuation of the same allusion) introducing 'Christian captains' confuse the issue. Probably the difficulty is best solved by taking the GH readings, "Father, Sonne and Brother," as a general reference to the fact that in the civil war between Octavian and Antony, different members of the same families were on opposite sides: as members of the same families, they were bound by the laws of *pietas*. In the revised readings, the reference is made specifically to the relationships between the commanders of the opposing forces.

P. 125, l. 497. **haughtie Romans**. The H version, "Christian captains," is a surprising change. It looks as if Alexander had switched suddenly from Actium to Lepanto: no doubt in l. 488, nominally describing the battle of Actium, his mind was running on that of Lepanto and its "thundering engines," which recall cannon rather than Roman catapults.

l. 506. **The barbarous Queene**: Cleopatra, whose flight from the battle of Actium is described in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*. Pelusium was a city of lower Egypt. Plutarch does not say that Cleopatra's sailors in the flight were from Pelusium: but by using 'Pelusian slaves,' generically for the Egyptians, Alexander gives additional force to the desertion of Antony, since Plutarch tells how, through Antony's inter-

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cession in 55 B.C., the Pelusians had been saved from massacre at the hands of Ptolemy after Ptolemy and Antony had taken the city.

P. 126, l. 523. **Who by a royall pens**, etc. For King James's poem on the battle of Lepanto, see our vol. i. p. 451.

l. 528. **each strange tongue**. The French and Latin translations of James's poem are named in the note referred to above.

P. 127, l. 554. **Of angels**, etc. *Psalm* xxxiv. 7 "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him."

P. 130, l. 623. **Such Scythia one, another Egypt gave**. Justinus's *Historiae Philippicae*, bk. I. chap. i., tells that at first kings guarded rather than extended their frontiers, naming Ninus king of the Assyrians as the first to change this. But there were earlier kings who made war for glory not for dominion: "fuere quidem temporibus antiquiores, Sesostris Aegypti, et Scythiae rex Tanaus, quorum alter in Pontum, alter usque Aegyptum excessit. Sed longinqua non finitima bella gerebant; nec imperium sibi, sed populis suis gloriam, quaerebant; contentique victoria imperio abstinebant."

l. 645. **ear'd**, 'ploughed': see p. 16, l. 293 above.

P. 131, l. 676. **But most by him**, etc See Livy, xxii. 11-12.

P. 132, l. 686. **Tam'd for a foot-stoole**, etc. The legend is given in Richard Knolles, *The Turkish History* (quoted from Rycaut's edition, 1687). Having told of the defeat of Bajazet (in 1402, not as Knolles has it in 1397), the historian adds (p. 152, vol. i.): "And what wouldst thou have done with me (said Tamerlane) had it been my fortune to have fallen into thy Hands as thou art now in mine? I would (said Bajazet) have enclosed thee in a Cage of Iron, and so in triumph have carried thee up and down my Kingdom. Even so (said Tamerlane) shalt thou be served. . . . And to manifest that he knew how to punish the haughty, made him to be shackled in Fetters and Chains of Gold, and so to be shut up in an Iron Cage made like a Grate, in such sort as he might on every side be seen; and so carried him up and down as he passed through Asia; to be of his own people scorned and derided. *And to his further disgrace, upon Festival days used him for a Foot-stool to tread upon, when he mounted to horse.* . . . All which Tamerlane did not so much for hatred to the man, as to manifest the just judgment of God against the arrogant Folly of the Proud." Voltaire (*Essai sur les Mœurs*, chap. lxxxviii.) discredits the story on the grounds that it is of Turkish origin and is not mentioned by any Persian or Arabic historian, and Gibbon (chap. lxv.) says it is "now rejected as a fable by modern writers." But no discredit had been thrown on it in Alexander's time: he could have read it briefly digested in Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, bk. vi., where both the cage and the footstool are named, and the moral is duly drawn.

l. 701. **some new Sulmans**. Salmoneus was brother of Sisyphus and king of Elis: he imitated the thunder and lightning of Jupiter and was killed by Jupiter with a thunderbolt. Hence Virgil's description of him in the lower world (*Aeneid*, vi. 585 ff.):

> "et crudelis dantem Salmonea poenas,
> Dum flammas Iovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi. . . .
> Demens! qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
> Aere et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum."

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P. 133, l. 715. **extorc'd**, 'oppressed,' an obsolete Scotticism. The *N.E.D.* quotes this passage and *Aurora*, lxiv. l. 13. See our vol. i. p. 453, note 216.

l. 722. **Whose face**, etc. After his forty days and forty nights with the Lord, as Moses came down from Mt. Sinai "the skin of his face shone" (*Exodus* xxxiv. 29-35). Moses is "God's Secretary who first penn'd his will" because "he wrote upon the tables the words of the covenant, the ten commandments." Du Bartas calls him

". . . first Author, he that first
Unto his heirs his Writings offer durst:
Whose hallowed Pages not alone preceed
All Grecian Writ, but every Grecian deed."

(*Ed. cit.* p. 330.)

l. 726. **They rise**, etc. The particular "mutinous Hebrews" to whom reference is here made are "Korah and certain of the children of Israel, two hundred and fifty princes of the assembly." Ll. 727-728 refer to their crime: their claim to participate with Moses and Aaron in the holier offices. Their punishment—"the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up" is named in l. 726. See *Numbers* xvi.

l. 729. **That scorn'd diviner**. Amphiaraus, an Argive hero and seer, was urged by his brother-in-law Adrastus to take part in the expedition against Thebes (The Seven against Thebes story). According to the version given in the seventy-third fable of Hyginus, he foresaw disaster, and hid himself in his house to avoid the expedition, but was betrayed by his wife Eriphyle, whom Adrastus had bribed with a necklace. But Alexander appears to have run two versions together. Although Amphiaraus is represented in all versions as betrayed by his wife, her treachery is variously narrated. In the versions in which Amphiaraus is swallowed by the earth, his wife's treason had been to persuade him to join the expedition, not, as in our text, to disclose his hiding-place. According to those accounts, when he is being pursued after the defeat of the Argives, he appeals to Zeus, who cleaves the earth with a thunderbolt and Amphiaraus and his chariot are swallowed up.

l. 733. **And that the Cave**, etc. The reference is to Marcus Curtius (Livy, vii. 6) who leaped into the gulf to secure the closing of it, declared by soothsayers to depend on the dedication to it of the most valuable thing of Rome.

P. 134, l. 761. **soft Egypt**. The Romans professed contempt for the luxury and effeminacy of the Egyptians; see Juvenal, i. 26, 130, etc.

P. 135, l. 765. **And us'd as pledges**. Herodotus (ii. 136) says that during the reign of Asychis a law was enacted allowing a man to pawn his father's corpse. Perhaps Alexander has in mind Lucian's reference to this Egyptian custom (*De Luctu*, chap. xxi.), as 'oft' occurs in both (πολλάκις δὲ καί, etc.).

l. 772. **That Obeliske**, etc. We know from Ammianus Marcellinus (xvii. 4. sect. 16) that there were two obelisks on the monument of Augustus, one on either side of the entrance to the mausoleum of Augustus in the Campus Martius.

l. 774. **Iaspe**, the more regular form of 'jasper,' common in Scots. The intrusive 'r' first appears in O. French.

l. 785. **That dreame-diviner**. Joseph (*Genesis* xli., xlii.). For the removal of his bones, see *Genesis* l. 25; *Exodus* xiii. 19; and *Joshua* xxiv. 32. The two 'Tribes' who called him sire were presumably those of his sons Ephraim and Manasseh.

P. 136, l. 813. **Great Paul**, etc. See 2 *Corinthians* xii. 1-2. By the 'third' heaven, Paul refers to one of the seven series of heavens accepted by Babylonian and Jewish tradition.

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P. 137, l. 825. **the great Tisbit**, Elijah the Tishbite. Ll. 2-3 of the stanza refer to 1 *Kings* xvii. 8-23.

l. 829. **That Prophet**, Elisha. He "craved his sprit in store," *i.e.* asked for abundance of His spirit (2 *Kings* ii. 9). L. 828, "Like to the like," etc., refers to his multiplying the widow's oil (2 *Kings* iv. 1-7) and his raising of the Shunammite's son (*ibid.* 18-37. Cf. Elijah's miracles in 1 *Kings* ii. 9).

l. 830. **Not to be press'd**, etc. The reference is to the miraculous effect of Elisha's bones on the dead man cast into Elisha's sepulchre (2 *Kings* xiii. 21).

l. 833. **The blest Bethanian**. Lazarus of Bethany (see *St. John* xi. *passim*): "As even to weep for him," see xi. 35-36; "free from white bands," see xi. 44.

l. 849. **those two**. Enoch and Elijah.

P. 138, l. 857. **That godly man**. Enoch, who "walked with God, and he was not: for God took him" (*Genesis* v. 24). Paul (*Hebrews* xi. 5) says that "Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." Neither of these accounts contains hints for Alexander's lines 859-860. But *Jude* i. 14-15, citing and referring to the Ethiopic Book of Enoch, supplies the material.

l. 865. **Whil'st him**, etc. Elijah. See 1 *Kings* xvii.-xviii. for Elijah's scourging of the prophets of Baal. L. 870 refers to 1 *Kings* xviii. 17-40. For Elijah's translation, see 2 *Kings* ii. 11-12.

l. 873. **As where he lives or lyes**, etc. The Jews, depending on *Malachi* iv. 5-6, await the second coming of Elijah "before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." At every passover, they reserve a vacant seat for him. John the Baptist (*Matthew* xvii. 11-12) is for Christians the fulfilment of this prophecy.

l. 876. **Mount Tabor**. Alexander here follows the early Christian belief, now discredited, that Tabor was the Mount of Transfiguration. Jerome has: "Thabor, in quo transfiguratus est Dominus" (*Ep. Paul.* xvii.).

P. 139, l. 886. **driry**, 'dire,' 'horrid': an obsolete sense of 'dreary,' of which 'driry' is an obsolete form. Hakluyt, *Voy.* iii. 41, has "To ease the ship's sides from the great and driry strokes of the see." Alexander is fond of the word; see p. 317, l. 800; p. 346, l. 795; p. 416, l. 218; p. 422, l. 800.

l. 888. **roaring from the hels**. In view of the classical *inferi* and *inferna*, the plural 'hels' is not surprising: but we have not come across it earlier than the present instance.

P. 140, l. 924. **musters**. Alexander uses this plural form as if it were singular. The phrase "to make muster(s)" was common—to assemble men for inspection, etc.

P. 142, l. 12. **Large is that Crowne**. The *N.E.D.* gives only one illustration of 'crown' in the sense of a ring of persons, etc. Perhaps Alexander had Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations* in mind (i. 5. 10) where with reference to the trial of souls in the lower world, these words occur—"tibi ipsi pro te erit maxima corona causa dicenda."

P. 143, l. 19. **nor**, 'than,' a regular Scotticism surviving also in northern dialects. See also p. 163, l. 662; p. 206, l. 155; p. 370, l. 612.

P. 144, l. 41. **Death**, etc. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, i. 3. 29-33.

l. 56. **quite**, 'renounce,' 'let go.' Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion* (Selden's letter to the Reader, 1612): "The Capricious faction will . . . never quit their Beliefe of wrong."

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P. 145, l. 87. I: 'aye': a common way of representing the word in the sixteenth century.

P. 146, l. 120. **Their portion**, etc. *Matthew* xxiv. 51 "appoint him his portion with the hypocrites." But the phrase does not describe the punishment for "mocking God's wisedome." St. Luke's version of the same illustration (xii. 46) has "appoint him his portion with the unbelievers."

l. 129. **That Queene**, the queen of Sheba.

l. 136. **Damn'd liberall fame**, etc. 1 *Kings* x. 7 "the half was not told me: thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard."

P. 147, l. 137. **parallell'd with**, set side by side (in contrast to), and not, as usual, likened to. The 'some' are presumably the countrymen of Jesus referred to in *Mark* vi. 1-4.

l. 143. **Ethnicke . . . stranger . . . woman.** These, of course, describe the queen of Sheba, who recognised the glory of Solomon, whilst the Hebrews failed to recognise Christ.

l. 145. **Bethsaida . . . Corazin**, etc. See *St. Luke* x. 12-15.

l. 153. **That stately Towne**, Nineveh. See *Jonah* iii.

P. 148, l. 170. **degener'd.** See vol. i. note to p. 456, l. 1140.

l. 177. **Learn'd Athens glory.** Socrates.

l. 185. **His Scholar**, Plato. Cicero, *Tusculam Disp.* i. 32. 79, says that Panaetius [of Rhodes, *c.* 150 B.C.] everywhere calls Plato "divine." Plutarch, introducing a quotation from Plato (*Life of Pericles*, chap. viii. sect. 1), says ὡς ὁ θεῖος Πλάτων φησί. Petrus Crinitus writes: "Idem praeterea Aristoteles Platonis nomen sanctum, atque divinum vocitabat" (*De Honesta Disciplina*, xxiv. chap. i.): Plato is called *divine* even in the *Ecclesiasticall Historie* of Socrates Scholasticus (in *The Ancient Ecclesiasticall Histories*, trans. by Hanmer, ed. 1650, p. 311): amongst the *Epigrammata Thomae Metellani* in *Delitiae Poet. Scot.* ii. p. 179, is the following

In Platonem

"Ora vides scite divini picta Platonis,
Qui dici meruit, et Deus esse σοφῶν":

and Du Bartas has

"Plato, the all-divine, who like the Fowl
(They call) of Paradise, doth never foul
His foot on Earth," etc. (*Ed. cit.* p. 331.)

l. 188. **The Third.** Aristotle, who was tutor to Alexander "who all Asia thrall'd." These apocryphal details about the death of Aristotle go back to a little treatise *De pomo* (Latin, from an Arabic source). In his *History of Philosophy* (Sixt Part) (1656), pp. 22-23, Thomas Stanley writes: "The Author of the book *De pomo*, affirmeth, that when he [Aristotle] was dying, he said to his Disciples standing about him, it was not without reason that *Homer* said, the Gods came down to Earth to relieve mankinde. Coelius Rhodoginus [*i.e.* L. Coelius Rhodiginus (for Lodovico Celio Richieri), *Antiquae Lectiones*, lib. 17, cap. 34] adds, from the same Author, that when he felt the pangs of death to come upon him, weeping between griefe and hope, he often repeated these words, *Thou Cause of Causes, have mercy on me*: And his Disciples, when they saw he was departing, said, *He who receiveth the souls of Philosophers, may he take thine likewise, and lay it up in his own Treasury, as the soul of a right and perfect man, as we have known thee to be.* Of this there is no testimony more ancient than that of the Author of the

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book *De pomo*, who (as Patricius clearly observes from his writings) was a Christian." Stanley is a little confusing. The *De pomo*, whilst it has the disciples' prayer, does not appear to have that of Aristotle himself: his second authority, Rhodiginus, however, has this: " quum philosophus [Aristoteles] hic extrema sibi ingruere praesensisset, dolore ac spe in lachrymas amplius profusum primae causae misericordiam intentius implorasse." The prayer is preserved traditionally in two forms, " Ens entium, miserere mei," and " Causa causarum, miserere mei."

P. 149, l. 218. **Then following Idols**, etc. When Jacob fled from Laban, his wife Rachel stole the " images [teraphim] that were her father's " (*Genesis* xxxi. 19). Laban pursued the fugitives, and on overtaking them, demanded of Jacob, " Wherefore hast thou stolen my gods? " (*ibid.* 30).

l. 221. **That sackt Towne.** Tarentum, sacked, after a characteristic piece of strategy, by Fabius Maximus. " When they did spoil and carry away all other spoils left behind, the recorder of the city asked Fabius, what his pleasure was to do with the gods, meaning the tables and their images: and to that Fabius answered him: " Let us leave the Tarentines their gods that be angry with them " (Plutarch, *Life of Fabius*). St. Augustine tells the story in *De Civitate Dei*, i. chap. vi.

P. 150, l. 241. **that horn'd devill**, the oracle of Jupiter Ammon in the Libyan desert. The god was represented either as a ram or as a human form with a ram's head. Heathen gods (cf. Milton's identifications of fallen angels with heathen gods) were regarded by Christian as devils.

l. 245. **And ere his harme**, etc. See Herodotus iii. 25-26. Cambyses, king of Persia, sent an expedition to enslave the Ammonians and burn the oracle. After it reached a place seven days' distant from (Egyptian) Thebes, nothing more was heard of the expedition, and rumour said it was lost in a sandstorm.

l. 247. **Whom he ador'd**, etc. Alexander the Great visited the oracle and was declared by the priests to be the son of the god. See Justinus, xi. 11. 7. Plutarch (*Life of Alexander*) describes the visit and incidentally mentions the destruction of Cambyses's expedition. Alexander, of course, " reft that king's kingdome," though his conquest of Persia was long after the time of Cambyses.

l. 248. **Whom Cato scorn'd.** See Lucan, ix. 510-586, for Cato's scorn for the oracle, when Labienus urged him to consult it to learn the issue of the war between Caesar and Pompey.

l. 253. **Whom to accuse**, etc. See Herodotus, i. 90, 91. Croesus, king of Lydia, after being taken prisoner by Cyrus asks the latter for permission to send his fetters to Apollo at Delphi, and inquire whether it was his custom to deceive those who did him good service (Croesus had sent costly gifts to the temple at Delphi). The oracle replied that even a god cannot alter destiny. Apollo had desired that the fate which befell Croesus might be postponed for a generation, but it might not be. The oracle had not deceived Croesus. To his inquiry whether he should invade Cyrus's kingdom, the oracle had said that by crossing the boundary-river, the Halys, he would destroy a great empire, but it had not said *whose* empire, and Croesus should have inquired further.

l. 257. **To smooth those mindes**, etc. This appears to refer to the repulse of the Gallic host under Brennus in 279 B.C. when they attacked the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Pausanias, x. 23, and Justinus, in his epitome of the *Hist. Philippicae* of Pompeius Trogus, xxiv. 8, tell how thunder and earthquakes, tempests and hail, assisted in the destruction of the Gauls. As Justinus has it, they [the Gauls] " felt the presence of the god."

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P. 151, l. 269. **Dodonæan tree.** The oracle of Zeus at Dodona was, next to the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, the most famous of all the oracles. Zeus spoke by the rustling of the leaves of the tree in which the oracle was localised.

l. 270. **Apis,** the Egyptian god worshipped at Memphis under the form of an ox. If he ate from the hand, it was a favourable omen, but it was unfavourable if he declined the food offered.

l. 272. **Till at Christs birth all fail'd.** Milton's *Nativity Ode*, Tasso's *Rime Sacre*, and Rabelais (bk. iii. ch. 24 *How Panurge consulteth with Epistemon*) echo this belief, which is found as early as Prudentius. Archaeological evidence is conclusively against the belief, which may have arisen from a story in Plutarch, *De Defectu Oraculorum*, xvii. 419 B: a pilot at the mouth of the Corinthian Gulf was hailed by a mysterious voice and ordered when the ship reached a certain place to deliver the message "Great Pan is dead." When he called this out, at once the wailing of many voices was heard. Plutarch says that this was in the reign of Tiberius, but a later legend says that it was on the morning of Christ's birth. The passage in Prudentius (*Apotheosis*, ll. 435 ff.) reads:

"Ex quo mortalem praestrinxit Spiritus alvum,
Spiritus ille Deus, Deus et se corpore matris
Induit, atque hominem de virginitate creavit,
Delphica damnatis tacuerunt sortibus antra,
Non tripodas cortina tegit, non spumat anhelus
Fata Sibyllinis fanaticus edita libris;
Perdidit insanos mendax Dodona vapores;
Mortua iam mutae lugent oracula Cumae;
Nec responsa refert Libycis in Syrtibus Ammon."

In his *Lexicon*, Suidas (sub nom. Αὔγουστος) gives the alleged answer of the Pythian priestess to Augustus, informing him that a Hebrew child, who is king over the blessed gods, has bidden her desert the house and return to Hades.

l. 273. **The famous Sibylls.** The Sibylls were known usually by the places associated with them. Aelian names four Sibylls in this way, but more commonly ten of them are known by those geographical appellations. The famous one, the Cumaean Sibyl, whose "leaves" were guarded at Rome, had offered them to Tarquinius for sale. See Pliny, *H.N.* 13 (27), 88; and Gellius, i. 19; but neither of them calls her the Cumaean Sibyll.

l. 281. **These sonnes of Rechab,** etc. See Jeremiah xxxv.

P. 152, l. 305. **the Grecian generall,** Agamemnon.

l. 312. **As Abraham aym'd.** See *Genesis* xxii. **Or Ipthee.** See *Judges* xi. 30-40.

l. 313. **No man can think,** etc. Alexander had in mind E[dward] G[rimeston]'s translation of "The Naturall and Morall Historie of the East and West Indies . . . written in Spanish by Ioseph Acosta" (London, 1604), particularly Bk. v. chap. xx. "Of the horrible sacrifices of men which the Mexicaines used." It tells of a stone "so pointed as the man which was to be sacrificed being laid thereon upon his backe did bend in such sort as letting the knife but fall upon his stomacke it opened very easily in the middest" (p. 348 in the Hakluyt Society's reprint). Further (p. 349) "The high priest opened his stomacke with the knife, with a strange dexteritie and nimblence pulling out his heart with his hands, the which he shewed smoaking unto the Sunne, to whom he did offer this heate and fume of the heart." And p. 348, "These sacrificers came with their faces and handes coloured with a shining blacke. . . . With this attire they represented the very figure of the Divell, so as it did strike feare and terror into all the people to see them come forth with so horrible a representation."

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l. 323. **Romes second King.** Numa (see Plutarch's *Life*) allowed it to be believed that he consorted with the nymph Egeria, and "by daily frequenting of her company, he was inspired with . . . knowledge of all celestial things." But Plutarch gives it as his opinion that Numa, "having to govern rude, churlish, and stiff-necked people, and purposing to bring in strange novelties into the governments of their countries, did feign wisely to have conference with the gods, considering this feigning fell to be profitable and beneficial." Du Bartas (*ed. cit.* p. 462) has "Nymph-prompted Numa."

l. 324. **Africks victor.** Livy, bk. xxvi. 19, tells of the habit of Scipio Africanus to retire to the Capitoline temple, where he sat alone enjoying communication from the gods. Polybius (x. 2. 5) says that Scipio merely pretended to receive such communications in order to sway the minds of the people.

l. 325. **Sertorius.** See Plutarch's *Life*. Sertorius tamed a hind "that she would come to him when he called her and follow him wherever he went. . . . Insomuch as Sertorius by little and little made it a miracle, making the simple barbarous people believe that it was a gift that Diana had sent him by which she made him understand of many and sundry things to come: knowing well enough of himself that the barbarous people were men easily deceived and quickly caught by any subtle superstition."

l. 326. **Mahomet his Dove.** "The *Impostor* [Mahomet] taught a bull to bring him the *Alcoran* on its Horns in a publick assembly, as if it had this way been sent to him from God; . . . he bred up *Pidgeons* to come to his Ears, to make show thereby as if the *Holy Ghost* conversed with him . . ." (Humphrey Prideaux, *Life of Mahomet*, 8th edition, 1723, p. 38). The story of the Dove was widespread. Johannes Wierus, *De praestigiis daemonum* (Basel, 1568), i. chap. xviii., has "Mahomet ex disciplina praeceptoris sui Sergii monachi columbam assuefecerat ut in aure sua pasceretur, quam Spiritum sanctum impostor simulabat, et eam sibi secreta Dei consilia nunciare iactabat, quoties ob pabulum ad aures advolaret." But see Gibbon's note, *Decline and Fall*, chap. l.

P. 153, l. 339. **The Pythian sports,** etc. Apollo instituted the Pythian games to commemorate his victory over the serpent Python. Alexander calls him "the great Serpent" as he calls Saturn Satan. Apollo in person was said to reward the victors in the games on the days when the gods too were competitors.

l. 341. **Saturn,** etc. The Roman festival in honour of Saturn, the Saturnalia, was given up to entire relaxation and unrestrained merriment. Special indulgences were given to slaves: they were relieved from labour, were allowed to wear the badge of freedom, were given full licence of speech, and were entertained to a banquet by their masters who waited on them.

l. 345. **The Isthmian Playes.** The Isthmian games were one of the four great Hellenic festivals. One account, amongst many which attribute their institution to Neptune, declares them to have been founded by Neptune's son, Theseus.

l. 347. **the Lupercalianes ranne,** etc. The Lupercalia was one of the most ancient of Roman festivals. On the day of it, special priests, the Luperci, performed peculiar rites, including the sacrifice of goats: afterwards chosen young men, naked or loosely clothed in goat skins, ran round the Palatine hill striking at all the women with thongs cut from the hides of the victims. The rite was alleged to render women fertile.

l. 349. **With mysteries,** etc. Presumably the "commons could not scanne" the rites celebrated at the Cerialia because priests and prayers were all Greek.

l. 351. **Romes good Goddesse,** etc. Publius Clodius was found disguised as a woman in Julius Caesar's house (B.C. 62) during the celebration of the rites of the Bona Dea from which all males were rigorously excluded. In consequence, Caesar divorced his wife Pompeia, as there was suspicion of an intrigue with Clodius. Alexander's

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"cloake such still" seems to refer to the rumours of immorality attaching themselves to the festival.

l. 359. **With Ivie darts**, etc. The ivy darts are the thyrsi, rods tipped with a fir-cone and draped with ivy. They were employed by the women celebrating the Bacchanalian revels. In the frenzy of these rites, Agave killed her son Pentheus, king of Thebes, who had come to spy on the rites; and Orpheus, Clio's son, was torn to pieces by Thracian women excited by the festival. Orpheus is generally said to be the son of Calliope, but one muse is as good as another.

P. 154, l. 377. **These Persian Kings.** Cyrus and Darius Hystaspes (see *Ezra* i. and v., vi.). "Ashur" is the Hebrew name for Assyria. When the Assyrians captured Jerusalem, they carried away the gold and silver vessels from the temple (2 *Kings* xxv. 13-17). Cyrus restored these to the Jews (*Ezra* i. 7-11). Cyrus's decree or edict is given in *Ezra* vi. 2 ff., and that of Darius, 8 ff. "Rendring theirs" refers to the return of the gold and silver vessels (*Ezra* i. 7-11, and vi. 5); and "aiding them with more" to the "grant they had of Cyrus" (*Ezra* iii. 7) by which cedar trees were brought from Lebanon.

l. 381. **Of them two Brothers**, etc. The details of this well-known incident here given show that Alexander had in mind Plutarch's version of it (*De fraterno amore*, chap. xviii.). With differences in detail, the story is found also in Herodotus, vii. 2-3, and in Justin, ii. 10. It concerns the contention carried on with the most fraternal good feeling between Xerxes and his half-brother Ariamenes (called Artobazanes by Herodotus) for the succession to their father Darius. See Grote, *Hist. of Greece*, part ii. chap. xxxviii.

l. 385. **Straight when one nam'd**, etc. See *Judges* iii. 14-26.

l. 387. **And (as he dream'd)**, etc. In modern usage this line would be separated from the preceding one by a full stop. The reference is to a story of Alexander the Great told by Josephus, *Antiquitates Iudaicae*, xi. 8. 329. After the capture of Gaza, Alexander advanced on Jerusalem. The high priest and other priests in their robes, followed by a multitude, went out to appease his anger. They met him at Sapha. When Alexander saw the high priest in his raiment and with his headdress, whereon the name of God was inscribed, he went forward alone, did obeisance to the Name, and greeted the high priest. Parmenio asked him why he knelt before the priest of the Jews, and Alexander replied, "I did not kneel to him but to the God by whose high priesthood this man has been honoured." Alexander then tells of the dream he had at Dion in Macedonia: he saw this man dressed as now and was bidden by him to cross into Asia with a promise of victory. Josephus adds that Alexander visited Jerusalem and was shown in the Bible the prophecy of his conquest of Persia.

P. 155, l. 396. **The gallant Cimon.** See note to p. 122, l. 405 above.

l. 397. **These two by Solon**, etc. Cleobis and Biton, the two brothers cited by Solon to Croesus as happier men than Croesus: "Upon a solemn festival day when she [their mother] should go to the temple of Juno in her coach drawn with oxen: because they tarried too long ere they could be brought, they both willingly yoked themselves by the necks and drew their mother's coach instead of the oxen, which marvellously rejoiced her, and she was thought most happy of all other, to have borne two such sons" (Plutarch, *Life of Solon*). The brothers were found dead in bed next morning, "without suffering hurt or sorrow, after they had received so much honour and glory." Herodotus, however, says that they fell asleep in the temple itself "and never woke more" (bk. i. chap. xxxi.)—and it was evidently this version of the story which Alexander had in mind.

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l. 403. **He from himselfe**, etc. The reference is to L. Junius Brutus, who ordered and watched the execution of two of his sons for treason. The incident is narrated by Livy, ii. 5. But probably Alexander had Plutarch's account (in *Life of Publicola*) in mind, as the incident in the text is accompanied by comments (*e.g.* ll. 402, 403, 404) which may easily have been suggested by remarks in Plutarch's telling.

l. 409. **That valorous youth**, etc. See Livy, viii. 7: Titus Manlius, when consul and in command of an army, ordered the execution of his son for disobedience to an order forbidding any man to engage the enemy. The son had accepted a challenge to single combat and had slain the challenger.

l. 417. **Thus (whil'st admir'd)**, etc. These lines refer to the men named in the preceding stanzas—Lucius Junius Brutus and Titus Manlius. St. Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*, v. 18) tells the story of both of them in a passage which is a moral commentary on Virgil, vi. 820 ff., where Virgil cites the incidents as examples of what Romans would do for liberty and country. In ll. 423-424 Alexander appears to echo Augustine's sentiments rather than those of either Virgil or Plutarch.

P. 156, l. 445. **The aged Thoas.** When the Lemnian women killed all the men in the island, Thoas, king of Lemnos, was concealed and saved by his daughter Hypsipyle.

l. 447. **Whose Lord**, etc. When Jason, in quest of the Golden Fleece, came to Lemnos, he allied himself to Hypsipyle: the cruel one whom he later "acquired" was of course Medea.

l. 449. **Where all were ill**, etc. "That Lady" is Antigone, daughter of the incestuous union of Oedipus with his mother Iocasta. Her brothers, Eteocles and Polynices, fought on opposite sides in the battle of the Seven Against Thebes, and both were slain. To secure the burial of Polynices she ventured her life. In *Oedipus at Colonus*, she leads her blind father.

l. 456. **Then one to wine**, etc. Bacchus is slave to wine, Hercules to lust.

P. 157, l. 469. **Those three**, etc. Well-known instances of the continence of th three are: Alexander's self-restraint towards Darius's wife and daughters; Cyrus's refusal even to look on his captive Panthea (see note to p. 401, l. 553); and the elder Scipio's restoration to the Celtiberian Allucius of his betrothed (see Livy, xxvi. 50).

l. 473. **That hunter stout.** Hippolytus, son of Theseus and Hippolyta, the captured queen of the Amazons, was loved by his stepmother, Phaedra, wife of Theseus. She is "Bul's sister" because she was the daughter of Pasiphae, wife of Minos, king of Crete, who by a bull had borne the monster Minotaur. When Hippolytus repulsed Phaedra's advances, she accused him to Theseus, and Theseus in anger prayed to his father Poseidon to kill Hippolytus. Poseidon sent a bull from the sea and the horses of Hippolytus's chariot took fright and dragged him to death.

l. 481. **He who was saved when lost.** Oedipus was saved by a shepherd when exposed on Mt. Cithaeron; he was 'lost' when his identity was discovered and he found he had unknowingly killed his father and married his mother. The last lines of the stanza remotely echo Seneca's *Oedipus*, ll. 916-917:

> "se scelere convictus Oedipus
> Damnavit ipse."

P. 158, l. 489. **That powerfull speaker.** Demosthenes declined to traffic with Lais: the story is told by Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae*, i. 8, and repeated from him by Erasmus, *Apophthegmata*, iv. *Demosthenes*, 14.

l. 505. **That second sexe**, etc. The sense is: "If women talked as outspokenly

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as men, heathendom would record many women famous for chastity: but as the would-be seducer is the only one who knows how virtuous they have proved and says nothing of it for fear of disclosing his own vice, one hears only of them and their chastity when, like Lucretia, they are ravished."

P. 159, l. 522. **she whose death**, etc. Alcestis.

l. 523. **Then she whose part**, etc. Valerius Maximus, iv. 6. 5, says that when Porcia, wife of Brutus, heard of the defeat and death of her husband, not being allowed a weapon, she committed suicide by swallowing burning coals. But Plutarch, mentioning this account, has an alternative one, in which Porcia commits suicide because of illness before the death of her husband.

l. 524. **Then pale Paulina.** Tacitus (*Ann.* xv. 60-64) tells how, when Nero's centurion approached Seneca and his wife Paulina at dinner, to tell him he must die, Paulina begged her husband to let her die with him. They opened their veins together: but Nero ordered hers to be bound up and she lived a few years longer, remarkable for a paleness which showed how near death she had been.

l. 525. **Then she (high courage**, etc.). This refers to Arria, wife of Caecina Paetus. Her husband conspired against the emperor Claudius in A.D. 42 and was condemned to death. Whilst he was hesitating to kill himself, his wife stabbed herself first, and handing him the dagger, exclaimed "Paete, non dolet." Pliny the younger (*Epistles*, iii. 16. 6) gives her words in this form, Dion Cassius, from whom he took the story, naturally giving them in Greek. See Martial, *Epigrams*, i. 13; Montaigne, *Essays*, ii. 35; and *The Tatler*, No. 72.

l. 530. **thrall'd Virginia's.** The reference is to the attempt of Appius Claudius on the chastity of Virginia, daughter of Lucius Virginius, and the betrothed of Lucius Icilius. The story of her father's killing her to avoid her shame is familiar to all.

l. 542. **With Spartans**, etc. The reference is to the education of Spartan boys, who were trained to steal, and were punished if they were found out.

P. 160, l. 561. **That famous Thales**, etc. The first two lines of this stanza refer to the story of the golden tripod drawn up by the fishermen's nets, and which the oracle at Delphi declared was to be given to the wisest. Plutarch, who tells the tale in his *Life of Solon*, says that it was sent first to Thales, who sent it to Bias, and so on until it had gone the round of the seven wise men and returned to Thales, who sent it to Apollo. There are other versions (Valerius Maximus, iv. 1. 7; Diogenes Laertius, I. i. 7. 28) in which the order of circulation is different.

l. 565. **His pregnant sprite**, etc. This refers to a story of Thales given by Diogenes Laertius (I. i. 5. 26). Wishing to show how easy it was to get rich, Thales, foreseeing an abundant crop of olives, hired all the oil-presses and made a large fortune. Cicero tells the story in *De Divinatione* (i. 49. 111-112), attributing Thales's foresight of a good crop to his scientific knowledge, and naming his purchase of all the olive trees in the territory of Miletus before they flowered as the means by which he cornered the market.

l. 569. **That City sack't**, etc. The city is Megara, and the story concerns the philosopher Stilpo of Megara. See Seneca (*Dial.* ii. 5. 6): "Megaram Demetrius ceperat, cui cognomen Poliorcetes fuit. Ab hoc Stilbon philosophus interrogatus, num aliquid perdidisset, 'nihil' inquit, 'omnia mea mecum sunt.'" By l. 572, Alexander shows that he also knew the story in the version of Diogenes Laertius (II. ii. 4. 115), since in this account Demetrius is said to have wished to restore his plundered goods to Stilpo. But Stilpo's reply as given by Alexander is from Seneca,

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not from Diogenes Laertius. A somewhat similar story is told of Bias when Priene was taken ("omnia mea mecum porto" was his phrase), and of Simonides when shipwrecked. See Du Bartas (*ed. cit.* p. 3),

> "Shall the Pryenian Princely Sage averr
> That *all his goods he doth about him bear?*"

l. 577. **The worlds great Conquerour**, etc. This familiar story of Alexander the Great and Diogenes is told by Plutarch (*Life of Alexander*).

P. 161, l. 593. **Who Greece did grace**, etc. Epaminondas of Thebes. L. 599 refers to his death in the moment of victory at Mantineia, and to his burial on the spot.

l. 601. **O Natures glory**, etc. This allusion appears too vague for certain identification: but the circumstances named may be taken to refer to Cincinnatus as well as to any other. St. Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*, v. 18) names him in a similar context—"Quintus, who, possessing only four acres of land and cultivating them with his own hands was taken from the plough to be made dictator—an office more honourable even than that of consul—and that, after having won great glory by conquering the enemy, he preferred notwithstanding to continue in his poverty."

l. 609. **In trust with money**, etc. This refers probably to Cato the Younger.

P. 162, l. 629. **The wise Pericles**, etc. See Plutarch, *Life of Pericles*, chap. xxxviii.

l. 641. **Milde lenity in Siciles tyrant.** The reference is to the story of Damon and Pythias, and to the unusual clemency of the tyrant Dionysius of Syracuse.

P. 163, l. 650. **scarce Titus could endure.** See Suetonius, *Life of Titus*, ix.: "nec auctor posthac cuiusquam necis, nec conscius, quamvis interdum ulciscendi causa non deesset: sed periturum se potius, quam perditurum adiurans."

l. 651. **The like by Nero.** See Suetonius, *Life of Nero*, x.: "et cum de supplicio cuiusdam capite damnati, ut ex more subscriberet, admoneretur: 'quam vellem' inquit, 'nescire literas.'" The line here applied to Nero, "That, as his heart, his hand might have been pure," appears to have been suggested by Suetonius's account of Titus. Immediately before the extract quoted in the previous note, Suetonius records the reason for which Titus took the office of pontifex maximus: "pontificatum maximum ideo se professus accipere ut puras servaret manus fidem praestitit: nec auctor . . ." as above.

l. 662. **Nor**, 'than.' See note to p. 143, l. 19 above.

l. 669. **the persecutions Ten.** Early ecclesiastical historians were accustomed to group the persecutions from Nero to Diocletian into ten groups, the 'ten' being conveniently referred to the ten horns of the beast in the Apocalypse. See Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, xvi., where a reference in a footnote to Mosheim attributes the origin of the grouping to Sulpicius Severus. In the *Chronica* (lib. ii.) of Severus (363-425) the ten persecutors are Nero, Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Severus, Decius, Valerian, Diocletian, and Maximin. He groups the last two together as the ninth, and adds (cap. 48) "neque ulterius persecutionem fore credimus, nisi eam, quam sub fine jam saeculi Antichristus exercebit. Etenim sacris vocibus, x. plagis mundum officiendum, pronuntiatum est: ita cum iam ix. fuerint, quae superest, ultima erit." Orosius, *Historiae adversus Paganos*, has a complete list of ten, exclusive of Antichrist. His tenth is Diocletian and Maximian (reigning together): Maximin he counts separately (unlike Severus) making him the sixth. St. Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*, xviii. chap. 52) has a chapter headed "Whether we should believe what some think, that, as the ten persecutions which are past, have been fulfilled, there remains no other beyond the

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eleventh, which must happen in the very time of Antichrist." He gives the accepted classification of his day, attributing the grouping into ten as due to the fact that there were *ten* plagues in Egypt: Nero, Domitian, Trojan, Antoninus, Severus, Maximin, Decius, Valerian, Aurelian, and the tenth by Diocletian and Maximian. But he is sceptical of the whole ordering: "Why do they think fit to start with Nero? . . . what account do they give of Julian, whom they do not number in the ten?" etc. etc.; and concludes, "it does not seem to me that the number of persecutions with which the Church is tried can be definitely stated." Nevertheless the classification persisted: and Foxe heads the first book of his *Acts and Monuments*, "The Three Hundred Years next after Christ, with the Ten Persecutions of the Primitive Church," and the typographical arrangement of the book draws attention to the grouping.

l. 673. **blood as dust.** See *Zephaniah* i. 19, "their blood shall be poured out as dust."

l. 677. **Barbars.** This is a common sixteenth-century form, surviving still longer in Scotland.

P. 164, l. 681. **To those of Athens**, etc. The reference is to a story told (with slightly different details) by Plutarch (*Life of Themistocles*, chap. xx.) and by Cicero (*De Officiis*, iii. 11. 49). After the Persian war had been won, Themistocles announced to the Athenian assembly that he had a scheme which would greatly profit the state, but that it would not be advantageous to divulge it except to a representative to be chosen by the assembly. Aristides was chosen, and heard the plan to burn the Lacedaemonian fleet. Aristides at once informed the expectant assembly that the scheme was very useful but entirely dishonourable, and without further inquiry, the assembly at once turned the unheard proposal down.

l. 689. **That stout Athenian**, etc. Themistocles is here referred to. "Twice deluded" is explained in chaps. xii. and xvi. of Plutarch's *Life*. Themistocles first tried to deceive Xerxes by seeking to delude him into an engagement within the straits of Salamis (chap. xii.); secondly, by attempting to hasten Xerxes's retreat with the story of the Greeks' intention to destroy the bridge of boats across the Hellespont (chap. xvi.). The "great summes" offered by Xerxes for the body of Themistocles are named (chap. xxvi.) as 200 talents: and the resort of Themistocles to Xerxes's court is told in chap. xxviii.

l. 697. **Those two.** Marius and Sulla.

l. 700. **By papers one**: *i.e.* the lists of persons proscribed drawn up by Sulla. The proscribed, as outlaws, could be killed by anyone with impunity.

by signes another. See Plutarch's *Life of Marius*, chap. xliii.: "these fellows killed many of the citizens at a word of command from him [Marius], many, too, at a mere nod."

l. 701. **one once**, etc. When Sulla was attacked by the partisans of Sulpicius he fled for refuge to the house of Marius (Plutarch's *Life of Marius*, chap. xxxv.).

l. 705. **Fabricius did his Enemy advise.** See Plutarch's *Life of Pyrrhus*, chap. xxi. When the physician of King Pyrrhus wrote to Fabricius offering to poison his master, Fabricius, detesting such wickedness, apprised Pyrrhus of the treachery in a letter written by Fabricius and his fellow consul: "you have, oh king, made unfortunate choice both of your friends and of your enemies . . . for you make wars with just and honest men, and do yourself trust altogether the wicked and unfaithful. . . ."

P. 165, l. 713. **Romes second founder.** See Livy, v. 27; and Plutarch, *Life of Camillus*. Plutarch tells at length (and in the first lines of the *Life* refers to Camillus as "having won himself the name and title of the second founder of Rome")

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the story of the response of Camillus to the treachery of the Falerian schoolmaster, who, when Camillus was besieging the Falerians, led all the Falerian children into the Roman camp, and was sent back naked to the city, scourged along the way by the children, whom Camillus had provided with rods and whips.

l. 721. **Zamaes field.** Scipio's defeat of Hannibal in " the famous battell stricken by the city of Zama." The rest of the stanza is based on Plutarch's *Life of T. Quinctius Flamininus*, chap. xxi. After Hannibal's final defeat, Scipio and he " met together in the city of Ephesus, and as they were walking, Hannibal took the upper hand of Scipio; Scipio bore it patiently and left not off walking for that, neither showed any countenance of misliking. In entering into discourse of many matters, they descended in the end to talk of ancient captains: and Hannibal gave judgment that Alexander the Great was the famousest captain, Pyrrhus the second [the 'two of former dates'], and himself the third. Scipio smiling, gently asked him: What wouldst thou say then, if I had not overcome thee? Truly, quoth Hannibal, I would not then put myself the third man, but the first, and above all the captains that ever were."

l. 729. **A law too popular,** etc. In 100 B.C. the tribune Saturninus proposed an Agrarian law and in order to disarm the opposition of the Senate to the bill, a clause was inserted requiring all senators to take an oath to " keep and observe from point to point that which the people by their voices should decree and should not deny it by any iote." Marius and Metellus declared that they would never take the oath. Marius afterwards evaded his promise, but Metellus did not, and in consequence, went into exile, declaring that " to do evil, it was too easy a thing, and to do good without danger, it was also a common matter: but to do well with danger, that was the part of an honest and virtuous man " (Plutarch's *Life of Marius*, chap. xxix.).

l. 737. **To part the world,** etc. This refers to the meeting by the mount of Misenum between Sextus Pompey and the triumvirs Octavian and Antony. Pompey was holding Sicily, and his piratical fleet was ravaging the coasts of Italy. His fleet was now anchored off Misenum, and the armies of Octavian and Antony were encamped on the shore. An agreement was made between the three, and by lot it was determined to hold the ensuing banquet on Pompey's ship. " In the midst of the feast . . . Menas the Pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his ear, said to him: shall I cut the cables of the ankers, and make thee lord not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey having paused a while, at length answered him: Thou shouldst have done it and never told me, but now we must content us with what we have. As for myself I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor " (Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, chap. xxxii.).

P. 166, l. 751. **con'nant,** covenant. Unless this is a misprint for 'cou'nant' or 'cov'nant' it is an unrecorded form of the word, the nearest to it being 'comnaunt' cited by the *N.E.D.* from Berners' *Froissart* (1523), and 'cumnawnt' from *Prompt. Parv.* (*c.* 1440).

l. 753. **He who,** etc. See *Joshua* x. 12 ff.

l. 755. **even to those,** etc. 'Those' are the Gibeonites. See *Joshua* ix. 3 ff., and for the rest of the stanza, ix. 18-20.

l. 762. **Ladislaus.** See Gibbon's account of Ladislaus, king of Hungary, his victory over the Turks, his treaty with them, his subsequent perfidy and the Moslem's call on the prophet Jesus himself to avenge the mockery of his name (A.D. 1444) (*Decline and Fall*, chap. lxvii.). Alexander would know the account given by Knolles. Knolles tells (*ed. cit.* i. p. 198) of the " cunning speech wherewith Julian the cardinal perswadeth King Uladislaus to break the League he had before made with Amurath," and adds,

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"In conclusion, having much spoken of the Authority and Power of the great Bishop, he in his Name disanulled the League whatsoever, by the King made with the Turk; and absolved him [Ladislaus—see Alexander's line 765] with the rest whom it might concern, from the Oath they had given and the Promise they had made." Later (p. 203) Knolles tells of the incident alluded to in l. 763 of this passage: "Amurath seeing the great slaughter of his men, and all brought into extream danger, beholding the picture of the Crucifix in the displaied ensigns of the voluntary Christians, pluckt the Writing out of his Bosome, wherein the late League was comprised, and holding it up in his Hand with his Eyes cast up to Heaven, said: Behold thou crucified Christ, this is the League thy Christians in thy name made with me; which they have without cause violated. Now if thou be a God, as they say thou art, and as we dream, revenge the wrong now done unto thy Name, and me, and shew thy Power upon thy perjured People, who in their deeds deny thee their God." Foxe (*Acts and Monuments*, vi. *sub* Amurath II.) points the moral in a way which would appeal to Alexander: "At which time Pope Eugenius as soon as he heard the Turk to be returned into Asia, sent Julian Cæsarion his cardinal to Ladislaus, with full dispensation and absolution to break his oath and league with the Turk. . . . Where by the way is to be noted, that as there is no truth of promise in that pestilent see of Rome, neither was there ever any war prospered, which was taken in hand by the Pope's council, so was there never any council of the Pope that brought with it more detriment to Christianity than this."

l. 773. **With fire in darknesse**, etc. The line is difficult. Possibly the sense is "delighted with fire in darkness," but such a use of "lov'd" is without warrant. As Nero is named in the next line in a misremembered allusion to Suetonius, perhaps Alexander had in mind a passage from Suetonius's life of Nero describing the fire at Rome: "hoc incendium e turri Maecenatiana prospectans, laetusque flammae, ut aiebat, pulchritudine ἄλωσιν Ilii in illo suo scenico habitu decantavit" (chap. xxxviii.)

l. 774. **Who (Nero's wish)**, etc. The remark is attributed by Suetonius to Caligula, not to Nero: "infensus turbae faventi adversus studium suum exclamavit: Utinam populus Romanus unam cervicem haberet" (*Life of Caligula*, chap. xxx.).

P. 167, l. 795. **the differing two.** Democritus, the laughing philosopher, and Heracleitus, the weeping one. See *Juvenal* x. 28 ff.

P. 168, l. 811. **Centre**, the unmovable point which draws all to it.

l. 812. **Hoys'd.** This is the earlier and more correct form of 'hoist.'

P. 171, l. 11. **Who (scarce confin'd**, etc.). Cf. Juvenal, on Alexander the Great:

> "Unus Pellaeo iuveni non sufficit orbis,
> Aestuat infelix angusto limite mundi
> Ut Gyari clausus scopulis parvaque Seripho."
> (x. 168-170.)

P. 172, l. 17. **Two troupes**, etc. The sense is clear if the apostrophe is inserted to indicate the possessive case, 'troupes'.'

l. 33. **that Churle.** Laban. See note to p. 149, l. 218 above.

l. 45. **From whom he fled**, etc. They must refer to Abraham, who departed from Ur of the Chaldeans (*Genesis* xi. 31, and xii. 1 ff.). For Abraham's "faith," see *Hebrews* xi. 8 ff., 17; *Romans* iv. 19 ff. Jeremy Taylor (*Works*, ed. Eden, vol. viii. p. 298) sets up Abraham's faith as a pattern: "take Abraham's faith as your best pattern."

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P. 173, l. 53. **howle-howling.** For this Dubartian trick of reduplication, see also p. 92, l. 548.

l. 57. **That land voluptuous.** Egypt: see note to p. 134, l. 761 above.

l. 65. **These who by habite,** etc. The Philistines: see 1 *Samuel* iv. 10-11; and v. 1-12.

l. 73. **There are Bells Priests,** etc. See *Apocrypha*, "The History of Bel and of the Dragon, which is the fourteenth chapter of Daniel after the Latin."

P. 174, l. 86. **Milcom,** god of Ammon (1 *Kings* xi. 5, 33): *Molech*, fire-god of Ammon (*Lev.* xviii. 21; xx. 2, etc.); *Nisroch*, an idol of Nineveh (2 *Kings* xix. 37; *Is.* xxxvii. 38).

l. 90. **The first is he.** Sennacherib, king of Assyria: see 2 *Chronicles* xxxii. 1-21.

l. 97. **The next.** Nebuchadnezzar: see *Daniel* iii. and iv. (and particularly 30).

l. 105. **What mighty Monarchs,** etc. The reference is to the story told by Herodotus, iii. 84-86. Seven Persian nobles had conspired to kill the pretender who had usurped the throne by passing himself off as Smerdis, son of the late King Cambyses. After killing the usurper, the seven conspirators arrange that the one among them whose horse is the first to neigh at sunrise when they meet, is to be king. Darius wins owing to a trick of his groom. "Light's Throne" is, of course, the sun.

P. 175, l. 118. **Rais'd Altars up unto a God unknown:** see *Acts* xvii. 23.

l. 121. **One, who not fear'd,** etc. The reference is to the story of Dionysius the elder, tyrant of Syracuse, told by Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, iii. 34. 83 (and by Valerius Maximus, i. 1. 3). Dionysius robbed the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a heavy gold mantle which had been presented by Hiero. He jested about it, saying that a gold mantle was heavy in summer and cold in winter, and he clothed the god's statue with a woollen cloak as more suited for all seasons. He also ordered a golden beard to be taken from a statue of Aesculapius, saying that it was not proper for the son to have a beard whereas the father (Apollo, who was always represented in art as beardless) should be without one. Du Bartas (*ed. cit.* p. 75) calls Aesculapius "le fils barbu de l'imberbe Phoebus," which Sylvester renders (*ed. cit.* p. 77), "Beard-less Apollo's beardy Sonn."

l. 129. **What thinke those Senatours,** etc. This refers to the legend that the Emperor Tiberius in consequence of a report received from Palestine, wished to have Jesus admitted among the Roman gods, but that his proposal was rejected by the Senate with whom the decision in such matters lay. The first to tell the story is Tertullian, *Apology*, chap. v.: "vetus erat decretum, ne qui deus ab imperatore consecraretur, nisi a senatu probatus. . . Tiberius ergo, cuius tempore nomen Christianum in seculum introivit, annuntiatum sibi ex Syria Palaestina, quod illic veritatem illius divinitatis revelaverat, detulit ad senatum cum praerogativa suffragii sui. Senatus, quia non ipse probaverat, respuit; Caesar in sententia mansit, comminatus periculum accusatoribus Christianorum. Consulite commentarios vestros; illic reperietis primum Neronem in hanc sectam . . . Caesariano gladio ferocisse, etc." Eusebius (*Hist. Eccles.* ii. 2) gives the story from Tertullian. See also Foxe, *Acts and Monuments*, ed. Pratt, i. 89, and Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. xvi.

l. 137. **Rome coin'd,** etc. This is based on Juvenal, *Sat.* i. 112-116:

> "Quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima divitiarum
> Maiestas, etsi funesta pecunia templo
> Nondum habitat, nullas nummorum ereximus aras,
> Ut colitur Pax atque Fides Victoria Virtus
> Quaeque salutato crepitat Concordia nido."

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l. 139 seems to mean that one sort of temple was dedicated to Fortune, and that the rest of the deities to whom temples were dedicated were chosen by chance.

l. 140 means that the dedication of some was "for flattery," *i.e.* when dedicated to emperors; or for "bravery," *i.e.* for ostentation, when a man built a temple to some deity to advertise his own name; for "a doubtful vow," *i.e.* when vows were made by generals before or during battle to secure the favour of the god.

P. 176, l. 153. **You, who of old did Candies King**, etc. This refers to the view set forth by the Sicilian Euhemerus (fourth and third century B.C.), in a work no longer extant (see Smith's *Dict. of Class. Biog.*; *sub nomine*). He said that he had discovered records showing that the gods were really men who had been great kings or benefactors of mankind. Zeus, he said, was a king of Crete and his grave was still in the island. Alexander may have got the story from Eusebius, *Praeparatio Evangelica*, ii. 2, or from Minucius Felix, *Octavius*, 21. 1.

l. 169. **He trembleth now**, etc. This refers to the story of the adultery of Mars and Venus as sung by Demodocus (*Odyssey*, viii. 266-366). "He" is Mars; "she," Venus; the "lame dolt" is Vulcan, husband of Venus, who caught the lovers by means of a trap of fine chains and called on the other gods to come and see them (and so "prov'd his owne disgrace"). "Him, their like, by whom the fraud was found" is the Sun (*Odyssey*, viii. 270 ff.), who saw the lovers and told Vulcan.

P. 177, l. 195. **ambassage**. The accentuation *ambássage* is the commoner one in Elizabethan English: though Shakespeare has *émbassage*. The incident alluded to in the text is, of course, the one recorded in *Exodus* xxxii.

l. 208. **who to their vomit**, etc. See *Proverbs* xxvi. 11, and 2 *Peter* ii. 22.

P. 178, l. 209. **The Iews first King**. Saul, whose self-slaughter is recorded in 1 *Samuel* xxxi. 4.

l. 218. **soone forfeited his right**. See 1 *Samuel* xiii. 13, xv. 23, etc.

l. 219. **once prophecied**, etc. See 1 *Samuel* xix. 22-24.

l. 221. **Agag**. See 1 *Samuel* xv. 8-33.

l. 222. **kill'd God's Priests**. See 1 *Samuel* xxii. 11-23.

l. 224. **last with the devill consult**. The witch of Endor (1 *Samuel* xxviii. 7 ff.) was regarded by many of the early Fathers as a servant of the Devil.

l. 225. **He who made Israel sinne**. Jeroboam (1 *Kings* xiv. 16, "who made Israel to sin").

l. 229. **Whose hand**, etc. See 1 *Kings* xiii. 1-6.

l. 236. **The cheape vine-garden**. Naboth's (1 *Kings* xxi.).

l. 240. **Dogges did thy bloud**, etc. See 1 *Kings* xxii. 38.

P. 179, l. 241. **You sisters faire**, etc. These appear to be Jerusalem and Samaria as symbolically presented by *Ezekiel* xvi. and xxiii.

l. 250. **As he whose sonne**, etc. See 2 *Kings* xvi. 3.

l. 252. **Next whom one more**. Hezekiah: see 2 *Chronicles* xxxii. 25-26. Or perhaps Manasseh: see *ibid.* xxxiii.

l. 253. **And one before link'd with the loathsome race**. Ahaziah, king of Judah, son-in-law of the house of Ahab. He went to Jezreel to visit Joram, son of Ahab (2 *Kings* viii. 29), and was killed because he was in Joram's company (2 *Kings* ix. 27).

l. 259. **Iehu killing**, etc. See 2 *Kings* ix. 24 and x.

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l. 261. **Who (though the course of Dan, etc.).** See 2 *Kings* x. 29-30: "from the sins of Jeroboam . . . Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves . . . that were in Dan. And the Lord said unto Jehu . . . thy children of the fourth generation shall sit on the throne of Israel." Also *ibid.* xv. 12.

l. 266. **He stands,** etc. Joash. See 2 *Chronicles* xxiv. (xxiv. 22 relates his ingratitude in slaying the son of the priest Jehoiada).

P. 180, l. 278. **comment.** There appears to be no recorded parallel to this usage. The verb was often used transitively in the sense of "to invent (something false)." Alexander's use appears to be a further development in this direction.

l. 280. **discharg'd to bow,** 'charged not to bow.' This is an obsolete Scotticism: cf. Lithgow, *Trav.* ix. 389 (1632): "The Cardinall . . . discharged him to say Masse for a yeare." See note to p. 23, l. 478.

P. 181, l. 306. **The swaggerers Patron.** Lamech (*Genesis* iv. 19 ff.). The A.V. of verse 23 makes Lamech's famous song one of penitence rather than of pride. The Geneva Bible puts it in the way of pride: "Then Lamech sayde unto his wives Adah and Zillah, Heare my voyce, ye wives of Lamech: hearken unto my speache: for I would slay a man in my wounde and a yong man in mine hurt." The marginal gloss adds, "he braggeth that there is none so lustie that were able to resist although he were already wounded." And the gloss on v. 24 (which has the same text in A.V. and Geneva version) is, "He mocked at God's sufferance in Kain, jesting as though God would suffer none to punish him, and yet gave him licence to murther others."

l. 329. **fraught,** 'burden,' 'load' (as with cargo): an obsolete sense of a word commoner in Scots than in English, but in Scots more often used in the sense of "to have a vessel for carrying" or "to carry or convey as freight."

Whom first a Diademe did fraught. The account of Nimrod in *Genesis* x. 8 ff. names him as *beginning* "to be a mighty one in the earth," and adds (marginal version) that he went out of Shinon (Babylonia), which he had conquered, into Assyria (Ashur) and built Nineveh.

P. 182, l. 337. **Next comes his heire.** Line 341 makes it clear that Ninus is here intended. The relationship of Ninus and Nimrod is confusedly given by the older authorities. See note in our vol. i. p. 457.

l. 345. **With prais'd Sesostris,** etc. Herodotus (ii. 102 ff.) tells of his conquests; of the pillars and statues he erected throughout the conquered lands, inscribed "I acquired this region by my own shoulders" (chap. cvi.); and of the praise given to him by the priest of Vulcan, who would not suffer Darius to put his own statue in a more prominent position than that of Sesostris (chap. cx.). *Pelusium* (l. 346) is used for Egypt in general as on p. 125, l. 506 above.

l. 353. **Vexores.** In the passage from Justinus (*Historiae Philippicae*, iii. chap. 1) quoted in our note to p. 130, l. 623 above, the kings named were Sesostris and Tanaus. But in many early editions, instead of *Sesostris*, the reading is *Vexores*. As Vexores is unknown as a king, and as Herodotus (ii. 103) names Sesostris as an invader of Scythia, most editors follow the suggestion originally put forward in 1564 by Turnebus (*Adversaria* ii. chap. xv.) and read *Sesostris*. Apparently, however, Sir W. Alexander was confused: he imagines *Vexores* as a king, not of Egypt, but of Scythia, which can be said to have a 'cold climate' (l. 354).

l. 361. **that Prince.** For the death of Cyrus, and the insult to his corpse offered by Tomyris, who "drowned it in blood," see Herodotus, i. 214.

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l. 365. **Attick figges.** See Plutarch, *Moralia*, 173 c (under Xerxes' apophthegms, *Regum et imperatorum apophthegmata*): 'Αττικὰς δὲ ἰσχάδας οὐκ ἂν ἔφη φαγεῖν ὠνίους κομισθείσας, ἀλλ' ὅταν τὴν φέρουσαν κτήσηται χώραν.

l. 366. **would tosse a hill.** See Herodotus, vii. 22 ff., for the canal which Xerxes cut through the promontory of Mount Athos, ostensibly to prevent a repetition of the disaster which had befallen a Persian fleet doubling the promontory on a former expedition. Herodotus adds that in his opinion the cutting of the canal was pure ostentation on the part of Xerxes.

force winde. Herodotus, vii. 35, tells that when his first bridge of boats across the Hellespont had been broken by a storm, Xerxes ordered 300 lashes to be inflicted on the sea and a pair of fetters to be cast into it. In recollecting this incident of the scourging of the sea, Juvenal has a phrase nearer to Alexander's (*Sat.* x. 180):

> " In Corum atque Eurum solitus saevire flagellis
> Barbarus, Aeolio nunquam hoc in carcere passos. . . ."

drink up a flood. Herodotus, vii. 21, says that in Xerxes's march against Greece, all streams, except the larger rivers, were drunk up. This, too, is mentioned by Juvenal, with his own opinion indicated:

> " et quicquid Graecia mendax
> Audet in historia " (l. 174).

P. 183, l. 377. **Learn'd Athens founder.** This must be Theseus, who, as Plutarch's *Life* puts it, " did set up the noble and famous city of Athens." His amours were notorious: and his conquests by arms of men and women. A mistake in the pre-arranged colour of his sail on his return from slaying the Minotaur caused his father Aegeus to hurl himself from a precipice: his own death at the hands of Lycomedes was similar—he was thrown headlong from the rocks on the Isle of Scyros.

l. 393. **Two who agreed,** etc. Eteocles and Polynices. The stanza, joining them with Adrastus and Tydeus (" who forty-nine alone," etc.), refers to an incident in Theban history told in *Iliad*, iv. 384 ff. Tydeus had fled from Calydon because of a murder; Polynices had been driven from Thebes. Both find refuge with Adrastus, king of Argos, who gives one of his daughters in marriage to each of them. Adrastus and Tydeus support the claims of Polynices against his brother Eteocles. Tydeus is sent as envoy to Thebes to make their demands, which are rejected, and on his return he is waylaid by a band of fifty men sent from Thebes. According to Homer's version, he slew them all except Maeon, whom he sent home. Alexander was probably equally familiar with the version of the story told by Statius, *Thebais*, ii. 370 ff. The " great bragger " in l. 398 is Tydeus, who, especially in Statius, is a violent speaker. There is, however, difficulty in the second half of the line. If Tydeus is rightly said to be a " bragger at the Argive Throne," it can only allude to the manner in which he shouted the report of his embassy when he returned to Adrastus's court at Argos (*Theb.* iii. 347 and 353 ff.): but probably Alexander by a slip wrote Argive for Theban throne: for there was much more occasion for Tydeus's arrogance when he presented their demands at Thebes; and Statius emphasises this quality in his conduct at that point.

P. 184, l. 401. **though prais'd so much of late.** This refers to the popularity of the Homeric themes in Elizabethan times both on the stage and in verse translations. Chapman's Homer's *Iliad*, seven books of which had appeared in 1598, was completed in 1611.

l. 410. **The crafty Ephor.** Perhaps Chilon, said by some to have been the first Ephor in Sparta. In Herodotus (vii. 235) Demaratus is made to call Chilon " the wisest

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man amongst us"; and Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, gives (a brief) chapter xxxii. (bk. vii.) to Chilo's reputation for wisdom, attributing to him the maxim "Know thyself." But it may be that Alexander is referring to a much better known Spartan, Lysander. The epithet 'crafty' fits him better than Chilon; Plutarch frequently emphasizes the *craft* of Lysander. Moreover, the immediately following reference to Agesilaus strengthens the suggestion. The only difficulty is that Lysander was never an Ephor, though he undoubtedly controlled Sparta.

the halting King. Agesilaus, who had a deformity of the leg, one being shorter than the other: hence the need for Lysander's craft in overbearing the oracle which warned the Spartans against a lame king (see Plutarch's *Life*).

l. 411. **One Captaine greedy.** Pausanias, the victor of Plataea 479 B.C., notorious for his selfish ambition: or possibly Gylippus (see Plutarch's *Life of Pericles*).

two that were too brave. Leonidas, slain in winning victory at Thermopylae, 480 B.C.; and Brasidas, killed at the moment of victory at Amphipolis, 422 B.C.

l. 413. **Last him,** Cleomenes. See Plutarch's *Life of Cleomenes* (at end): "Shortly after, those that were appointed to keep the body of King Cleomenes that hung upon the cross, they spied a great serpent wreathed about his head, that covered all his face, insomuch as no ravening fowl durst come near him to eat of it."

l. 418. **Who first foil'd Persians,** etc. Miltiades and Cimon.

l. 419. **He who by stratagems.** Themistocles, whose stratagem at Salamis is told by Herodotus, viii. 75 ff. See note to p. 164, l. 689 above.

l. 420. **he whose gravenesse,** etc. The gravity of Pericles secured him the nickname "Olympian." Plutarch frequently names his "majesty and gravity," his "grave countenance," his "gravity and noble mind," and records Zeno's reproof to those who said that Pericles's gravity was presumption.

l. 421. **He who both eminent in ill, and good.** Alcibiades, of whom the description by Cornelius Nepos (*Alcibiades*, i.) appears to be echoed here.

l. 426. **Two fain'd great Gods.** Bacchus and Hercules.

two found great friends. Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

l. 427. **Then, that Corinthian,** etc. Timoleon. Plutarch (*Life of Timoleon*) says that Timoleon was a lover of his country, exceedingly gentle except so far as he was a great hater of tyrants. His brother Timophanes had made himself tyrant of Corinth, and as he refused to listen to Timoleon's entreaty to reform himself, Timoleon had him killed. Timoleon was also in command of the Corinthian expedition sent to free Syracuse from the tyrant Dionysius.

l. 429. **who brav'd,** etc. Philopoemen, who was called "the last of the Greeks" by a certain Roman (see Plutarch's *Life of Philopoemen*, chap. i.). Plutarch tells the story alluded to in the following lines: the plain face of Philopoemen caused him to be mistaken for an attendant by his hostess at Megara, who invoked him to help with her work. He chopped wood for her, until her husband, returning, recognised him, and asked what it meant. Philopoemen replied that he was paying the penalty for his ugly appearance. The Roman consul whom he "braved" was T. Quinctius Flaminius (see Plutarch, chap. xvi.).

P. 185, l. 433. **their Neighbour.** Philip of Macedon. He was "much taxed" in the *Philippics* of Demosthenes.

l. 441. **He who,** etc. Alexander the Great.

l. 445. **With fortune drunk (not as was thought with wine).** Quintus Curtius narrates occasional drunken escapades of Alexander, *e.g.* the firing of the palace of Persepolis (bk. v. chap. vii.). But Plutarch (*Life of Alexander*) writes, "he was

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less given to wine than men would have judged. For he was thought to be a greater bibber than he was, because he sat long at the board rather to talk than to drink.'

l. 451. **One kill'd in Egypt**, etc. Of Alexander's generals, whom he 'placed with fame,' the one killed in Egypt was Perdiccas, the other crowned (in Egypt) was Ptolemy. "All the rest for mischief most renown'd in Greece or Syria" alludes to Seleucus, Antigonus, Demetrius, etc.

l. 455. **Whose Lord**, etc. This appears to refer to Alexander, and to the circumstances that his sons were murdered by Cassander and the empire divided amongst a host of kinglings.

l. 459. **Who but Levinius, did not Rome o're come.** When Pyrrhus defeated the Roman consul P. Valerius Laevinus, "the Romans' hearts were so great that they would not depose Laevinus from his consulship, notwithstanding the loss he had received: and Caius Fabricius said openly, that they were not the Epirotes that had overcome the Romans, but Pyrrhus had overcome Laevinus" (Plutarch, *Life of Pyrrhus*).

l. 460. **And onely was by victory o're-throwne.** An allusion to the remark of Pyrrhus, after his 'Pyrrhic' victory at Asculum in 279 B.C.: "he answered one who rejoiced with him for the victory they had won: If we win another of the price, quoth he, we are utterly undone" (Plutarch, *Life*, chap. xviii.).

l. 461. **How Alexander**, etc. When Appius Claudius, old and blind, learnt that there was a rumour that the Roman Senate would accept the proposals of Pyrrhus, he had himself carried to the Senate house, and upbraided the senators: "What is now become of all your great and mighty brags you blazed abroad through the whole world? That if Alexander the Great himself had come into Italy, in the time that our fathers had been in the flower of their age and we in the prime of our youth, they would not have said everywhere that he was altogether invincible. . . . You plainly show it now, that all these words spoken then, were but vain and arrogant vaunts of foolish pride" (Plutarch's *Life of Pyrrhus*, chap. xix.).

l. 463. **To whom he shew whose tongue.** The tongue is that of Cineas, friend of Pyrrhus. Pyrrhus (Plutarch's *Life*, chap. xiv.) "would often say that Cineas had wonne him more townes with his eloquence than he himselfe had done by the sword." L. 464 refers to the advice given to Pyrrhus by Cineas: to secure the ease Pyrrhus professed to be the object of his wars, by less troublesome means.

shew. The strong past tense is not uncommon in Alexander: cf. p. 418, l. 280, and p. 527, l. 24.

P. 186, l. 475. **And he for peace**, etc. Numa, successor to Romulus: for his "religious lies" see note above, p. 152, l. 323.

l. 489. **He who alone**, etc. See Livy, i. 25-26, for the story of P. Horatius, who with his two brothers fought on behalf of Rome with the three Curiatii representing Alba. He alone survived. Returning with the spoils, his sister recognised amongst them the mantle of her betrothed, and her laments incensed Horatius so much that he killed her.

P. 187, l. 497. **These two**, etc. See Livy, viii. 9. In the battle between the Romans and the Latins near Mt. Vesuvius (340 B.C.), one of the consuls, P. Decius Mus, finding the left wing which he commanded was giving way, asked the pontifiex to dictate to him the form of words by which he could devote himself on behalf of the army. The prescribed ceremony over, he rides into the enemies' ranks and by his heroic fall encourages the Romans to success. In Livy, x. 28, a similar story is told of his son,

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also P. Decius Mus, at the battle of Sentinum, 295 B.C. Alexander, in ll. 499-501, has in mind Livy's account of the rites prescribed by the pontifex.

l. 507. **That æmulous old man.** Crassus.

l. 510. **Lucullus.** The luxury of his later life is told at length by Plutarch towards the end of his *Life of Lucullus*.

l. 511. **That Triumvir.** Antony.

l. 518. **Two Brutes.** Plutarch opens his *Life of Marcus Brutus*: "Marcus Brutus came of that Junius Brutus for whom the ancient Romans made his statue . . . because he had valiantly put down the Tarquins from their kingdom of Rome."

l. 521. **Thou whose high heart.** Julius Caesar.

P. 188, l. 534. **Infortunate in family,** etc. The misfortunes suffered by Augustus in his marriages and through his family are recorded by Suetonius, *Life of Augustus*, chap. lxii.-lxv. The wife whom he took from a 'just owner' was Livia Drusilla, wife of Tiberius Nero.

l. 537. **Then Varro's losse,** etc. The defeat of Quintilius Varus by the Germans near the waters of Ems was one of the greatest political disasters of the last years of Augustus; and Augustus's grief is strikingly told by Suetonius (chap. xxiii.).

Iulia's fame forlorne. Suetonius (chap. lxv.) briefly gives details of the notoriety of Augustus's daughter Julia.

l. 539. **That deep dissembler,** etc. Suetonius, *Life of Tiberius*, xl.-xliv., describes the monstrous lusts of the Emperor Tiberius, who had built for himself a retreat on the isle of Capri the more freely to give himself to his pleasures.

l. 541. **That cruell prince,** etc. Caligula. Tacitus (*Annals*, i. 41. 3) gives the report that he was born in camp: but Suetonius (*Life of Caligula*, viii.), quoting the report—"versiculi, imperante mox eo, divulgati, apud hibernas legiones procreatum indicant:

In castris natus, patriis nutritus in armis.
Iam designati principis omen erat"—

gives his reasons for disbelieving the story. It seems clear, however, that Alexander had Suetonius in mind, for the next line draws on chap. x., in which Suetonius tells of the excellent dissembling of Caligula when he was the guest of Tiberius at Capri: "quae vero ipse pateretur, incredibili dissimulatione transmittens tantique in avum [*i.e.* Tiberius, legally his grandfather] et qui juxta erant, obsequii, ut non immerito sit dictum, nec servum meliorem ullum, nec deteriorem dominum fuisse."

l. 543. **The Stupid dolt drawn by the heeles to raigne.** Tiberius Claudius, whose mother described him as a dolt: "mater Antonia portentum eum hominis dictitabat, nec absolutum a natura, sed tantum inchoatum: ac si quem socordiae argueret, stultiorem aiebat filio suo Claudio" (Suetonius, *Life of Claudius*, iii.). Suetonius also describes (chap. x.) how he was dragged by the heels to the throne.

l. 556. **sakelesse,** 'sackless,' in the archaic sense, 'innocent,' the common meaning in sixteenth-century English.

l. 557. **That brave man,** etc. The Emperor Trajan, who received from Pliny the younger, then governor in Bithynia, a letter asking for instructions with regard to Christians. The Emperor returned a brief answer (both letters are in Pliny, x. 96 (97), 98 (99)), saying that whilst a universal rule could not be laid down, Christians are not to be searched for, but if informed against and convicted, they are to be punished. He shows, however, that every opportunity is to be taken for avoiding the infliction of punishment. Early Christian writers (*e.g.* Tertullian, *Apology*, ii., Eusebius, *Hist.*

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Eccles. iii. 33) mention this correspondence: and in Patrick Symson's *Short Compend of the Histoire of the first ten Persecutions* (Edinburgh, Andro Hart, 1613), Alexander could have read, "This letter of Plinius mitigated the Emperours wrath in a part, yet gave he no absolute commandement to stay the persecution, but only that the judges should not search them out narrowly, etc." But probably the passage running in Alexander's mind was Foxe's. He gives the correspondence of Pliny and Trajan in full, and in an introductory paragraph has the sentence "Whereupon the persecution by commandment of the emperor was greatly stayed and diminished" (*ed. cit.* vol. i. p. 115).

l. 559. **Those ten**, etc. These are the ten Roman emperors: Nero, Domitian, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Septimius Severus, Maximin, Decius, Valerian, Aurelian, Diocletian. They were the instigators of the first ten persecutions according to the accepted grouping of them by early Christian historians. See Symson's *Compend* referred to in preceding note: and note to p. 163, l. 669.

P. 189, l. 569. **Ere through twelve roomes.** The *N.E.D.* cites no parallel to this use of 'room' for the signs of the zodiac—but Hall has it in his *Satires*, II. vii. 27. Alexander appears to be slightly out in his reckoning: the three emperors named reigned altogether about eighteen, not twelve, months.

l. 570. **Three quickly rais'd.** Galba, Otho, and Vitellius.

l. 572. **A wretched old man.** Galba was seventy-two when he became Emperor, and reigned seven months. Suetonius records the signs of fate (*e.g.* chap. iv., the mule which gave birth to one of its kind) which indicated Galba's destiny to rule.

l. 573. **Who liv'd too soft**, etc. See Suetonius, chap. xi., for the calm manner in which Otho killed himself on the ninety-fifth day of his reign. The honours done to him after his death and the praises bestowed on him are the subject of chap. xii. in Suetonius.

l. 575. **Then he who had no sense**, etc. Suetonius devotes chap. xiii. of his life of Vitellius to the latter's gluttony: "ut autem homo non profundae modo, sed intempestivae quoque ac sordidae gulae, etc."

l. 577. **He who the State**, etc. Vespasian was first proclaimed Emperor in Alexandria. Suetonius enlarges on the excellence of his character.

l. 580. **Whose sonnes.** Titus and Domitian, the sons of Vespasian, were as different as "the best and worst that nature could afford."

l. 581. **these whose raignes, adoptions course**, etc. The emperors from Nerva onwards (*i.e.* Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius) were all heirs by adoption. But Marcus Aurelius, "whose vertue fame had wonne," made his own son Commodus his heir. Commodus is the "Tigrish sonne" and Faustina, the "Serpent-wife."

l. 585. **When once of State**, etc. This refers to a remark of Tacitus (*Hist.* i. 4): "finis Neronis ut laetus primo gaudentium impetu fuerat, ita varios motus animorum non modo in urbe apud patres aut populum aut urbanum militem, sed omnes legiones ducesque conciverat, evulgato imperii arcano, posse principem alibi quam Romae fieri."

P. 190, l. 611. **The worlds third Captaine.** See note to l. 721, p. 165 above.

l. 614. **To warre for him**, etc. See Livy, xxxiv. 60-61, and C. Nepos, *Life of Hannibal*, x.-xii. Hannibal prevailed on Antiochus III. of Syria and Prusias I. of Bithynia to assist him against Rome even after his defeat.

P. 191, l. 625. **Romes emulous sister.** Constantinople.

l. 649. **That Turke.** Murâd I. (1359–1383). Foxe (*Acts and Monuments*, *ed. cit.* iv. 26) has: "The Turks thus being called into Europe by the Christians . . .

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in the year of our Lord 1363, he [Amurath] came himself over into Europe with 60,000 Turks. . . . Thus the Turks' army, being conveyed over by the Grecian sea called the Hellespont, first got Callipolis . . . then got Adrianople, which was not far from Constantinople, and there Amurath made his chief seat."

l. 652. **Yet yeelds to one**, etc. Mohammed II., who captured Constantinople in 1453. Foxe (*ibid.* p. 38): "As touching the cruelty and fierceness of the Turks in getting of this city, and what slaughter there was of men, women, and children, what calamity and misery was there to be seen . . . it shall be superfluous now to repeat the same"—but he goes on to quote examples from T. Ramus, *Rerum Turcarum*, lib. 2.

P. 192, l. 657. **Proud Selimus.** Selim I. (1512–1520). Most of the circumstances alluded to will be found in Foxe (*ibid.* p. 48). After a lengthy account of Selim's persecution of and poisoning of his father Bajazet (A.D. 1512), he describes (p. 51) his attempt at parricide: "It is said, moreover, that he intended the poisoning of his own son Solyman, sending unto him a shirt infected with poison . . . but by means of his mother, the gift being suspected was given to another, who was his chamberlain, who, putting on the shirt, was stricken with the poison thereof, and therewithal died." He also tells (p. 50) how Selim "leaving all other wars aside, with great celerity advanced his power against the sultan [Kansu, sultan of Egypt]," a battle was fought near Damascus, "and there, overthrown from his horse, being a fat and gross body, and falling under his horse, and his horse also falling upon him, [he, the sultan] was quashed in pieces, and so died A.D. 1516." The Mamelukes, "of whom more than a thousand in this battle were slain," were "a certain order amongst the Egyptians, much like the Janizaries about the Turk, who, being the children of Christian men, and, after denying Christ, were the chiefest doers in the sultan's court, and, being grown unto a great multitude, did degenerate into a Turkish barbarity, or rather, become worse than Turks" (*ibid.* p. 50).

l. 666. **He, who caus'd place**, etc. Soliman the Magnificent (1520–66). Foxe has a succinct account of the reign of Soliman, naming his conquest of Rhodes (A.D. 1522), his overrunning of Hungary, his siege of Vienna, raised in 1529, the dissensions amongst his Christian enemies, and his murder of his own son Mustapha through the treachery of his concubine Rosa, and his chief counsellor Rustanus (*ibid.* pp. 51 ff.). In his Sonnet xxx. Sidney calls the Turkish ensign, the crescent, a *Moon*, as does Alexander here.

l. 673. **Twixt Turkes and Christians now**, *i.e.* during the reign of Murâd III. (died 1594). The last years of Amurath III. were spent in suppressing rebellion in Moldavia and amongst his Janissaries.

l. 683. **That stout Numidian.** Masinissa, who lived to the age of ninety.

l. 685. **Fierce Saladine.** The Sultan of Egypt and Syria (1137–1193), whose fame is bound up with the third crusade.

P. 193, l. 697. **Ashurs Empresse**, Semiramis. Justin (i. 2) tells how she pretended to be a son of Ninus and "thus dissembled her sex" by a particular sort of dress she devised. Justin also tells that she was killed by her son Ninyas, for whom she had conceived a criminal passion. But Justin makes no mention of her murder of Ninus, the father of Ninyas: it is mentioned, however, by Aelian, *Var. Hist.* vii. 1, and Plutarch, *Amat.* 9.

l. 699. **The Scythian Queene.** Tomyris: see note to p. 182, l. 361 above. The reference in both places seems to recall Justin, i. 8, rather than Herodotus.

l. 701. **She who**, etc. Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra and Syria. Her husband Odenathus was treacherously slain by his nephew in A.D. 266, and Zenobia killed the

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murderer as a sacrifice to her husband's memory. After her husband's death, she took over the government and lead her country against all hazards until she was finally overcome by the Emperor Aurelian in A.D. 273. In his triumph, Aurelian had her dressed in fetters of gold and sumptuously decked with jewels: afterwards she was granted a villa at Tibur and lived out the rest of her life as a sober Roman matron.

P. 194, l. 721. **Media's Monarch**, Astyages. The horrible story of the banquet he presented to Harpagus will be found in Herodotus, i. 107-119. Frightened by a dream, Astyages had married his daughter to Cambyses, a Persian: when a son, Cyrus, was born to them he ordered Harpagus to have it destroyed. But Harpagus, carrying out the child as if to death, was reluctant to soil his own hands with the crime. He entrusted the task to a herdsman, who, at his wife's entreaties, kept Cyrus. Long afterwards, Astyages discovered the deception, and to avenge himself on Harpagus invited him to a banquet at which the main dish was made of the body of Harpagus's young son. "Nephewes" (l. 722) is, like Latin "nepos," used for grandson; see p. 49, l. 234.

l. 727. **he did conceive**. The "he" is, of course, Harpagus.

l. 729. **Then he whose part**, etc. The classical stage was fond of stories from the house of Pelops, either of the generation of Thyestes and Atreus, or of their successors Agamemnon and Aegisthus. The "he" of l. 729 is Thyestes, and his brother is Atreus, king of Mycenae, whose wife Thyestes had seduced. Atreus invited Thyestes to a banquet, and served up the two sons of Thyestes. The sense of l. 730 is clearer if a comma be placed after "drest."

l. 737. **Those two so neare**. This continues the reference to Thyestes and Atreus.

l. 746. **Of which the one**, etc. This is Philomela, doubly wronged by Tereus, because he married her whilst her sister Procne, his first wife, was still alive, though he told Philomela she was dead; and because he then cut out her tongue. The "other" is Procne, who, in revenge, killed the son Itys she had borne to Tereus, and served the body as a dish to Tereus. Philomela, fleeing from Tereus, was metamorphosed into a nightingale—the type of forlorn lover (l. 751).

P. 195, l. 753. **She grieves**, etc. The reference is to Althaea, whose son, Meleager, slew her brothers, the sons of Thestius, because they sought to rob Atalanta of the skin of the Calydonian boar which Meleager had given to her. In anger his mother threw into the flames the charred firebrand she had preserved from the birth of Meleager because it had been foretold that he should die as soon as the brand was consumed. When Meleager died, Althaea committed suicide.

l. 762. **each of them gives one**: *i.e.* Athaliah, Queen of Judah, and Jezebel, Queen of Israel.

l. 763. **The Tigris**. The tigress is Athaliah, who, seeing her son Ahaziah was dead, "arose and destroyed all the seed royal" (2 *Kings* xi. 1). But one, Joash, son of Ahaziah, was preserved from the massacre. In due course, his protectors, unknown to Athaliah, installed him as king in the temple. When Athaliah heard the noise, she came into the temple, but Jehoiada the high priest had her driven out and slain (2 *Kings* xi. 1-16).

l. 769. **That hatefull Hebrew Queene of Sidons race**. Jezebel, wife of Ahab, was "daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Zidonians" (1 *Kings* xvi. 31).

l. 773. **painted face**, etc. See 2 *Kings* ix. 30, "she painted her face, and tired her head." The account of Jezebel's death follows immediately in verses 30-37.

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l. 777. **That great Enchauntresse.** Medea. The Bull is one of those which she taught Jason to subdue, lest in yoking them to the plough, he should be slain. "His babes" are the children of her father Aeetes, whom she slew, cut in pieces, and cast overboard, so that the collecting of the remains would delay the pursuit of Jason and Medea; common legend, however, names only one victim, her brother Absyrtus.

P. 196, l. 793. **She, who at Endor:** see 1 *Samuel* xxviii.; and p. 178, l. 224.

l. 804. **Like him who would have bought the holy Ghost.** Simon Magus, see *Acts* viii. 9-24. Early Christian literature has many legends about Simon, and about the evil fate he finally met at the hands of his lord, the devil. One account describes his coming into conflict at Rome with St. Peter: recognising at length that Peter is too strong for him, he arranges a spectacular end for himself, telling the Emperor Nero that he will fly up to heaven. A wooden tower is prepared for his ascent, but as he is seen to rise in a fiery chariot, Peter adjures the demons who are bearing him, to let go their burden. Simon falls and is crushed to death.

l. 812. **By magickes meanes,** etc. It was commonly believed that magicians could attach the devils serving them to material objects, and so keep them at hand. Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy* (ed. Shilleto, vol. i. pp. 218-219), tells that "Agrippa's dog had a Devil tied to his collar: some think that Paracelsus (or else Erastus belies him) had one confined to his sword pummel; others wear them in rings" . . . etc. And in Heywood's *Hierarchie* (bk. vii. notes, p. 476), Iohannes Iodocus Rosa, a citizen of Cortacensia, is mentioned as having such a ring, and by the spirit imprisoned in it, he was acquainted with all news foreign and domestic.

l. 813. **their Lord,** *i.e.* the devil, to whom the magicians sold themselves.

P. 197, l. 828. **did hant,** 'were wont.'

P. 198, l. 857. **Absolom so absolutely faire.** See 2 *Samuel* xiv. 25: "in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty." The matter of the following lines (858-860) refers to 2 *Samuel* xv. 1-6, and the rubric to which reads "Absalom by fair speeches and courtesies stealeth the hearts of Israel."

l. 858. **embosom'd,** 'made popular.' The *N.E.D.* does not cite any example of this absolute sense.

l. 873. **hypocrite ingrate.** James Clement, a Dominican friar, assassinated Henry III. of France, August 1, 1589. Henry III. was elected king of Poland in 1573, but in 1574, when Charles IX. died, he returned secretly (l. 876 "stolne from Pole") from Poland to France and was crowned at Rheims in February 1575. There appears to be confusion in some of the references. It was Henry III. who had the Duke of Guise and Guise's brother the Cardinal murdered in the very room in which they had planned the Bartholomew massacre seventeen years earlier. Henry himself was assassinated at St. Cloud. But maybe the 'he' of l. 877 is not Henry, but the 'one,' *i.e.* Guise, of l. 876.

P. 199, l. 881. **That villaine.** Ravaillac, who assassinated Henry IV. of France in 1610.

l. 884. **And banish'd had,** etc. Henry IV. banished the Jesuits from the kingdom as a consequence of the attempt to assassinate him made by a young scholar Jean Chastel in December 1594. Chastel struck at the king's throat, but, the king stooping at the moment, the knife struck him in the mouth, knocking out a tooth. By an edict of 1603, the banishment of the Jesuits was revoked. L. 886 means that the tooth was earnest-money for the heart they eventually took when Ravaillac killed the king.

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l. 891. **that strange treason**, Gunpowder plot.

l. 896. **Like Neroes wish.** Really not Nero's, but Caligula's: see note to l. 774, p. 166 above.

l. 899. **To be dispatch'd**, etc. The reference is to the letter sent to Lord Monteagle, by means of which Gunpowder plot was discovered. The "mysticke bragge" is the phrase in it—"the danger is past as soon as you have burnt the letter." James's councillors on general and particular grounds thought the letter sufficient reason for careful inquiry. The king himself ("Our Salomon") claimed that he first of all saw the whole plot in the phrase quoted. See Gardiner, *History of England*, vol. i. pp. 248 ff., where the point is somewhat obscured. A fuller understanding of it appears in a passage of "A Discourse touching the manner of the discovery of the Gunpowder Treason," which is printed, for no apparent reason except to satisfy the editor's beliefs, as Appendix III. to M. H. Seymour's edition of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* (1838). The Monteagle letter is quoted, together with Salisbury's opinion that it read like a madman's. "But the king, on the contrary, considering the former sentence in the letter—'That they should receive a terrible blow at this parliament, and yet should not see who hurt them'—joining it to the sentence immediately following, already alleged [*i.e.* the one beginning 'the danger, etc.'] did thereupon conjecture, that the danger mentioned should be some sudden danger by blowing up of powder; for no other insurrection, rebellion, or other private and desperate attempt could be committed or attempted in the time of the meeting of parliament, and the authors thereof unseen, except only it were by a blowing up of powder which might be performed by one base knave in a dark corner; whereupon he was moved to interpret and construe the latter sentence in the letter against all ordinary sense and construction in grammar, as if by these words, 'For the danger is past as soon as you have burnt the letter,' should be closely understood the sudden effects of the danger, which should be as quickly performed and at an end, as that paper should be blazing up in the fire; turning that word of 'as soon' to the sense of 'as quickly'; and therefore wished, that before his going to the parliament the under-rooms of the parliament-house might be well and narrowly searched."

P. 201, l. 13. **declin'd** (apparently), 'forbidden,' or 'declared to be wrong.' The *N.E.D.* gives no exact parallel but illustrates an obsolete sense allied to this: *e.g.* 'to decline' is 'to turn a person aside from or to a course of conduct.'

P. 202, l. 17. **Assyria's King.** Sardanapalus. The whole stanza is based closely on Justin, i. 3.

l. 25. **Romes ugly Lord.** Suetonius describes Nero as handsome in face, but ugly in body: "corpore maculoso et foedo . . . vultu pulcro magis quam venusto . . . cervice obesa, ventre projecto," etc. (chap. li.).

l. 27. **man to wife did take.** Suetonius (chap. xxviii.): "puerum Sporum . . . cum dote et flammeo per sollenne nuptiarum celeberrimo officio, deductum ad se pro uxore habuit," etc. Tacitus (*Annals*, xv. 37) tells of a similar incident in which Nero married Pythagoras.

l. 30. **A death disastrous.** Suetonius fills his chapter xlvi. with the omens presaging Nero's downfall.

l. 31. **all meanes prepar'd to grace.** See Suetonius, chap. xlix.

l. 32. **dy'd in a filthy place.** See Suetonius, chap. xlviii., for a description of the bedroom in the house of his freedman Phaon in which Nero took refuge and was slain: "in proximam cellam decubuit super lectum modicella culcita, vetere pallio strato instructum."

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P. 203, l. 63. **The Prophets all.** Jeremiah and Ezekiel in particular inveigh against the spiritual adultery which is idolatry (*e.g. Jeremiah* iii., v. etc.; *Ezekiel* xxiii. 37).

P. 204, l. 98. **dandle.** The modern intransitive use is not found before the nineteenth century. The word was common in Elizabethan English: cf. Sylvester's *Du Bartas, ed. cit.* p. 118:

> " Like English Gallants, that in Youth doo go
> To visit Rhine, Sein, Ister, Arn, and Po,
> Where though their Sense be dandled, Days and Nights," etc.

and see p. 240, l. 275 below.

P. 205, l. 113. **With daughters two.** Clytemnestra (referred to again in l. 115) and Helen (ll. 116 ff.).

l. 114. **One,** *i.e.* Jove's Leda, who was ravished by his base sport when he turned himself into a swan.

l. 119. **detasted,** 'distasted' in the sense of loathed: see note to p. 112, l. 109, and cf. p. 218, l. 530, and p. 227, l. 827.

l. 123. **That dame,** etc. Flora, really the goddess of vegetation celebrated by the Romans at the festival of Floralia. The festival was associated with excessive merriment and lasciviousness (*e.g.*, actresses appeared naked on the stage). This probably gave rise to the absurd story, told by Lactantius, *Institutiones*, i. 20, of the origin of the festival: " Flora, cum magnas opes ex arte meretricia quaesivisset, populum scripsit haeredem, certamque pecuniam reliquit, cuius ex annuo foenore suus natalis dies celebraretur editione ludorum, quos appellant Floralia." St. Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*, ii. 27), referring to a passage in Cicero [*C. Verrem*, vi. 8] in which Cicero declared it his duty to celebrate the games of Flora, adds that " these games are reckoned devout in proportion to their lewdness."

l. 124. **nice,** (apparently) 'fastidious.' According to the Christian fathers, many whores were made goddesses by the Romans. Thus Cyprian (*Quod idola dii non sunt*) has " deam quoque Cloacinam Tatius invenit et coluit, Pavorem Hostilius atque Pallorem. Mox a nescio quo Febris dedicata et Acca et Flora meretrices."

l. 129. **That Pompous Queene.** Cleopatra.

l. 137. **Romes wanton dame.** Messalina, wife of the Emperor Claudius. Line 140 is translated from a line in Juvenal's sixth satire (l. 130):

> " Et lassata viris necdum satiata recessit,"

which also refers to Messalina.

l. 141. **Yet match'd with Silius.** When her husband Claudius had withdrawn to Ostia, Messalina publicly married her paramour Silius. Everybody knew of her excesses and murmured at this last scandal: the apathetic Claudius was at length persuaded to recognise her crimes and to have her killed. See Tacitus, *Annals*, xi. 26-37.

l. 144. **Yet (strangely stupid).** Suetonius, chap. xxxix., cites this example of the absentmindedness of Claudius: " Occisa Messalina, paullo post quam in triclinio decubuit, 'cur domina non veniret,' requisivit."

P. 206, l. 153. **To force them further,** etc. To compel a closer relationship (by incest) than the one already existing.

l. 155. **nor,** 'than.' See note p. 143, l. 19 above.

l. 157. **Lots daughters.** See *Genesis* xix. 30-38.

Tamars rape. See 2 *Samuel* xiii. 1-32.

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l. 158. **Iocasta**, wife of Laius, king of Thebes, and by him mother of Oedipus, whom later she married not knowing him to be her son.

Myrrha, daughter of Cinyras, king of Cyprus, who, learning that unknown to him she had rendered them both guilty of incest, attempted to stab her.

Canace, daughter of Aeolus, who bore a son to her brother Macareus, and was compelled by her father to kill herself.

l. 171. **Tereus**. King of Thrace, married to Procne, violated Philomela her sister. See note to p. 194, l. 746 above.

Nessus. The centaur, who offered violence to Dejanira, but was slain by Hercules.

l. 173. **Shechem**. The son of Hamor the Hivite, who defiled Dinah (*Genesis* xxxiv.).

Amnon, who defiled his sister Tamar (2 *Samuel* xiii. 1-32).

Tarquin. Tarquinius Sextus, who raped Lucretia.

P. 207, l. 183. **their sinne**. See *Genesis* xiii. 13.

l. 185. **That Towne**. See *Genesis* xix. 24.

l. 186. **then Angels**. See *Genesis* xix. 1-5.

l. 199. **Dives**. The Vulgate of *St. Luke* xvi. has *dives* for the 'rich (man)' of the parable, whence it was taken as the proper name of the man. The name does not, of course, appear in the English Bible.

l. 201. **That proud Chaldean**. Belshazzar. See *Daniel* v.

P. 208, l. 209. **He with brave troups**, etc. See *Judith* (*passim*), especially x.-xiii.

Bethulian walls. *Judith* iv. 6: "Also Joacim the high Priest which was in these dayes in Jerusalem, wrote to them that dwelt in Bethulia and Betomestham, which is over against Esdraelon towarde the open countrey neere to Dothaim." Chapter vii. describes the 'brave' army of Holofernes besieging Bethulia.

l. 225. **When sinnes**, etc. After the Flood destroyed all mankind except the family of Noah, this (drunkenness) was the first crime to follow it. Noah stood safe on the seas when the land was sunk, to be made drunk (*Genesis* ix. 21) and scorned by his son (22) who became accursed (25). The 'he' of l. 229 is Lot (*Genesis* xix.), and ll. 231-232 refer to the fact that Noah lost the descendants of Ham, who did not, as the rest of his descendants, become part of Israel, whilst as Lot's sons, Moab and Ben-Ammi, became the fathers of the Moabites and the Ammonites (both Gentiles therefore), Lot lost all his race.

l. 238. **fresh**. When referring to the use of drink, this formerly (and still in Scots) meant 'sober'—the exact opposite of the sense it acquired in the nineteenth century. Montaigne (ii. 2) cites from the ancients who have solemnly praised drunkenness.

P. 209, l. 272. **foots**. The singular form and both forms of the plural are to be found in sixteenth-century English when 'foot,' preceded by a numeral, is a unit of measurement.

P. 210, l. 274. **compeere** (Scots), 'to appear,' 'make a formal appearance.' See p. 113, l. 145, and our Vol. I. p. 467, note 243.

l. 281. **That gorgeous King**, etc. See Plutarch, *Life of Demetrius*. The king is Demetrius Poliorcetes; his gorgeous attire is described in chap. xli. He had Cassander's son, Alexander, king of Macedon, assassinated: but Alexander had been planning to kill Demetrius, and one of his friends, killed at the same time as Alexander,

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exclaimed as he fell that Demetrius had anticipated (an Elizabethan sense of 'prevented') them by one day (chap. xxxvi.).

l. 299. **The last in Iuda's Throne.** Zedekiah, who broke faith with Nebuchadnezzar. See 2 *Kings* xxiv. 17-20, xxv. 1-7, "they slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes, and put out the eyes of Zedekiah, and bound him with fetters of brass, and carried him to Babylon."

P. 211, l. 317. **hirelings which made Nabal dye.** It is difficult to see how Alexander is applying the story of Nabal told in 1 *Samuel* xxv. If the 'hirelings' (and it must be Nabal's, not David's) were at all responsible for Nabal's death, it was not for "affirming freely what they never knew," but, on the contrary, for not affirming what they really knew about the help given by David. Scripture, however, does not accuse them even of that, unless by the implication of v. 17. We suggest that the difficulty is best met by taking Nabal as a misprint for Naboth, and the 'vile hirelings' for the "two men, sons of Belial" in 1 *Kings* xxi. 10, 13, who by Jezebel's orders bore false witness against Naboth.

P. 212, l. 337. **The chiefe of such,** etc. Ahithophel. See 2 *Samuel* xvi. 23: "And the counsel of Ahithophel, which he counselled in those days was as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God." His counsel, seeking David's shame, is given in 2 *Samuel* xvi. 21: that which sought David's life, in 2 *Samuel* xvii. 1-3. For his constituting himself his own hangman, see *ibid.* 23.

l. 349. **The Florentine.** Macchiavelli.

l. 365. **Diagoras, Democritus.** Diagoras of Milo was a disciple of Democritus. He fled from Athens to avoid meeting a charge of impiety. His contemporary, Aristophanes, stigmatises him for atheism, and his philosophic naturalism led him to be regarded, even more than Democritus, as the type of atheist. Smith's *Dict. of Greek and Roman Biography* cites many illustrations of the reputation (or notoriety) of Diagoras. Alexander would know of him from Diogenes Laertius, from Cicero (*De Nat. Deorum*, iii. 37, 89), and possibly from Tatian, *Adv. Graec.*

P. 213, l. 381. **practick,** 'artful dealing,' as in Douglas's translation of the *Aeneid*, xi. 10. 66: "A prattik of weir devys will I." Or possibly, without the implication of wiles, 'legal usage,' as the word is frequently found in this sense with reference to Scots law (see *N.E.D.*).

P. 214, l. 414. **addict,** 'formally deliver over.' This obsolete sense is still preserved in technical terms of Roman law.

l. 418. **disprov'd,** 'convicted.' The *N.E.D.* has no example of the word quite in this sense, but it is very near to the examples cited with the sense 'convict of error or falsehood.'

l. 421. **His sonnes both kill'd, old Eli broke his necke.** For the guilt of Eli's sons, see 1 *Samuel* ii. 12-17; for Eli's sin, in that he restrained them not, *ibid.* iii. 11-18; for death of the sons, *ibid.* iv. 11; and for the death of Eli, *ibid.* 12-18.

P. 215, l. 433. **That Edomite,** Doeg: see 1 *Samuel* xxi. and xxii.

l. 441. **Those base informers.** The Chaldeans, who denounced Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego to Nebuchadnezzar (*Daniel* iii.).

l. 449. **These leacherous Iudges,** etc. See in the Apocrypha, "*The historie of Susanna*, which some joyne to the ende of Daniel, and make it the thirteenth chapter."

l. 457. **That froth of envy,** etc. Haman. See *Esther*. For l. 460, see chap. v.

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9-13; for ll. 463-464, vi. 11, in which Haman leads the bridle of Mordecai (who is the *one* of l. 458).

P. 216, l. 465. **When sometime**, etc. The reference is to a story about Apelles the painter told by Lucian, *Calumniae non temere credendum*, 2-5. When Apelles was at the court of Ptolemy (the First, of Egypt), a rural artist named Antiphilus accused him of being implicated in the conspiracy of Theodotas. The king was very angry, and Apelles was only saved by one of the conspirators, who declared that Apelles had no connexion with the plot. To show his remorse, Ptolemy gave Apelles 100 talents, and handed Antiphilus to him as a slave, whilst Apelles painted an allegorical picture to represent Slander.

l. 481. **wretches**. Drummond of Hawthornden (ed. Kastner, ii. 349) uses *wretches* in this peculiar Scots sense, 'miser.'

l. 491. **That Lydian King**. Croesus (see Plutarch's *Life of Solon*) had tried to impress Solon by a display of his wealth. Solon, unimpressed, declared that time was full of misfortunes and no man could be accounted happy until his good fortune had continued to his end. When Croesus, defeated by Cyrus, was about to be burnt at the stake, he recalled Solon's wisdom, and Cyrus was so much impressed that he spared Croesus.

P. 217, l. 497. **That Roman**, etc. Crassus. See Plutarch's *Life of Crassus*, ii. 7: "He thought no man rich and wealthy that could not maintain a whole army with his own proper goods." Publius, the son of Crassus, killed himself after a heroic but futile stand against the Parthians, who "stroke off Publius Crassus' head"; later, bringing the "head upon the point of a lance, coming near to the Romans, shewed them his head, and asked them in derision, if they knew what house he was of, and who were his parents: for it is not likely (said they) that so noble and valiant a young man, should be the son of so cowardly a father as Crassus" (*ibid.* xxvi.).

l. 505. **She whose base mind**, etc. See Livy, i. 11. 5-9. The daughter of Spurius Tarpeius was bribed by the Sabines to admit them to the citadel commanded by her father. She had stipulated for what they wore on their left arms, meaning the heavy gold bracelets which Sabines customarily wore: but they heaped upon her another thing they wore on their left arms, their shields, and so crushed her to death.

l. 513. **Of him**. Midas.

P. 218, l. 529. **stitch**, 'stab,' a sense common to the sixteenth century. One of the latest examples cited by the *N.E.D.* is from Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, ii. 1. iii. (*Furies*, 604).

l. 530. **Detasted**. See note, p. 112, l. 109.

l. 531. **like him whom stealing did bewitch**. Achan. See *Joshua* vii.

P. 219, l. 585. **He thundring vaunts**, etc. Goliath.

l. 586. **like Rhodes great statue**. The Colossus of Rhodes, built by Chares, was a statue to the Sun. It took twelve years to erect, and stood at least 105 English feet high. Fifty-six years after its completion, it was destroyed by an earthquake (224 B.C.). Pliny, who possibly saw fragmentary ruins of it, describes it in his *Hist. Nat.* xxxiv. 7. 18.

P. 220, l. 595. **That King of Bashan**. See *Deuteronomy* iii. 1-11 (particularly 11).

l. 598. **As he whose eye**. Polyphemus the Cyclops: see *Odyssey*, ix. 106 ff.

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l. 602. **Rabsache**, *i.e.* 'Rab-shakeh' (in the Vulgate, 'Rabsaces'). See 2 *Kings* xviii. 17 ff. and *Isaiah* xxxvi. 2 ff. He defiled the air with his coarse tongue: see, for instance, 2 *Kings* xviii. 27.

l. 603. **And one who answer'd**, etc. This refers to a legend told by Theodoret in his *Ecclesiastical History*, iii. 18. A Christian 'pedagogue' at Antioch was an acquaintance of Libanius the famous sophist. Libanius, who was an impious man, asked the pedagogue derisively (at the time of the Emperor Julian's Persian campaign) what the Carpenter's son was doing (*τί ποιεῖ ὁ τοῦ τέκτονος υἱός*;). Filled with divine grace, the pedagogue foretold what was to happen and said, "Sophist, the maker of the universe whom you derisively call the carpenter's son, is making a case (*γλωσσόκομον*, a box, here, a coffin)." A few days afterwards the news of Julian's death arrived.

l. 609. **that barbarous King.** Herod the Great: see *St. Matthew* ii. 16.

l. 611. **the great Augustus said.** See Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, ii. 4. 11 (among the sayings of the Emperor Augustus): "cum audisset inter pueros, quos in Syria Herodes rex Iudaeorum intra bimatum iussit interfici, filium quoque eius occisum, ait 'mallem Herodis porcus esse quam filius.'"

l. 613. **One durst.** Herod Agrippa I.: see *Acts* xii. 21-23.

P. 221, l. 627. **Cham's eternall curse.** See *Genesis* ix. 24-25. *Cham* is the Latin form of Ham.

l. 635. **like Demas.** See 2 *Timothy* iv. 10: "for Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."

l. 641. **The man most mark'd.** The Emperor Julian: see his *Epist.* No. 42. It does not clearly appear that he directly forbade Christians to attend schools, but by an edict of June A.D. 362 he forbade Christians to teach grammar and rhetoric, on the ground that, as they did not believe in pagan mythology, they could not expound pagan authors properly. So Christians, who did not wish to send their children to be taught by pagans, were deprived of the advantages of schools. Perhaps Julian did close the schools entirely to Christians. St. Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*, xviii.) definitely says that "he forbade the Christians to teach *or learn* liberal letters," and Socrates Scholasticus, in his *Ecclesiasticall Historie* (*ed. cit.* trans. Hanmer, p. 306), writes: "This was it that the Emperor Julian shot at when he made the law, that the Christians should not be schooled in the doctrine of the Gentiles." Petrus Crinitus (*De Honesta Disciplina*, v. 10), mentioning Julian's edict, "ne Christiani ipsi gentilium scholas atque gymnasia adire possent," cites Ammianus Marcellinus (*i.e.* a contemporary of Julian) as his authority; but the law Marcellinus condemns (xxii. 10, § 7; xxiv. 4, § 19) is the one forbidding Christians to teach. In *The Historie of all the Romane Emperors*, first collected in Spanish by Pedro Mexia, enlarged in Italian by L. Dulce and G. Bardi, and Englished by W. T[raheron], 1604, p. 331, it is categorically stated that Julian "made lawes and generall decrees that no Christian should be maister of any arts or sciences, neither should any studie in any Schooles, but such as would adore his Idols, to the end that through the desire of learning, they should become Idolaters, or else at the least should remaine idiots, and without learning, and so be insufficient and unable to preach the Christian faith." Modern authorities, however, tend to the opinion that Julian's edict simply forbade Christians to teach: but the question is hotly discussed.

l. 647. **Vile Porphyry.** The Greek philosopher of the Neoplatonic school who was regarded by the Fathers as the most important antagonist of Christianity—"the great enemy of Christ," Foxe calls him in the only mention he makes of him (*Acts and Monuments*, *ed. cit.* i. 170). Augustine, who devotes much of the *De Civitate Dei* to

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confuting his opinions, recognises the learning of his adversary: "You call yourself a lover of virtue and wisdom; had you been true and faithful in this profession . . . you would not, in the pride of vain science, have revolted from this wholesome humility" (x. 28). As Porphyry died in A.D. 303 or 305, and as Julian was not born until A.D. 331, Alexander's description (l. 645) of Porphyry as Julian's "master" seems a little odd. But the general similarity of their views had caused the names of both to be brought closely together in very early times. Socrates Scholasticus (*ed. cit.* in preceding note, p. 310) tells of a funeral oration by Libanius the sophist on the death of Julian, and translates from it lines comparing Julian with Porphyry: in his works, Julian "proved himself to be far wiser than the old graybeard of Tyrus; wherefore let the old man of Tyrus (he meaneth Porphyrius) conceive no displeasure at all, but patiently weigh, wherein his *childe* doth prejudice his credit." Socrates goes on to illustrate the similarity in the causes which drove both Porphyry and Julian into apostacy.

P. 222, l. 665. **He (even as spurning)**, etc. Balaam: see *Numbers* xxii. The angel, first seen by the ass, did not obtrude a wall of brass in the path; it stood between two walls of the vineyards, and finally in a narrow place where there was no way to turn. But 'wall of brass' is sufficiently scriptural as a phrase: see *Jeremiah* i. 18 and xv. 20.

l. 676. **Since neither hot, nor cold**, etc. See *Revelation* iii. 15-16.

l. 687. **detasted.** See note to l. 112, p. 109.

P. 223, l. 690. **Like Isis Asse.** Alexander seems to have in mind No. vii. of Alciatus, *Emblemata*. The device is an ass with a shrine or a large statue of Isis on its back, while its driver is beating it. The motto is 'Non tibi, sed Religioni.'

"Isidis effigiem tardus gestabat asellus,
Pando verenda dorso habens mysteria.
Obvius ergo Deam quisquis reverenter adorat,
Piasque genibus concipit flexis preces.
Ast asinus tantum praestari credit honorem
Sibi, et intumescit admodum superbiens:
Donec eum flagris compescens dixit agaso,
Non es Deus tu (aselle) sed Deum vehis."

After the verse, in some editions, one of which Alexander must have seen, follows this: "Sacerdotes etiam si aut ignari, aut scelerati sint, honorantur tamen, illius Domini cui sacrati sunt gratia. Itidem Regum, Principum, et Magnatum famuli." The verse lines quoted are an adaptation of a Greek quatrain first printed in *Gabriae fabellae tres et quadraginta*, in a folio volume of various Greek pieces (Aldus, 1505). Modern scholarship attributes these Aesopic fables in iambic quatrains, not to Gabrias or Gabrius but to Ignatius Diaconus of the ninth century.

P. 224, l. 734. **vulgars**, 'uneducated people': cf. Chaloner's translation of *Erasmus on Folly* (1549): "He preferred also the Ideote and simple vulgars, before other learned and reputed persons."

l. 746. **That vaunting Sect**, etc. See *Revelation* ii. 6 and 15. The Nicolaitans are not named elsewhere in the Bible: Alexander, incorporating a phrase (l. 750) from *Rev.* ii. 14, appears to identify the sect with "them that hold the doctrine of Balaam." The early Fathers were the authorities for this identification: They held the Nicolaitans to be a sect who "turned the grace of God into lasciviousness" by availing themselves of the Gentile freedom from the Mosaic law.

P. 225, l. 755. **Nestorians**, followers of Nestor, bishop of Constantinople, who,

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after persecuting the Arrians, was himself condemned as a heretic by the synod of Rome in A.D. 430, and that of Ephesus, presided over by Cyril of Alexandria, in 431.

Arrians, followers of Arrius, condemned by the Council of Nice in A.D. 325.

l. 756. **Montanists**, a sect of heretics of the second century, followers of Montanus of Ardaban.

Donatists, a sect of heretics of the fourth century, followers of Donatus, bishop of Carthage, who died about A.D. 368.

l. 757. **Manichæans**, a sect of heretics of the third century, followers of Manes, said to have been a slave adopted by a Persian widow and educated by the wise men of Persia. The legend, however, has been demolished by modern scholars.

Pelagians, followers of the 'British serpent,' Pelagius, the heresiarch of the fifth century.

P. 227, l. 823. **Seven Townes in vaine**, etc.

> "Smyrna, Chius, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodus, Argos, Athenae,
> Orbis de patria certat, Homere, tua."

This couplet appears to be translated from the Greek. Jebb (*Homer*, p. 87) cites an epigram placed by Varro on a bust of Homer, according to Aulus Gellius, iii. 11:

> "Ἑπτὰ πόλεις διερίζουσιν περὶ ῥίζαν Ὁμήρου,
> Σμύρνα, Ῥόδος, Κολοφών, Σαλαμίν, Ἴος, Ἄργος, Ἀθῆναι,"

and mentions as the commonest in Latin a form differing slightly from the one we have quoted from Lemprière. Egyptian Thebes is added in Lucian, *Encom. Demosth.* 9; and Suidas gives a prodigious list, including Rome. It should be added that modern editors do not include the couplet quoted by Jebb in their text of Gellius: it is not found in all the MSS., and in any case could not be by Varro. Other forms of the Greek epigram occur in the *Anthologia Planudea* printed at the end of the *Anthologia Graeca Palatina* (see Tauchnitz, ed. 1872, iii. Nos. 297, 298). Sannazaro has an epigram—

> "Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenae,
> Cedite iam: caelum patria Maeonidae est."
>
> (Ed. Amstelaedami 1728, Epig. lib. 1, vi. p. 229.)

l. 827. **detaste**. See note to p. 112, l. 109.

l. 831. **rinne**. See note to p. 24, l. 517.

P. 228, l. 855. **False weights**, etc. This line has an ironical ring when one remembers the accusations brought against Alexander himself in the matter of the "turners," the bodles, or twopenny pieces, which he was licensed to coin in 1623. They were 'base' coins, and were written down officially to half value, and finally called in in 1631.

P. 229, l. 890. **colours**, 'fair pretences,' 'cloaks, to cover evil'—a sense commoner formerly than now: cf. Greene, *Upstart Courtier* (1592): "You carry your pack but for a coulour, to shadow your other villanies."

P. 230, l. 916. **cable-ropes**. The gloss in the Genevan Bible (but not in the A.V.) on *St. Matthew* xix. 24: "It is easier for a camel," etc. is "Or, cable-rope."

P. 233, l. 65. **He most is mark'd**, etc. Enoch: see *Genesis* v. 24.

l. 70. **The fabulous Grecians**. Alexander seems to imply that the story of Ganymede was somehow based on the story of Enoch: cf. note to p. 234, l. 95.

l. 77. **But when Gods sonnes**, etc. See *Genesis* vi. 1-4.

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P. 234, l. 81. **Most happy he.** Noah.

l. 88. **His Arke triumphall,** etc. See *Genesis* vii. 17, "and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth."

l. 94. **Industrious Noah,** etc. See *Genesis* ix. 20, "and Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard."

l. 95. **For which to him,** etc. It was commonly held in Alexander's day (see note to p. 233, l. 70 above) that classical mythology was a corruption of Biblical record. Raleigh (*Hist. of the World*, I. pt. i. 3. 3) says: "It is manifest that Orpheus, Linus, Pindarus, Hesiodus, and Homer; and after him, Ovid, one out of another, and all these together with Pythagoras and Plato, and their Sectators, did greatly enrich their Inventions, by venting the stoln Treasures of Divine Letters, altered by prophane Additions, and disguised by poetical Conversions, as if they had been conceived out of their own Speculations and Contemplations." Later (I. pt. i. 6. 1) he tells how the Greeks and "other more ancient Nations, by fabulous inventions, and by breaking into parts of the Story of Creation, and by delivering it over in a mystical sence, wrapping it up mixed with other their own trumpery, have sought to obscure the truth thereof, and have hoped that after-ages, being thereby brought into many doubts, might receive those inter-mixed Discourses of God and Nature, for the inventions of Poets and Philosophers, and not as any thing borrowed or stoln out of the Books of God." Raleigh knew and names the treatise by Justin Martyr (translated by Mirandola) in which, by an examination of parallel passages, Homer was convicted of plagiarism from Moses. Raleigh also has a section (I. pt. i. 7. 7) "Of some remainder of the memory of Noah among the heathen," and in the course of it he names the three heathen gods cited by Alexander as pagan imitations or debased recollections of Noah. "To [Noah] . . . aftertimes gave many names . . . as, The first Ogyges, because in the time of the Grecian Ogyges, there was also a great Floud of Achaia; Saturn they called him, because he was the Father of Nations. . . . He had also the Name of Janus (*id est*) Vinosus because Jain signifieth wine in the Hebrew." On the last identification Raleigh enlarges enthusiastically, showing how the attributes of Janus as given by Fabius Pictor fit in well with *Genesis*. He adds that Noah and Janus were both called Bifrons, Noah, according to Arnobius, "quia praeterita [before the Flood] noverit, et futura [after it] prospexerit." Raleigh, finally, is at great pains to prove that the flood in the time of Ogyges was not Noah's flood, but was at least five hundred years after it.

l. 105. **There are two sonnes,** etc. Shem and Japheth, the 'third' being Ham [Latin, *Cham*], *Genesis* ix. 18 ff.

P. 235, l. 114. **Melchisedech.** The mysterious figure which appears to Abraham (*Genesis* xiv. 18-20). Jerome (*Ep.* lxxiii. *ad Evangelum*) says that the Jews regarded Melchisedech as a survivor of the Deluge, the patriarch Shem.

l. 119. **Arpashad.** See *Genesis* x. 22, 24; xi. 10.
Shelah: see *ibid.* xxxviii. *passim.*
Eber: see *ibid.* x. 24.
Pelag: Peleg, see *ibid.* x. 25; xi. 16.

l. 120. **Reu**: see *ibid.* xi. *passim.*
Serug: see *ibid.* xi. 20-23.
Nahor: see *ibid.* xi. 22-25.
Terah: see *ibid.* xi. 24-32.

l. 121. **Of Iaphets race,** etc. See *Genesis* x., and especially the fifth verse.

l. 127. **In Tents of Shem.** See *Genesis* ix. 27.

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l. 129. **Who shines**, etc. Abraham.
l. 139. **And him when Captive**, etc. See *Genesis* xiv. 12-16.
l. 141. **His friend once free**, etc. See *Genesis* xiv. 21-24.
l. 143. **was onely weake**. See *Genesis* xii. 14 ff.; and xx. 1 ff.

P. 236, l. 172. **And for dig'd fountaines**. See *Genesis* xxvi. 18-22.
l. 174. **Till at his wealth**, etc. See *Genesis* xxvi. 26 ff.

P. 237, l. 177. **that great wrestler**. Jacob. See *Genesis* xxxii. 24.
halfe of one times brood. See *Genesis* xxv. 23.
l. 178. **Who was ere borne**. See *Genesis* xxv. 22.
l. 181. **But with heavens Monarch**. See *Genesis* xxxii. 24-32.
l. 183. **To dreame of Angels**. See *Genesis* xxviii. 10-22.
l. 187. **Twice seven years sold**, etc. See *Genesis* xxix.
l. 203. **His daughter ravish'd**. See *Genesis* xxxiv.
sonnes involv'd in bloud, etc. See *Genesis* xxxvii.

P. 238, l. 21. **She, whose great beauty**, etc. Sarai, Abram's wife.
Kings in vaine did crave. See *Genesis* xii. 14 ff. and xx. 1 ff.
l. 221. **made a Mayd her equall**. See *Genesis* xvi. 17.
l. 225. **From drawing water, an attending Mayd**, etc. Rebekah: see *Genesis* xxiv.
l. 233. **Of rivall sisters**. Rachel and Leah.
l. 235. **The ones weake eyes**. See *Genesis* xxix. 17.
l. 236. **Whom God would grace**. See *Genesis* xxix. 31.
l. 238. **Whose mate**, etc. This line appears to mean that Jacob loves the one and then the other according as the favour of God changes and makes the one or the other fruitful. The *N.E.D.* has no exact parallel to this sense of 'oddes'—if this indeed be the sense of it.

P. 239, l. 241. **Long after death**, etc. See *St. Matthew* ii. 17-18.
l. 246. **Imbezled Idols**. See *Genesis* xxxi. 36.
l. 248. **Evahs curse**. Rachel was the first woman to die in childbirth: see *Genesis* xxxv. 16 ff.
l. 249. **Her mother neere**, etc. See *Genesis* xxxiv. The Genevan Bible has a gloss which gives point to l. 250 (Dinah's "curiousnesse"): "this example teacheth that too much libertie is not to be given to youth."
l. 259. **His fathers strength who might**, etc. Jacob's eldest son, Reuben, who saved (ll. 263-264) Joseph (*Genesis* xxxvii. 21); his disgrace was the affair with Bilhah (*Genesis* xxxv. 22).
l. 266. **Two worst of twelve**. Simeon and Levi: see *Genesis* xxxiv.

P. 240, l. 273. **He who himselfe**, etc. Judah. The reference is to Jacob's blessing on Judah, *Genesis* xlix. 8-12.
l. 275. **dandled**. See note to p. 203, l. 98.
l. 281. **But yet at home**, etc. See *Genesis* xxxviii. for all the references in this stanza.
l. 292. **vaguing**, 'roving.' This is mainly a Scots word, never very common, but more frequent *c.* 1600–1640 than at any other time.
l. 295. **last and dearest boy**. Benjamin.

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l. 297. **one more.** Joseph.

l. 299. **To whom Sunne,** etc. See *Genesis* xxxvii. 9.

P. 241, l. 320. **Minion,** 'favourite.' In the sixteenth century the word rarely had the opprobrious sense it now bears: the one collocation in which even then it had a deprecatory sense was with reference to royal favourites. Hence the ineptitude of Alexander's use of it here. Sylvester, translating Du Bartas's description of poets, "nourrissons des neuf doctes pucelles" (*ed. cit.* p. 24), has "the learned sisters sacred Minions" (*ed. cit.* p. 16).

P. 242, l. 337. **Though fall'd in earthly,** etc. See *Genesis* xlviii. 9 ff.

l. 340. **two Tribes.** Ephraim and Manasseh.

l. 348. **Even Mid-wives, murtherers.** See *Exodus* i. 15-17.

l. 354. **He when scarce borne,** etc. Moses: see *Exodus* ii.

P. 243, l. 375. **The hand soone leprous.** See *Exodus* iv.

l. 394. **empall'd,** 'impaled.'

P. 244, l. 403. **and yet a farre,** etc. See *Numbers* xx. 7-11, xxvii. 12-17; *Deuteronomy* xxxii. 48-52.

l. 407. **An Angell it to hide.** See *Deuteronomy* xxxiv. 1-6.

l. 409. **did gorgeous garments weare,** etc. See *Exodus* xxviii.

l. 413. **Whose long worne staffe.** See *Numbers* xvii.

l. 415. **though he grudg'd.** See *Numbers* xii. 1-9.

l. 421. **envy once so tainted,** etc. See preceding note.

l. 424. **the meekest man alive.** See *Numbers* xii. 3. The description of Moses as 'meek' appealed to the sixteenth century. Sylvester (*ed. cit.* p. 86) adds the epithet in a passage where Du Bartas has none.

l. 426. **impe,** 'scion.' From its original sense, 'a young shoot,' it was regularly used up to the seventeenth century for a scion; then, from 'an imp of the devil,' it acquired a deprecatory, and finally a humorously depreciatory sense. Cf. note to p. 459, Son. 16, l. 3.

P. 245, l. 433. **brood of Nun.** Joshua, son of Nun (*Exodus* iii. 11).

l. 435. **From whom for reverence.** See *Joshua* iii.

l. 437. **did arrest the Sunne.** See *Joshua* x. 12-14.

l. 439. **weake hornes for trumpets.** See *Joshua* vi.

l. 449. **His fellow spye.** Caleb: see *Numbers* xiv. 6-10.

l. 450. **Had Gyants in contempt.** See *Joshua* xiv., xv.

l. 457. **he who did his daughter wed.** Othniel, Caleb's brother, to whom Caleb gave Achsah his daughter as a reward for his valour (*Joshua* xiv. 16-17).

l. 461. **first of Iudges,** etc. See *Judges* iii. 8-11.

P. 246, l. 465. **Moabs Monarch.** Eglon: see next note.

l. 467. **He who heavens Legat.** Ehud: see *Joshua* iii. 14-30.

l. 469. **he who kill'd.** Shamgar: see *ibid* 31.

l. 473. **that Dame.** Deborah: see *Judges* iv.

l. 481. **he who did refuse,** etc. Barak: see *Judges* iv. 8.

l. 484. **The Captaines death,** etc. Sisera, "Captain of Jabin's army," defeated by Barak, fled "to the tent of Jael the wife of Heber," by whom he was killed by a nail driven into his temple (*Judges* iv.).

l. 489. **His mother.** Sisera's mother: see *Judges* v. 28-30.

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P. 247, l. 497. **who Baal spoil'd.** Gideon: see *Judges* vi., vii., etc.
his clients did deride. See *Judges* viii. 1 and vi. 27.
l. 507. **Of every thousand ten.** See *Judges* vii. 3.
l. 509. **Each crush'd a Pitcher.** See *Judges* vii. 19 ff.
l. 511. **A barly cake.** See *Judges* vii. 13 ff.
l. 513. **fled a Soveraignes place.** See *Judges* viii. 22 ff.
l. 517. **Which did procure the ruine,** etc. See *Judges* viii. 27.
l. 521. **That Gileadite.** Jephthah: see *Judges* xi.

P. 248, l. 529. **When haughty Ephraim,** etc. See *Judges* xii.
l. 537. **When generous Iephte.** See *Judges* xi. 30 ff.
l. 545. **That Nazarite,** etc. Samson: see *Judges* xiii. ff.

P. 249, l. 569. **the reach of their conceit,** etc.: *i.e.* of the men of Judah. See *Judges* xv. 10 ff.
l. 587. **one comes first in place.** Samuel.

P. 250, l. 593. **urg'd a King to have.** See 1 *Samuel* viii. 5 ff.
l. 601. **Two Hebrews crown'd.** Samuel chose Saul for king, and anointed David (1 *Samuel* xvi. 13).
kill'd one heathnish King. See 1 *Samuel* xv. 32.
l. 605. **Whose oxe or asse.** See 1 *Samuel* xii. 3 ff.
l. 609. **Now marke I one,** etc. Job. The incidents referred to in this and the two following stanzas are the substance of *Job* i.

P. 251, l. 633. **with soares,** etc. See *Job* ii.

P. 252, l. 657. **He whome the Lord,** etc. David.
l. 663. **And for his love,** etc. See 1 *Samuel* xxx. 21-25.
l. 665. **His Thousands Saul,** etc. See 1 *Samuel* xviii. 7; xxi. 11; xxix. 5.
l. 673. **By madneese fain'd.** See 1 *Samuel* xxi. 13.
l. 676. **like a Partridge.** See 1 *Samuel* xxvi. 20.
l. 678. **discharg'd,** 'forbade': see note to p. 23, l. 478.
l. 681. **Yea, when the Tyrant,** etc. See 2 *Samuel* i.

P. 253, l. 703. **a bloudy will.** See 1 *Kings* ii. 1-9.
l. 705. **one link'd in love.** Jonathan.
l. 709. **He with one man,** etc. See 1 *Samuel* xiv.
l. 713. **He, when his wish,** etc. Solomon. See 1 *Kings* iii. 5 ff.; 2 *Chronicles* i. 7 ff.
l. 720. **to the Thistle.** The Biblical text (1 *Kings* iv. 33) is "from the cedar . . . unto the hyssop." But the gloss to the Geneva version explains "from the hiest to the lowest": hence the Scot's choice.

P. 254, l. 729. **There one,** etc. Asa: see 1 *Kings* xv.; 2 *Chronicles* xiv., xv.
l. 733. **Arams help.** The help of Ben-hadad, king of Syria. That is the reading of the A.V. (1 *Kings* xv. 18), but the Geneva version has 'king of Aram,' with the marginal gloss 'or Syria.'
l. 735. **The Ethiopian bands.** Asa's defeat of the Ethiopians is recorded in 2 *Chronicles* xiv. 9 ff.

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l. 737. **His sonne.** Jehoshaphat: see 2 *Chronicles* xviii.-xx.

l. 745. **he who did all ill detest.** Jotham: see 2 *Chronicles* xxvii.

l. 747. **Not like his Father.** The reference is to Jotham's father Uzziah (2 *Chronicles* xxvi. 16 ff.).

P. 255, l. 753. **Ashur's Captaine.** Sennacherib: see 2 *Chronicles* xxxii.

l. 755. **He who, etc.** Hezekiah: see 2 *Chronicles* xxxii.

l. 761. **By sicknesse, etc.** See 2 *Chronicles* xxxii. 24 ff.

l. 769. **The last of those, etc.** Josiah: see 2 *Chronicles* xxxiv.-xxxv.

l. 781. **One Davids doome did . . . extort, etc.** Nathan: see 2 *Samuel* xii.

P. 256, l. 785. **That Shilonite.** Ahijah: see 1 *Kings* xiv.

l. 793. **That man of God, etc.** See 1 *Kings* xiii.

l. 803. **One truly told, etc.** Micaiah: see 1 *Kings* xxiv.

l. 809. **Who clos'd the clouds.** Elijah: see 1 *Kings* xvii.-xviii.

P. 257, l. 817. **By Angels fed, etc.** See 1 *Kings* xix.

l. 826. **Fire at his call, etc.** See 2 *Kings* i. 5-16.

l. 830. **When parted Iordan:** 2 *Kings* ii. 8.

l. 833. **He who . . . redoubled got.** Elisha: see 2 *Kings* ii. 9.

l. 834. **A childe procur'd, etc.** See 2 *Kings* iv. 8-37.

l. 835. **Made leprous Naman, etc.** See 2 *Kings* v.

l. 837. **Made weighty iron, etc.** See 2 *Kings* vi.

l. 840. **But he first dye.** See 2 *Kings* vii. 2.

l. 841. **The Syrians counsell, etc.** See 2 *Kings* vi. 8-23.

l. 847. **By homely signs, etc.** See 2 *Kings* xiii. 14-19.

l. 848. **Arams.** See note to p. 254, l. 733 above.

P. 258, l. 849. **That sonne of Amos.** Isaiah.

l. 850. **Whose Princely birth.** The A.V. gives no information at all about Amos, the father of Isaiah. Alexander must have known the Jewish tradition which made him a nephew of King Amaziah.

l. 864. **martyrdome.** The story of Isaiah's martyrdom is contained in the apocryphal *Ascension of Isaiah*: he was sawn asunder in a tree-trunk by Manasseh. The Fathers knew and believed this tradition, holding it confirmed by *Hebrews* xi. 37.

l. 865. **He who long mourn'd.** Jeremiah.

l. 869. **upbraiding yokes were borne.** See *Jeremiah* xxvii. 2.

l. 872. **In dungeons darke.** See *Jeremiah* xxxvii. 16, xxxviii. 6.

l. 876. **He who them told.** Ezekiel. The reference in this stanza is to *Ezekiel* xl., xli., xlii., etc.

P. 259, l. 881. **He who declar'd.** Daniel.

l. 882. **Ashur's Monarch.** Nebuchadnezzar.

l. 886. **Of him and his two friends.** This is a strange lapse on Alexander's part. Daniel was not cast into the fiery furnace (*Daniel* iii.).

l. 895. **Yet did not know.** See *Daniel* vii. 15, 16, 19, 28; viii. 15; and xii. 8: "And I heard, but I understood not."

l. 912. **On trembling willows.** See *Psalms* cxxxvii. 2.

P. 260, l. 915. **Three at three times.** The details, biblical and apocryphal, of the Return from Exile are confused. By the *three*, Alexander may have meant Shesh-

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bazzar (*Ezra* i. 8 and 1 *Esdras* ii. 11), Zerubbabel (*Ezra* ii. 2 ff.), and Ezra (*Ezra* vii. ff.). Or Nehemiah may be one of the three.

l. 922. **That valorous widow.** Judith. 'Her Towne' is Bethulia.

l. 929. **Robeing,** predatory.

l. 930. **Her dainty treasures,** etc. The reference appears to be to the apocryphal story of Susanna, "which some joyne to the ende of Daniel, and make it the thirteenth chapter."

l. 937. **She who for fairenesse.** Esther. All the references in this stanza are from the book of *Esther*.

P. 261, l. 951. **A reverent Ancient.** Eleazor: see 2 *Maccabees* vi. 18 ff.

l. 952. **with seven sonnes,** etc. See 2 *Maccabees* vii.

l. 953. **At Modin first a worthie man.** Mattathias: see 1 *Maccabees* ii. 1-24.

l. 956. **three of them.** Judas Maccabeus was killed in battle (1 *Maccabees* ix. 18); Jonathan treacherously murdered (xii. 42-48); and Simon also (xvi. 11-17).

P. 264, l. 52. **Who slept in incest.** See *St. Matthew* xiv. 3; it is, however, *St. Mark* who connects the sin with John's death (see vi. 17-18).

l. 65. **He who,** etc. Simeon: see *St. Luke* ii. 25-32.

l. 73. **that Captaine.** The centurion of *St. Matthew* viii. 5 ff.

l. 77. **Then she (when check'd),** etc. The woman of Canaan, *St. Matthew* xv. 22 ff.; *St. Mark* vii. 25 ff.

P. 265, l. 81. **That Israelite.** Nathanael: see *St. John* i. 47.

l. 83. **He (lest that),** etc. Zacchaeus: see *St. Luke* xix. 2 ff.

P. 266, l. 121. **She who long childlesse.** Elisabeth: see *St. Luke* i. 5 ff.

P. 267, l. 153. **He who,** etc. St. Peter.

l. 163. **this Lyon,** etc. See note to p. 83, l. 289 above.

P. 268, l. 177. **That Disciple still'd,** etc. St. John: see *St. John* xiii. 23-24.

l. 184. **Man see thy Mother,** etc. See *St. John* xix. 26-27.

l. 188. **Two persecutions seene,** etc. The persecution urged by Saul (*Acts* viii. 1) and that of Herod Agrippa (*Acts* xii. 1-2) are named in the Scriptures. St. John also refers to a persecution in *Rev.* i. 9; and tradition told of his sufferings in the persecution under Domitian.

l. 189. **This Eagle's flight.** In so describing John's youthfulness in old age, Alexander seems to have in mind *Psalm* ciii. 4-5.

l. 193. **There he who first incredulous,** etc. Thomas: see *St. John* xx. 25.

l. 197. **to farre Indians.** Tradition took Thomas to India to found a church in Malabar.

l. 200. **But happy those,** etc. See *St. John* xx. 29.

l. 201. **that Eunuch,** etc. This stanza refers to an incident in the life of Philip the Apostle recorded in *Acts* viii. 26 ff.

P. 269, l. 209. **Those barbarous Iewes,** etc. The reference is to the tradition concerning James, the son of Alphaeus, taken from Hegesippus by Eusebius. The account, as given by Eusebius (*Hist. Eccles.* ii. 23), gives the reasons for James's description as the *Just*, names his post as Bishop of Jerusalem, and records his death at the hands

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of the Scribes and Pharisees. They had placed him on the gable of the temple to urge the people not to go astray after Christ. But he bore witness to Jesus, so they hurled him down and stoned him, and finally beat out his brains with a club.

He is not named Bishop in the Scriptures, but the Fathers declare that he was formally appointed. His position as indicated by *Acts* (xii. 17; xv. 13, 19, etc.) clearly implies some such office. Eusebius (*ed. cit.* trans. by Hanmer, p. 31) says that James "was placed of the Apostles Bishop of Jerusalem."

l. 217. **He for whose cause**, etc. The 'sharp contention' between Paul and Barnabas about Mark's fitness for the second missionary journey is given in *Acts* xv. 36-40.

l. 221. **That rare Physitian.** St. Luke.

l. 230. **He travell'd**, etc. Paul.

l. 237. **Made Felix tremble.** See *Acts* xxiii. 25.

Agrippa neere convert: *ibid.* xxvi. 28.

l. 238. **foolish Festus.** See *Acts* xxvi. 24, 25.

P. 270, l. 247. **At fatall Rome.** Eusebius (*Hist. Eccles.* ii. 25) quotes the authorities for Paul's martyrdom at Rome; "for they write that Paul was beheaded, and Peter crucified of him [Nero] at Rome" (*ed. cit.* p. 34). Jerome expresses the common tradition "hic ergo 14to Neronis anno (eodem die quo Petrus) Romae pro Christo capite truncatus sepultusque est, in via Ostiensi."

l. 249. **him who minds so much did sway**, etc. Barnabas: see *Acts* xiv. 12.

l. 257. **That Publican.** St. Matthew.

l. 259. **He whose few lines**, etc. Jude. The canonicity of the book of *Jude* was doubted by the Fathers, and the doubts were revived by Luther and Calvin. But Alexander does not share them. The "strange things" attested by Jude for which grounds no longer are to be found (in canonical writings) are the contest of the devil and Michael about the body of Moses (*v.* 9) and the prophecies of Enoch (*vv.* 14, 15) —for both of which presumably Jude's authorities were apocryphal writings.

l. 261. **He who was choic'd by Lot.** Matthias: *Acts* i. 26.

choic'd. The form 'choise,' as a by-form of 'choose,' possibly by the influence of the French 'choisir,' is fairly common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is not yet obsolete in Scots. See our Vol. I. p. 457, note 1783.

l. 267. **he who watred after Paul did plant.** Apollos: see 1 *Corinth.* iii. 6 and *Acts* xviii. 24 ff.

l. 268. **circumcis'd to please the Hebrew.** Timothy: see *Acts* xvi. 1-3. His mother was a Jewess and his father a Greek.

l. 271. **Silas.** See *Acts* xv., xvi., xvii., xviii. He is also frequently named (as Sylvanus) in Paul's *Epistles*.

Titus. There is no mention of Titus in *Acts*, but he is frequently named in the *Epistles*.

P. 271, l. 273. **She rais'd from death**, etc. Dorcas: see *Acts* ix. 36 ff.

l. 275. **That Theatirian.** Lydia: see *Acts* xvi. 14, 15.

l. 277. **That Lady call'd elect.** See 2 *John* 1.

l. 281. **Those guiltlesse babes.** "Herod . . . slew all the children that were in Bethlehem" (*St. Matthew* ii. 16).

l. 289. **There he whom Iacobs**, etc. Stephen; the references in this and the next stanza are to *Acts* vi., vii.

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P. 272, l. 305. **ten fierce stormes.** The Ten Persecutions: see note to l. 669, p. 163 above.

l. 329. **good Ignatius**, etc. He was the second bishop of Antioch. As a passage from Ignatius's Epistle to the Romans, "I am the bread-corn of Christ, and am being ground by the teeth of the beasts that I may be found pure bread," is cited by Irenaeus, *Adversus Haereses* (v. 28); as the remark of a Christian martyr, Eusebius (*Hist. Eccles.* iii. 36) concludes that Ignatius is the martyr spoken of.

l. 333. **one . . . Who had his name.** Ignatius Loyola.

l. 335. **Ignatians.** Jesuits. Alexander is permitting himself a pun on *ignis*.

P. 273, l. 337. **Smyrna's Angell.** Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna and a disciple of St. John. About A.D. 160 he came to Rome, and attempted to reach an understanding with Anicetus, representing the western church, as to the date at which Easter should be celebrated. The dispute turned on whether the festival was to be kept on the 14th or the 15th Nisan.

l. 337. **whom John did affect.** See Eusebius (*ed. cit.* p. 62) (marginal gloss to a citation on Polycarp from Irenaeus): "Polycarpus, the Disciple of S. Iohn being old was seen of Irenaeus being young." Foxe (*Acts and Monuments*, i. 135) says, "This Polycarp was the scholar and hearer of John the evangelist, and was placed by the said John in Smyrna."

l. 339. **Whom Easterne Churches did to Rome direct.** See Eusebius (*ibid.* p. 62): "Irenaeus reporteth, that while Anicetus was Bishop of Rome, Polycarpus as yet lived, and came to Rome, and questioned with Anicetus concerning the day of Easter."

l. 340. **Hesters.** We have not found elsewhere this spelling of Easter, though Ester is common.

l. 341. **His death fore-dream'd.** See Eusebius (*ibid.* p. 64): "Being in praier, three daies before he was taken, and now fallen asleep, he saw in a vision by night the pillow under his head set on fire and suddenly consumed to ashes: when he awaked, forthwith he interpreted this vision unto them that were then present, plainly prognosticating that it should come to passe, that his life should be ended, that his body should be burned for the testimony of Christ."

l. 342. **(Say'd) urged to leave**, etc. See Eusebius (*ibid.* p. 64): "When the Proconsull urged, and said, Swear, and I will let thee goe: Blaspheme and defie Christ, Polycarpus answered: Fourscore and six years have I served him, neither hath he ever offended me in any thing, and how can I revile my King which hath thus kept me? " Foxe has all the details in the story of Polycarp as Alexander gives it: but here and there the phrasing seems to suggest a reliance on the English version (Hanmer's) of Eusebius rather than on Foxe; *e.g.* in the trial-story, Foxe has "eighty and six," Hanmer, "fourscore and six," and Alexander, "foure score."

l. 353. **When Iustine sought**, etc. In this stanza Alexander has in mind a paragraph from Justin Martyr's *Apology*, ii. 12. 50 A: "When I was still attached to the doctrine of Plato, and used to hear the accusations which were hurled against Christians, and yet saw them perfectly fearless in the face of death, and of all that is terrible, I understood that it was impossible they should be living all this time a life of wickedness and lust." Alexander was probably recollecting Foxe, who on a page, along the margin of which is a gloss "Justin proveth all sorts of philosophy," writes "where he affirmeth of himself (as witnesseth Eusebius) [iv. 8], that when he did behold the Christians in their torments and sufferings to be so constant in their profession, he was therewith

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marvellously moved. After this manner reasoning with himself: that it was impossible for that kind of people to be subject to any vice or carnality, still less cannibalism, which vices, of their own nature, are not able to sustain any sharp adversity, much less the bitterness of death. The sight whereof helped him not a little (being of his own nature inclined to the searching of true knowledge and virtue) to begin to love and embrace the Christian religion" (*ed. cit.* i. 123).

l. 361. **And when baptiz'd, etc.** Eusebius (*Hist. Eccles.* iv. 16) tells how Justin was martyred through the treachery of Crescens, a cynic philosopher whom Justin had worsted in argument. Justin himself, in his *Second Apology*, says that he expects to be taken in plot, by some such as Crescens, but the *Acts of his Martyrdom* makes no mention of Crescens; it tells of his refusal to sacrifice to the gods, of the sentence to be whipped and decapitated. Eusebius devotes most of chap. xvi. to an extract from Justin's *Apol.*, in which Justin tells of his dispute with Crescens and of his premonition that "he would be knockt in the head with a club by Crescens" (*ed. cit.* p. 66). He concludes the chapter with a reference to the fulfilment of this premonition: "And that he was slain according to his own fore-telling through the practice of Crescens, Tatianus, a man instructed from his youth up in prophane literature, and praised very much for the profit he took therein, testifieth in his book against the Gentiles: writing thus, the famous Philosopher Justinus said very well, that the Philosophers then were to be likened to theeves. A little after he said: Crescens being newly come unto that great City, passed all men in that unnaturall and shamelesse sinne of Sodome . . . he taught, That death was not to be feared, yet was he so fearfull of it, that he procured Justinus death, as it were for a great evil, because that he, preaching the truth, reprehended the Philosophers as gluttonous and deceitfull persons" (*ibid.* p. 67). Foxe (*ed. cit.* i. 129 ff.) has the whole story, amplifying Eusebius from "Jerome, in his Ecclesiastical Catalogue," and on a previous page (126) he has a summary paragraph—"This Justin by the means and malice of Crescens the philosopher (as will be hereafter declared) suffered martyrdom under Marcus Antoninus Verus."

P. 274, l. 375. **Old Photinus.** St. Potinus, bishop of Lyons. See Eusebius (*ed. cit.* p. 77): "But the blessed Pothinus to whom the charge of the Bishops Sea of Lions was committed, being above four score and ten years old, weak of body, scarce able to draw breath, because of the imbecillity of nature, being strengthened with the cheerfulnesse of the spirit, for the conceived joy of martyrdome which he desired, was brought forth before the tribunal sent, faint in bodie, for that he was old and sicklie, his life being for this end reserved, that Christ by the means of it might triumph. . . . After this answer he was cruelly handled, and suffered many stripes: for such as were nearest unto him stroke at him both with hand and foot, reverencing his years not at all: and such as stood afarre off, took what each one had in his hand, that was thrown at his head." Foxe also has the story, but strangely calls Photinus "deacon to the Bishop of Lyons."

Simeon. Bishop of Jerusalem. Eusebius (*ed. cit.* p. 52) cites from Hegesippus a description of his martyrdom (A.D. 110): "the aforesaid Simeon the Lords cosin germane, the son of Cleophas, being ill intreated of Heretikes, accused under Atticus the Consul, and often scourged, tolerated such martyrdome that all wondered, and the Consul himself marvelled, how that he being an hundred and twenty years old, was able to endure that bitter torment. Foxe (i. 104) merely mentions the martyrdom of Simeon, without reference to particulars given in Alexander's version.

l. 377. **Irenæus** succeeded Potinus as bishop of Lyons in A.D. 177. When the Roman Bishop Victor cut off the churches of Asia Minor from communion because

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they refused to change the date of the Easter celebration to that upheld by Rome, Irenaeus addressed a remonstrance to Victor in the name of all the Gallican churches. See Foxe (*Acts and Monuments*, i. 158): "In the time of this Irenaeus the state of the church was much troubled, not only for the outward persecution of the foreign enemy, but also for divers sects and errors then stirring; against which he diligently laboured, and wrote much. . . . The nature of this man, well agreeing with his name, was such, that he loved peace, and sought to set agreement when any controversy rose in the Church. And therefore, when the question of keeping the Easter day was renewed in the church . . . Irenaeus, . . . sorry to see such a contention among brethren for such a trifle . . . etc."

l. 381. **Tertullian.** Alexander is unmoved by Tertullian's Montanist heresies. Tertullian was, of course, the Carthaginian Father (A.D. 160–240). Foxe (i. 158) describes Tertullian as "a man both in Greek and Latin well expert, having great gifts in disputing, and in writing eloquent . . . to whom Vincentius of Lerins giveth such praise that he calleth him "the flower of all Latin writers." And of the eloquence of his style he thus writeth, "what with the force of his reasons," he saith, "whom he could not persuade, them he compelled to consent unto him," etc.

l. 385. **By mothers care**, etc. The reference is to Origen (A.D. *c.* 182–254). Under the Emperor Severus, his father Leonidas was martyred, and the son Origen was only prevented from rushing to the same fate by a trick of his mother, who hid his clothes; Origen then wrote a letter to his father in prison urging him to be steadfast (See Eusebius, *Hist. Eccles.* vi. 2. 12-14). Foxe (*ed. cit.* i. 154 ff.) has the story from Eusebius: "With whom also Origen his son, being of the age then of seventeen years, would have suffered (such a fervent desire he had to be martyred for Christ), had not his mother privily, in the night season, conveyed away his clothes and his shirt. Whereupon more for shame to be seen, than for fear to die, he was constrained to remain at home; and when he could do nothing else, yet he writeth to his father a letter with these words, "Take heed to yourself, that you change not your thought and purpose for our sake . . . etc."

l. 387. **In Scriptures by long practise train'd.** Both Foxe (i. 155) and, at greater length, Eusebius mention Origen's youthful addiction to the study of the scriptures. "For he being of a childe trained up and exercised in holy Scriptures . . . His father furthered him not a little to the knowledge of them. . . . For first of all before the exercise of prophane literature, he instructed him in the holy Scripture, and demanded of him daily a certain task of that he learned and rehearsed" (Eusebius, *ed. cit.* p. 96).

l. 388. **One text for chastnesse**, etc. As Origen was accustomed to teach girls, to prevent scandal he had himself castrated, thus "interpreting ill" the text in *St. Matthew* xix. 12. Foxe does not record this incident. But Alexander found it in Eusebius: "At that time Origen executing the office of a Catechizer at Alexandria, practised a certain act, which expressed the shew of an unperfect sense and youthly hardinesse, but a notable example of faith and chastity. He understanding simply and childishly the saying of the Lord: "There be some which make themselves Eunuchs for the kingdom of heavens sake": and withall purposing to fullfill the words of our Saviour, for that he being young in years preached and made manifest, not only to men, but also to women, the mysteries of God, sought meanes to cut off all occasion of wantonnesse and the slander of the Infidels, practised upon himself to performe the words of our Saviour" (*ed. cit.* p. 100).

l. 391. **By offring incense**, etc. This—and the following stanza—refer to

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incidents not given in Eusebius, but they are recorded by Foxe (*ed. cit.* i. 137 ff.): "All this he suffered in the persecution of Decius, as Eusebius recordeth of him, and maketh no relation of any further matter. But Suidas and Nicephorus, following the same, say further concerning him, that the said Origen, after divers and sundry other torments which he manfully and constantly suffered for Christ, at length was brought to an altar where a foul filthy Ethiopian was appointed to be, and there this option or choice was offered unto him: whether he would sacrifice to the idols, or have his body polluted with that foul and ugly Ethiopian. Then Origen, saith he, who, with a philosophical mind, ever kept his chastity undefiled, much abhorring that filthy villany to be done to his body, condescended to their request. Whereupon the judge, putting incense in his hand, caused him to set it to the fire upon the altar; for the which impiety he afterward was excommunicated of the church. Epiphanius writeth that he, being urged to sacrifice to idols, and taking the boughs in his hand, wherewith the heathen were wont to honour their gods, called upon the Christians to carry them in the honour of Christ. The which fact the church of Alexandria misliking, removed him from their communion; whereupon Origen, driven away with shame and sorrow out of Alexandria, went into Jewry, where, being in Jerusalem among the congregation, and there requested of the priests and ministers (he being also a priest) to make some exhortation in the church, he refused a great while to do. At length, by importunate petition being constrained thereunto, he rose up, and turning the book, as though he would have expounded some place of the Scripture, he only read the verse of the fiftieth Psalm: "But to the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do, to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth?" which verse being read, he shut the book, and sat down weeping and wailing, the whole congregation also weeping and lamenting with him."

P. 275, l. 401. **There he**, etc. St. Augustine (354–430), bishop of Hippo, who exercised great authority on the Church of Africa (centred at Carthage). His youthful fondness for the secular arts is recorded in the fourth book of his *Confessions*.

l. 412. **Who did himselfe**, etc. St. Lawrence, martyred in A.D. 261. His sentence was to have his skin torn off with iron scourges, to be whipped with rods and lashes weighted with lead, to be set on a wooden horse and have his limbs dislocated, and finally to be slowly roasted on a grid-iron. Foxe (*ed. cit.* i. p. 208) describes how the order was given for the torture of Lawrence on the "grated bed of iron" (the fiery grid-iron, as the marginal summary has it): "This meek lamb was laid, I will not say on his fiery bed of iron, but on his soft bed of down. So mightily God wrought with his martyr Lawrence, so miraculously God tempered his element the fire; not a bed of consuming pain, but a pallet of nourishing rest was it unto Lawrence. Not Lawrence, but the emperor, might seem to be tormented; the one broiling in the flesh, the other burning in the heart. When this triumphant martyr had been pressed down with fire-picks for a great space, in the mighty Spirit of God he spake to the vanquished tyrant:

> "This side is now roasted enough: turn up, O tyrant great!
> Essay whether roasted or raw, thou thinkest the better meat."

l. 419. **Athanasius**, the Patriarch of Alexandria and the enemy of the Arians at the Council of Nice.

l. 421. **Paphnutius**, bishop of the Higher Thebais in the fourth century. In the persecution of Maximinus, he had his leg cut off and his right eye put out. Ruffinus says that the Emperor Constantine never found him in private, but he kissed those glorious scars he had on him. Perhaps Alexander had the story from Socrates Scholasticus (Hanmer's version, *ut supra*, p. 231): "This Paphnutius was bishop of a certain city in the upper Thebais, so vertuous and so holy a man, that strange miracles were wrought

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by him. He had one of his eyes pulled out in the time of the persecution. Wherefore the Emperour had him in great reverence, and sent for him at sundry times, to come unto his sumptuous palace. The empty place of the banished eye, he was wont to kisse."

P. 276, l. 434. **Two's fame of force**, etc. The reference in this and the following five stanzas is to the story of St. Theodora and Didymus. Theodora was brought before the magistrates in Alexandria, confessed her faith and was consigned to outrage. She was saved, however, by a fellow-Christian, Didymus, who, disguised as a soldier, secured admission to her apartment, changed clothes with her, and thus secured her flight. He was condemned and she returned to save him; both were martyred by beheading and burning.

P. 278, l. 525. **That gift which Constantine**, etc.: *i.e.* the Donation of Constantine. Alexander would know that Foxe (ii. 707) had emphatically denied the authenticity of this Donation, citing "Dante, an Italian writer, a Florentine; certain of his writings be extant abroad, particularly his *De Monarchia*, wherein he . . . confuteth the Donation of Constantine as a forged and a feigned thing."

l. 527. **A wooden chalice**, etc. This refers to a saying of St. Boniface given in *Corp. Jur. Canon., Decret.* pars 3, dist. 1, 44 (Ex Concilio Triburiensi, cap 18): "Vasa, in quibus sacrosancta conficiuntur Mysteria, calices sunt, et patenae: de quibus Bonifacius Martyr et Episcopus interrogatus, si liceret in vasculis ligneis sacramenta conficere, respondit: quondam Sacerdotes aurei ligneis calicibus utebantur; nunc e contrario lignei Sacerdotes aureis utuntur calicibus." Milton refers to the saying in "Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England," and Camden has it in his *Remaines* (ed. 1614, p. 250) on the authority of Beatus Rhenanus (*lib. 2 Rerum Germanicarum*).

P. 279, l. 532. **Till on an Emperour**, etc. The reference is to the submission of Barbarossa to Alexander III. at Venice in 1177. See Foxe (*ed. cit.* ii. p. 195): "So the emperor coming to Venice . . . was bid to kneel down at the pope's feet. The proud pope, setting his foot upon the emperor's neck, said the verse of the psalm, 'Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis, et conculcabis leonem et draconem': that is, 'Thou shalt walk upon the adder and on the basilisk, and shalt tread down the lion and the dragon.' To whom the emperor answering again, said, 'Non tibi sed Petro,' that is, 'Not to thee, but to Peter.' The pope again, 'Et mihi et Petro': 'Both to me and to Peter.'"

l. 534. **The scorned keyes**, etc. The reference is to a tale told of Julius II. Cf. *The Pageant of Popes . . .* written in Latin by Maister Bale and now Englished with sondrie additions by I. S. [*i.e.* John Studley] (1574): "This Pope Julius being a lustye warriour, and goinge forth on a time with his armye out of the Cittye, did hurle Peters keyes into Tiber with these words: Because that Peters keye is able to do no more, let the sworde of Paule help to do it. . . . Of this madde Prancke of *Iulie* hurling his keyes into Tiber divers men wrote verses, as Melanchthon, Brusichius and one Ducherius" (fol. 179). The incident is referred to by Foxe (iv. 16), who quotes two of the epigrams: "he [Julius II.] cast the keys of St. Peter into the river Tiber, saying, that forasmuch as the keys of Peter would not serve him to his purpose, he would take himself to the sword of Paul. Whereupon Philip Melanchthon, amongst many others, writing upon the same, maketh this epigram. . . ." After giving the epigram, Foxe adds a second by Gilbert Ducherius.

l. 545. **Mylans glory**, etc. St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan from A.D. 374 to 397. He was first of all a lawyer, and was made consular magistrate of Leguna and Aemilia. His appointment to a bishopric was the result of a chance suggestion eagerly taken up

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by the people, though Ambrose at the time was not even baptized. His notarius, Paulinus, in a life of him full of palpably fictitious stories, tells of the excuses offered by Ambrose (who in his own writings confirms some of the facts) for declining the office. He tried to evade popularity by imposing tortures on prisoners brought before him in his civil court; he had meretrices brought to his house to create a scandal against himself; he tried to flee, and finally, being given up by a friend in whose house he had taken refuge, he consented to become Bishop.

l. 551. **Who from his Church**, etc. The Emperor Theodosius, with whom Ambrose was a favourite, ordered the massacre of some seven thousand at Thessalonica as a retaliation for the brutal murder of some of his soldiers. Ambrose protested in a letter still extant (*Ep.* li.) and recommended penitence to the Emperor, saying that he would not administer the Eucharist to polluted hands. Some time after, the Emperor was entering the church at Milan, when Ambrose stopped him until he had made penance in public. The story was well known; it is mentioned in Augustine's *De Civitat. Dei*, v. 26; it is given in the life of Ambrose by Paulinus, and, with dubious detail, by Theodoret (v. 18). Gibbon (chap. xxvii.) has several characteristic remarks on it.

l. 553. **Bizantiums Bishop.** Gregory Nazianzen (A.D. 328–389). Even Gibbon (though with a limiting footnote) praises the "tenderness of his heart." He was a voluminous author and one of the founders of ecclesiastical eloquence. "I give up all besides: riches, nobility, glory, power, and all such earthly things. But I cling to eloquence alone; and I do not regret the labours by land and by sea which I have undertaken to acquire it" (*Orat.* iv. 100), he wrote. Amongst his earlier writings are two Invectives against Julian (κατὰ Ἰουλιανοῦ βασιλέως) the Apostate, and he has an Oration (*Orat.* xvii.) of which a large part deals with the duties of princes and magistrates.

P. 280, l. 561. **That painfull labourer.** St. Jerome (331–420). The Vulgate is Jerome's version. In 386 he established himself in a monastery at Bethlehem. The last lines of the stanza appear to refer to the circumstance mentioned above, p. 45, l. 125.

l. 569. **That mother.** Monica, the mother of St. Augustine. Alexander's memory has led him into an error. Ambrose was, of course, the friend and adviser of Monica: but Augustine does not name the bishop who uttered the remark about Monica's tears to which reference is here made. It was "a certain bishop" who, implored by Monica in tears to advise her son, "a little vexed at her importunity exclaimed, 'Go thy way, and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish'" (*Confessions*, iii. 12. 21).

l. 575. **His eare did move**, etc. The reference is to the famous "Tolle et lege" from the mysterious voice he heard in the garden, after which he quickly returned to the place where he had put down his volume of the Apostles; opening the volume he read the first passage on which his eye fell—*Epistle to the Romans* xiii. 13-14. "No, further would I read, nor did I need: for instantly as the sentence ended—by a light as it were, of security infused into my heart,—all the gloom of doubt vanished away" (*Confessions*, viii. chap. 12, § 30).

l. 582. **Whose learned workes**, etc. Augustine was particularly concerned to controvert the Manichaeans, the Donatists, and the Pelagians.

l. 583. **And yet of them**, *i.e.* of his own works. The first two works in the Benedictine edition are *Retractationum lib.* 2, and *Confessionum*, *lib.* 13.

l. 585. **When barbarous Vandals**, etc. Augustine was at Hippo when Genseric and his Vandals besieged it; he died in 430 when the siege had been in progress three months, some eleven months before the town fell.

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P. 281, l. 604. **In Affricke made**, etc. Genseric and his Vandals who, after the fall of Hippo and Carthage, overran North Africa, were Arians; and until the fall of the Vandal power in 530, there were extensive persecutions of all non-Arians, and large numbers of the orthodox were from time to time sent into exile. The most notorious of the persecutors was Hunneric, son of Genseric, who succeeded to the kingship in 477. He sent 4976 Catholics in a body into banishment amongst the Moors in the desert. The reference in the last two lines of the stanza is to a miracle at Typasa in Mauretania. An Arian had been appointed bishop, and those of the Catholic congregation who could not escape to Spain were constrained to change their faith: but, remaining constant, they met in assembly to worship. The bishop informed Hunneric, who at once sent soldiers to cut out the tongues and sever the right hands of the Catholics in the open forum. Yet when the deed was done, the victims continued to talk as plainly as before their tongues were removed. The miracle—as well as the whole story of the persecutions—is recorded in Victor Vitensis, *De Persecutione Vandalica*. Victor was a bishop whom Hunneric had exiled.

l. 609. **A generall meeting**. Hunneric summoned a Council in A.D. 484, ostensibly for the Catholic bishops to meet the Arian ones. Four hundred and sixty-six Catholic bishops, armed with Hunneric's safe-conduct, attended, to find that an Arian, the patriarch Cyril, was appointed to preside. There was uproar from the start, and soldiers were called in. In the end, Hunneric seized the opportunity to impose penalties on the Catholics. Victor is again the authority.

l. 621. **And dy'd by vermine**. Hunneric died in 485, eaten up with worms that came out of all parts of his body, says Victor.

P. 282, l. 644. **A syne in heaven**. Alexander has in mind Eusebius's version of the well-known story. Constantine, appealing for divine assistance before entering on his campaign against Maxentius, resolved to desert the pagan gods and to appeal to the God of his father (who was a Christian); so praying earnestly, there appeared to him the trophy of the cross over above the sun, with the letters *τούτῳ νίκα* attached to it. See Eusebius, *Life of Constantine*, I. xxii.

l. 645. **Thou quench'd in Tibers streames**. Constantine defeated Maxentius at the Battle of the Milvian Bridge in A.D. 312: "When the Tyrant by Gods assisting providence fled from Constantine and thought to have passed over the river on an artificiall bridge made of boats, and built to betray Constantine, God turned the plot by a sudden catastrophe, for constantly pursuing of Maxentius, as soon as he and his army had took the bridge (which was cunningly composed of boats linked and joined together) it presently fell asunder, and straightway the men and boats sunk down into the sea, he himself fell and all his chiefs afterward plunged like stones into the water" (Eusebius, *Life of Constantine*, I. xxxii. in Hanmer's translation, *ed. cit.*).

P. 283, l. 665. **His father**, etc. This reference to Constantius, Alexander found in Eusebius's *Life of Constantine*, i. 16. "*As heath'nish*" (l. 665), that is, "as if he were a pagan." Where Eusebius tells of the incident (in Hanmer's version, *ut supra*, it is chap. xi.), the translator heads the chapter "How Constantine, dissembling an affection to Idolatry, and thereby discovering those that intended to offer sacrifice, he dismist them, retaining the faithfull still in his Palace." The remark attributed to Constantius in ll. 671-672 is found in this chapter: "Whereupon this worthy Constantius discovering his own plot, he reproved those that were fearfull and desirous to save their lives [*i.e.* by following Constantius in his pretended reversion to idolatry], approving and commending others for their corageous constancy in Gods cause, rejecting

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the others as traytors to God, and not worthy of his service. For how (said he) can they be faithfull unto me their Emperour, who have revolted from God?"

l. 673. **A Lady crown'd with glory.** Helena, the mother of Constantine. She was an innkeeper's daughter of Drepanum in Cilicia: so the early authorities. In the later middle ages, she was said to be the daughter of a British prince; Geoffrey of Monmouth and William of Malmsbury naturally seized on this honour for Britain and gave it a long currency. See Gibbon, chap. xiv. The confusion in the first place may have arisen from Constantine's connexion with Britain, or from mistaking Helena for her namesake, the wife of Magnus Maximus. In the sixteenth century, the legend seems to have gone unquestioned in England. Foxe names Helena four times, and in every case names her as daughter of King Coel, though in one place (*ed. cit.* i. 293) he shows that he knows of the other view: "Constantine . . . born in Britain (as saith Eutropius), whose mother was named Helena, daughter indeed of King Coilus: although Ambrose in his funeral oration on the death of Theodosius saith, she was an inn-holder's daughter." Hanmer, translating the *Ecclesiastical Historie* of Socrates (*ed. cit.* p. 235), finding that his author says that Helena was a native of Drepanum, adds a marginal gloss, "Helena was the daughter of Coel, king of England."

l. 686. **That crosse she found.** Wace and Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Biography* gives very succinctly a conspectus of the growth of the legend that Helena discovered the cross on which Christ was crucified.

l. 688. **Here but of wood,** etc. The wood of the cross was eagerly sought after. Paulinus of Nola writing in 403 says that however much is taken from the cross, its original bulk remains the same. The "son's cross" is, of course, Constantine's—for which see note to l. 644 above.

P. 284, l. 689. **That Emp'rours sight.** Theodosius. See note to p. 279, l. 551 above.

l. 694. **his weake sonnes.** Theodosius divided the Empire into East and West, giving the west to Honorius, his younger son, and the east to Arcadius, his elder one.

l. 701. **he who did Alaricus o'rethrow.** Stilicho defeated Alaric at Pollentia in 403. The following lines appear to refer to the accusations brought against Stilicho. Though victor at Pollentia, and with ample opportunity to push his triumph home, he allowed Alaric to get away with a large part of his army, lest the Empire, having no enemy left, should no longer have need of Stilicho. But Alexander's form of expression is confusing.

l. 705. **Brave Ætius.** Aetius, Governor of Gallia Narbonensis under Valentinian the third; his greatest achievement was the defeat of Attila at Châlons in 451.

l. 707. **That great Commander,** etc. Belisarius, Justinian's great general, whose successes between 529 and 561 include victories in Persia, in Africa, in Assyria, and in Italy. He destroyed the Vandal power in Africa and delivered Italy from the Goths. He took Rome in 536; again in 547. In 561 he was accused of conspiracy against Justinian: was deprived of all his means and was blinded, so that he is said to have begged in the streets of Constantinople. But the details of this part of his life are dubiously authentic. According to some, he was restored to his place. Bury's notes to Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. xliii., give all the information, amplifying Gibbon's notes. Gibbon traced the story of his beggary to the *Chiliads* of Tzetzes (*Chiliads*, iii. 88, 339-348) in *Corp. Poet. Graec.* ii. p. 311); Bury finds it earlier in the πάτρια τῆς πόλεως of Codinus (time of Basil I.). The sixteenth century was aware of the doubtful warrant of the legend. Alciatus believed that Belisarius was in disfavour for a short time; but Crinitus held to the truth of the whole legend.

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l. 711. **That Eunuch (mock'd,)** etc. Narses; see Gibbon, chap. xlv. "A new exarch, Longinus, was appointed to supersede the conqueror of Italy [Narses], and the base motives of his recall were revealed in the insulting mandate of the Empress Sophia, that he should leave to *men* the exercise of arms, and return to his proper station amongst the maidens of the palace, where a distaff should be again placed in the hands of the eunuch. 'I will spin such a thread, as she shall not easily unravel' is said to have been the reply . . . of the hero.'" Alexander calls his spinning "a web which was never undone" because it was by the invitation of Narses that the Longobards invaded Italy. The story Alexander had in mind he probably read in Paulus Diaconus, *Historia Langobardorum*, ii. 5, who gives the reply of Narses: "talem se eidem telam orditurum, qualem ipsa, dum viveret, deponere non possit."

P. 285, l. 727. **Ambition here joyn'd two.** The reference is, of course, to the confederacy of Charlemagne and Pope Leo III., sealed by the coronation of Charlemagne in 800.

l. 729. **That dignity,** etc. This appears to allude to the title *imperator*, which in the time of Charlemagne survived only in Constantinople: in the days of its "virgin flower" it had been the title given to victorious generals by their soldiers.

l. 735. **his owne Tutor.** We cannot identify the relationship between Charlemagne and a pope here alluded to. Hadrian I. appears the most likely of the possible popes. 'Tutor' was used in Scots both in a general and in a narrowly legal sense for a 'guardian.' According to the point of view, any of the popes of Charlemagne's time may be regarded as his 'tutor.'

l. 737. **The next great Christian.** Godfrey of Bouillon.

l. 743. **crown'd with Thorne.** When Godfrey, after capturing Jerusalem in 1099, was elected King of Jerusalem, he demanded that his crown should be one of thorns.

l. 750. **Tassoes Muse.** Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* is, of course, the story of the first crusade.

P. 286, l. 762. **Croisadoes.** Crusaders. The *N.E.D.* cites three instances of "crusado" in this sense: they are all between 1575 and 1625. The word was more commonly used for the crusades themselves.

P. 287, l. 787. **Bernard.** St. Bernard is appropriately mentioned here as one who laboured to settle the differences of the princes participating in the crusade he had preached. St. Bernard was, of course, frequently quoted with approbation by the protestants, and particularly for the passage in his sermon on the Annunciation, to which Luther appealed in support of justification by faith: "but add thou that thou believest this, that by him thy sins are forgiven thee. This is the testimony that the Holy Ghost giveth in thy heart, saying, Thy sins are forgiven Thee. For this is the opinion of the apostle, that man is freely justified by faith" (Foxe, *ed. cit.* iv. 260).

l. 795. **Not mother (as one said),** etc. We are unable to identify the 'one' who described Florence in these terms.

l. 800. **Yet more then God,** etc. Alexander appears to refer to Purgatory, a "place," to his protestant mind, not made by God.

l. 801. **The next.** Petrarch, who was crowned as laureate poet in Rome in 1341 with great ceremony.

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l. 803. **never jealous but of Phœbus rayes.** In Sonnet 33, Petrarch plays with the tradition of the love of Phoebus for Laura [the laurel]:

> " Quando dal proprio sito si rimove
> L' arbor, ch' amò gia Phebo in corpo humano," etc.

l. 805. **When marking well,** etc. Alexander probably has in mind Petrarch's *Epistol. sine titulo*, amongst which several are so anti-Catholic that Fracassetti, finding the task " nec catholico nec cordato viro dignum," omits them from his edition. Foxe, of course, does not omit the anti-papal remarks of Petrarch: " Francis Petrarch, a writer of the same age, who in his works and his Italian metre, speaking of the court of Rome, calleth it Babylon, and the whore of Babylon sitting on the waters, the mother of idolatry and fornication, the spouse of error, the temple of heresy, the nest of treachery, growing rich and powerful by oppressing of others; and saith further, that she (meaning the pope's court) extolleth herself against her founders, that is, the emperors who first set her up, and did so enrich her; and seemeth plainly to have thought that the pope was Antichrist; and he often declared that no greater evil could happen to any man, than to be made pope " (*ed. cit.* ii. 707).

l. 809. **a Preacher.** Savonarola, burnt for heresy in 1498. His gift of prophecy was generally recognised in his own and immediately following times. Many of his own writings claim it: Commines, Nardi, Macchiavelli accept it, and one of the chapters in Pico's *Vita Savonarolae* is *de divinis citra velamen revelationibus, quarum particeps factus Hieronymus, futuras predixit clades.* His prophecy and exhortation to Charles VIII. is given in his *Compendium Revelationum*, pp. 237 ff. Probably Alexander had in mind Commines' narrative of the incident, and Foxe's excerpts from and comments on Commines' version. " We shall hear what is testified in the Commentaries of the said Philip de Commines [*footnote*—Ex Commentariis Phil. Cominaei, De Bello Neapolitano, lib. iii.] writing in this wise: There was in the city of Florence, the same time, a Dominic friar, named Hieronymus Savonarola, . . . a man of a right godly and approved life; who in the said city of Florence preached and prophesied long before, that the French king should come with an army into Italy, being stirred up of God to suppress the tyrants of Italy, and none should withstand him. . . . Many things also he prophesied of the Venetians, and of the French king, saying that the king with some danger and difficulty should pass that journey, yet notwithstanding should overcome it and escape, albeit his strength were never so slender; for God would safely conduct him in that journey, and safely bring him home again. But because he had not done his office, in amending the state of the church, and in defending his people from injury, and from devouring, therefore it should come to pass, saith he [Savonarola], and that shortly, that some incommodity or detriment should happen to the king; or if he should escape that danger of his sickness and recover health, then if he did resist, etc. etc." So much Foxe excerpts from Commines, and adds—" And this the said Hierome declared before to Philip de Comines, one of the king's counsellors, who was the writer of the story, and required him to signify the same unto the king; who so did, and he, moreover, himself coming to the presence of the king, declared no less. All which things as he had foretold, came directly to effect. For the king, being but easily accompanied, with a small power entered into Italy; where first he came to Asti, then to Genoa, and to Pisa, from thence proceeded to Florence, which also he obtained, displacing there Peter de Medici the duke. . . . From thence he removed toward Rome, where a great part of the city wall, at the coming of the French king, fell down. Afterward when the king was entered into the city, and the pope (who then took part with Alphonsus, king of Naples, against the French king) had immured

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himself within the Mount of Adrian, the wall of the castle fell down of itself; whereby when the king was both occasioned, and exhorted also by his captains, to invade the pope, and to depose him, and to reform the church of Rome (which he might then easily have done, as it had pleased him); yet all these occasions, offered so opportunely of God, moved not the king to do his duty, and to help the poor church of Christ: wherefore, shortly after, returning home into France from Naples, either the same year or the next year following, he was stricken with a sudden illness at Amboise, as he was looking on them that played at tennis, and that in the stinkingest place in all the castle, where he fell down and died within twelve hours, according to the forewarning of Hierome, who wrote unto him a little before, both of his son's death, and of his own, which was about A.D. 1498" (Foxe, *ed. cit.* iv. 130). This not very striking example of prognostication and fulfilment appears to have greatly impressed the protestants. It is set out again, with documented testimony to the prophetic powers of Savonarola, in *Admirable and Notable Prophesies uttered in former times by 24 famous Romain-Catholickes . . .* written first in Latine and now published in the English tongue, both by James Maxwell, a Researcher of Antiquities, London, Ed. Allde for Clement Knight. 1615.

P. 288, l. 843. **Waldenses**: the Bohemian sect of reformers visited by Wicliffe shortly before his death.

Albigois: the Albigensian sect, whose beliefs resembled those of the Waldenses and whose persecution began with Innocent III.

P. 289, l. 855. **Who clear'd the way**, etc. John Wicliffe, whose bones were dug up forty-one years after his death, and burned in accordance with a decree of the Council of Constance. The incident was well known from the narrative and the woodcut in Foxe's *Actes and Monuments*.

l. 859. **learned Hierome**: Jerome of Prague, the disciple of Wicliffe and Hus burnt in 1416.

holy Hus, burnt for his Wicliffite and Waldensian opinions in 1415.

l. 860. **A second Stephen**. The First Martyr; see *Acts* vi., vii.

l. 864. **Though call'd a Goose**, etc. This refers to an apocryphal incident told of Hus's courage when the flames were consuming him. He played on the meaning of his own name (goose), crying "that they did put a Goose to death; but that 100 years after, a swan would rise again out of his ashes, who would maintain the Truth which he had 'defended.'" This was taken as a prophecy fulfilled by the coming of Luther (whose name is said to mean 'swan'). Hus's followers struck medals, bearing images of a goose and a swan, with this motto: "Centum revolutis annis Deo respondebitis et mihi." The incident to which Alexander alludes is dismissed in a footnote (p. 286) of Count Lützow's *Life and Times of Master John Huss* (1909): "The tale that Hus had said that they would indeed burn the goose (Hus signifies *goose* in Bohemian) but that afterwards a swan would come whom they would not burn, is founded on the totally erroneous supposition that Luther signifies *swan* in Bohemian." See also D'Aubigné, i. vi.

l. 872. **suffring is their badge**. Unless both texts are an echo of a third, this seems to echo Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii. 111.

P. 290, l. 894. **Iames (like Iosias)**, etc. King James is compared to King Josiah, because as the latter had restored the Jewish law (see 2 *Kings* xxii., xxiii.), so James had sponsored the authorised version of the Bible in 1611.

l. 902. **engines**, 'minds,' 'spirits': see note in Vol. I. p. 450, note 3.

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P. 291, l. 919. **That fatall Serjeant, death.** This sounds like an echo of *Hamlet*, V. ii. 550.

P. 294, l. 55. **darnell**, a grass, *Lolium temulentum*, a weed injurious to growing corn; cf. Shakespeare, *King Lear*, IV. iv. 5:

> " Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
> In our sustaining corn."

Wicliffe used the word, to translate the Vulgate " lolium " in *Matthew* xiii. 25, where the Genevan and A.V. have " tares."

P. 295, l. 107. **driry.** See note to p. 139, l. 886 above.

P. 296, l. 141. **naughty.** The playful sense of this adjective is not found until the late seventeenth century, and comes from a gradual limitation of the word as a reproof to children.

P. 297, l. 160. **upbrayding.** See note to p. 56, l. 412.

P. 300, l. 248. **wretch**, ' miser.' See note to p. 216, l. 481 above.

P. 303, l. 353. **that roaring Tyrant**, etc. For Satan's temptation of Christ, see *Luke* iv.

l. 365. **made proud Achabs Prophets lye**, etc. See 1 *Kings* xxii. 6 ff.

P. 304, l. 380. **Of Iudas Tribe doth then the Lyon prove.** See *Revelation* v. 5, " the Lion of the tribe of Juda."

P. 305, l. 413. **obdur'd**, ' physically hardened.' This obsolete sense of a rare word seems here to be a technical term in medicine, but what operation it describes is not quite clear, nor is the purpose of the operation evident. See note to p. 71, l. 837.

l. 425. **every Monster**, etc. Virgil (*Aeneid*, vi. 285 ff.) has a similar list of monsters which became a model for the poets. Vida, *Christiados*, lib. i. (*Opera*, ed. 1558, p. 222) has:

> " Gorgonas hi Sphyngasque obscaeno corpore reddunt,
> Centaurosque Hydrasque illi, ignivomasque chimaeras,
> Centum alii Scyllas, ac foedificas Harpias,
> Et quae multa homines simulacra horrentia fingunt."

Tasso (*Gerus. lib.* iv. st. 5) has

> " Qui mille immonde Arpie vedresti, e mille
> Centauri, e Sfingi, e pallide Gorgoni,
> Molte e molte latrar voraci Scille,
> E fischiar Idre, e sibilar Pitoni,
> E vomitar Chimere atre faville,
> E Polifemi orrendi, e Gerioni,
> E in nuovi mostri, e non più intesi o visti,
> Diversi aspetti in un confusi, e misti ":

which Fairfax freely renders:

> " There were Sileno's foul and loathsome rout,
> There Sphinxes, Centaurs, there were Gorgons fell,
> There howling Scyllas, yawling round about,
> There Serpents hiss, there seven-mouthed Hydras yell,

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Chimera there spews fire and brimstone out,
And Polyphemus blind supporteth hell;
Besides ten thousand monsters therein dwells,
Mis'shap'd, unlike themselves, and like nought else."

Milton (*P.L.* ii. 628) also has

"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimaeras dire."

Whence it would appear from the carrying over of common elements and the series of additions, that the traditional list grew in the direct order Virgil, Vida, Tasso, Alexander, Milton. It will be seen that after Vida added Sphinx to Virgil's list, his successor Tasso took it over with the rest. Alexander has no Sphinx, though he clearly has Tasso in mind; and he has a strangely inappropriate *Lynx* (italicised like his other proper names, and unlike the common name 'snakes'). *Lynx* must be a misprint for Sphinx.

P. 306, l. 453. **driry.** See note to p. 139, l. 886 above.

l. 460. **influence,** in the regular early sense, power emanating from the stars, supposed to act on the character of men. Cf. The Genevan Bible (*Job* xxxviii. 31, "Canst thou restraine the sweete influences of the Pleiades?" and see note to p. 8, l. 68 above.

l. 463. **square,** 'rule,' 'guiding principle': cf. T. Wright, *Passions*, I. iii. 13 (1604), "To governe the body . . . by the square of prudence, and the rule of reason." See p. 11, l. 160.

P. 310, l. 590. **assisters** (accented *assisters*): 'helpers.' The *N.E.D.* has one example from the sixteenth, and one from the early seventeenth century, of this form and sense.

P. 312, l. 652. **Like toying Apes,** etc. See also *Aurora*, Sonnet 75, ll. 10 ff. (p. 499 *infra*). Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* viii. 54 (80) has (Holland's translation, p. 231): "The shee Apes of all sorts are wondrous fond of their little ones: and such as are made tame within house, will carrie them in their armes all about so soone as they have brought them into the world, keepe a shewing of them to every bodie, and they take pleasure to have them dandled by others, as if thereby they tooke knowledge that folke joyed for their safe deliverance: but such a culling and hugging of them they keepe, that in the end with very clasping and clipping they kill them many times."

P. 315, l. 748. **flourish'd,** adorned with the flowers of rhetoric; cf. Wicliffe, *Works* (ed. 1880), 445, "They [false freris] deprauen hem to ther parischens by florizshid wordis that they bringen yn."

P. 316, l. 761. **Such (following Cains),** etc. Cf. *Jude* 11: "Woe unto them! For they have gone in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gainsaying of Core."

l. 763. **Seas raging waves,** etc. See *Jude* 13: "Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame."

l. 764. **Clouds void of water,** etc. See *Jude* 12: "Clouds they are without water, carried about of winds."

l. 765. **Trees without fruit.** See *Jude* 12: "Trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots."

spots which the faith defame. See *Jude* 12: "These are spots in your feasts of charity."

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l. 766. **As wandring starres**, etc. See *Jude* 13: "Wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

l. 767. **Of such did Enoch prophesy**, etc. See *Jude* 14-15: "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, To execute judgment upon all."

P. 318, l. 838. **quite**, 'renounce,' 'let go': a not uncommon sense in the sixteenth century.

P. 322, l. 17. **quite**, 'redeem,' 'deliver.'

P. 323, l. 77. **Lord of the ayre.** Milton also calls Satan "prince of (the) air" (*P.L.* x. 185, and xii. 454); it is a recollection of *Epistle to the Ephesians*, ii. 2, "According to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." The belief that the air was the appointed home of demons was widespread. St. Augustine (*De Civit. Dei*, viii. chap. xiv.) has a chapter "Of the opinion of those who have said that rational souls are of three kinds, to wit those of the celestial gods, those of the aerial demons, and those of terrestrial men." In the chapter he writes: "There is, say they, a threefold division of all animals endowed with a rational soul, namely, into gods, men, and demons. The gods occupy the loftiest region, men the lowest, the demons the middle region. For the abode of the gods is heaven, that of men the earth, that of the demons the air." In a later chapter (xv.) he goes on to controvert the pagan belief that because the air, the dwelling-place of demons, is above the earth, therefore the demons are better than men.

l. 79. **And though suppos'd a Parable**, etc. The parable is that of Dives and Lazarus (*Luke* xvi. 19 ff.), Dives, the rich man, who "fared sumptuously every day" being the Glutton. Line 80 provides another illustration of Alexander's awkward inversions, Glutton being subject and Abraham object. The meaning of the two lines is "Though the story of Dives and Lazarus, being a parable, need not be literally true in its details, yet there is no reason why Dives should not see Abraham in heaven, if he (Dives) inhabits a hell which is in the air."

P. 324, l. 108. **weet.** The *N.E.D.* marks this as a merely Scots form of 'wet.'

P. 325, l. 115. **Tartarian Throne.** The verbal form ταρταρώσας from τάρταρος is rendered "cast down to hell" in 2 *Peter* ii. 4. Tartarus was, of course, classically the region of hell in which the most impious were punished.

l. 135. **That dainty Vale**, etc.: "then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan" (*Genesis* xiii. 11).

P. 326, l. 149. **But them she swallow'd**, etc. See *Numbers* xvi. 32, 33.

P. 330, l. 283. **when the aire a grosse corruption staines.** Sweet herbs for smelling were the commonest antidotes in general use against the frequent epidemics of plague. See Dekker's *Wonderfull yeare* (ed. Wilson, p. 34): "the price of flowers, hearbes and garlands, rose wonderfully, in so much that Rosemary, which had wont to be solde for 12. pence an armefull, went now for sixe shillings a handfull."

l. 288. **sweet incense.** For the use of this in sacrifices according to Mosaic law, see *Exodus* xxv. 6; xxxv. 8, 28; xxxi. 11; *Levit.* xvi. 12.

P. 331, l. 320. **The like entreaty one**, etc. The 'rich man' of the Dives and Lazarus parable; see *Luke* xvi. 24.

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P. 333, l. 374. **remembring**, in the obsolete sense, 'reminding.' The *N.E.D.* has many illustrations, the most apposite to the present text being Palsgrave, 685/1 (1530), "I shal remembre him of it whan he gothe to bedde."

l. 390. **wretch.** See note, p. 216, l. 481 above.

P. 334, l. 409. **that one continually**, etc. Not Prometheus but Tityus is here referred to, since in these recollections, Sisyphus (l. 411), Tantalus (l. 412), Ixion (l. 413), and the Danaides (l. 415), Alexander has in mind Ovid, *Metamorph.* iv. 457 ff.

> "Viscera praebebat Tityos lanianda, novemque
> Iugeribus distentus erat. Tibi, Tantale, nullae
> Deprenduntur aquae: quaeque imminet, effugit arbos.
> Aut petis aut urges ruiturum, Sisyphe, saxum.
> Volvitur Ixion et se sequiturque fugitque.
> Molirique suis letum patruelibus ausae,
> Assiduae repetunt, quas perdant, Belides undas."

(Ovid calls the Danaides Belides, since they were the grandchildren of Belus.) Tantalus, Ixion, Sisyphus, and the Danaides are referred to again for a similar purpose in *Aurora*, Elegie i. ll. 15-21 (p. 450 of this edition).

l. 425. **dilate**, 'relate,' 'describe': although this transitive sense is obsolete (the last illustration in the *N.E.D.* is 1801), the intransitive sense, 'to discourse,' survives.

P. 336, l. 471. **The devill was bound**, etc. See *Revelation* xx. 2. There is no mention of "chains" (l. 472) in that place; but the chains with which the devils were bound occur in *Jude* 6, and 2 *Peter* ii. 4. Rabelais makes a characteristic use of the belief. Pantagruel as a baby was tied into his cradle by four great chains, the later history of which is preserved: "Of those chains, you have one at Rochel, which they draw up at night betwixt the two great towers of the haven; another is at Lyons; a third at Angiers; and the fourth was carried away by the devils, to bind Lucifer, who broke his chains at that time by reason of a cholic that did extraordinarily torment him, taken with eating a serjeant's soul fricasseed for his breakfast" (ii. chap. 4).

P. 339, l. 572. **extasie**, a state of madness or bewilderment. This is the common sense and spelling in the sixteenth century.

P. 342, l. 667. **The bed that rack'd**, etc. The bed of Procrustes: "[Theseus] slew Damastes, otherwise surnamed Procrustes, in the city of Hermionia: and that by stretching of him out, to make him even with the length and measure of his beds, as he was wont to do unto strangers that passed by" (Plutarch, *Theseus*, ii.).

l. 668. **The stalles**, etc. Diomedes, king of the Bistones in Thrace, fed his horses with human flesh. Heracles, as one of his labours, fetched the horses to Mycenae: having killed Diomedes, he threw his flesh to the horses, which became tame by eating their master.

l. 669. **The Bull.** For the bull of Phalaris, see note to p. 478, l. 5.

P. 345, l. 762. **for heis paines a period**, etc. The doctrine alluded to might be either that of conditional immortality as taught by Arnobius; or much more likely, that of Universalism, the final salvation of all, of which the outstanding advocate was Origen.

l. 764. **Goe, get you gone**, etc. See *Matthew* xxv. 41.

l. 765. **their worme doth never dye**, etc. See *Mark* ix. 44, 46, 48, which echoes *Isaiah* lxvi. 24.

l. 783. **Dracons lawes.** "[Solon] first took away all Draco's bloody laws, saving

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for murther, and manslaughter, which were too severe and cruel. For almost he did ordain but one kind of punishment, for all kinds of faults and offences, which was death. . . . Demades therefore encountred it pleasantly, when he said: that Draco's laws were not written with ink, but with blood. And Draco himself, being asked one day, why his punishments were so unequal, as death for all kinds of faults, he answered: Because he thought the least offence worthy so much punishment, and for the greatest, he found none more grievous" (Plutarch, *Life of Solon*).

P. 346, l. 790. **conforme**, 'according' (to). This adverbial use is a Scotticism, examples of which the *N.E.D.* quotes from 1535 to 1738.

l. 797. **grudge**, 'grumble,' 'murmur'; the earliest sense, now obsolete.

P. 351, l. 9. **Th' eares have not heard**, etc. See 1 *Corinthians* ii. 9; and *Isaiah* lxiv. 4.

l. 12. **To touch my lippes**, etc. See *Isaiah* vi. 5-7.

P. 353, l. 51. **blansh'd**, 'whitened,' 'deprived of colour.' The sense is sufficiently authenticated, but the *N.E.D.* does not cite the spelling with *s*, all the forms quoted having *c*.

l. 55. **knots**, flower-beds laid out in intricate design; a common Elizabethan word for a fashionable feature of Elizabethan gardens.

l. 71. **mosaically**. The adverbial form is cited in this passage by the *N.E.D.*, which has no earlier illustration, and its next is from Poe (1849). Alexander may have had Sidney's description in mind (*Arcadia*, i. (1622) 7): "New beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a Pavillion, and they to the trees a Mosaicall floore."

P. 354, l. 87. **Orangers**. The *N.E.D.* has no example of the termination in *r* for the fruit or for the word for the fruit-tree. But Alexander seems to have taken it straight over from the French.

l. 88. **flourish**, 'blossom,' a Scotticism. See Drummond, *Works* (ed. Kastner), i. pp. 171 and 217.

P. 356, l. 146. **There needs no sea**. See *Revelation* xxi. 1.

l. 173. **owe**, 'own,' the common Elizabethan meaning.

P. 357, l. 184. **The forme**, etc. Ovid (*Metamorph.* ii. 5) ends his description of the Palace of the Sun "materiam superabat opus."

l. 199. **one (stealing fire)**. Prometheus.

P. 358, l. 230. **doth descend**. See *Revelation* xxi. 2 and 10, "that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God."

l. 232. **This is God's Tent**, etc. See *Revelation* xxi. 3.

l. 233. **garnish'd like a bride**. See *Revelation* xxi. 2, "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

l. 235. **With walles of jasper**, etc. See *Revelation* xxi. 18.

l. 237. **Twelve pretious stones**, etc. Alexander adapts these for a different use from that of the text (*Revelation* xxi. 19).

l. 239. **Of happie twelve**, etc. See *Revelation* xxi. 14.

P. 359, l. 241. **Lifes water**, etc. See *Revelation* xxii. 1 ff.

l. 245. **the Sacramentall bow**. The rainbow. 'Sacrament' from early times was used in widened applications of its strict ecclesiastical sense: it was applied to things

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likened to the recognised sacraments, pledges of a covenant between God and man. As the rainbow (see *Genesis* ix. 12-17) was "set . . . for a token of a covenant," it is here called 'sacramentall.' In the same year as Alexander so described it, Purchas in his *Pilgrimage*, 42, wrote: "Hereunto the Lord addeth the Rainbow, a new Sacrament, to seale his mercifull Covenant with the earth," etc.

l. 266. **grudge.** See note to p. 346, l. 797.

P. 360, l. 281. **Heavens store of roomes.** In *John* xiv. 2, where the A.V. has "mansions," the Genevan version has "dwelling places."

P. 362, l. 338. **Informers,** *i.e.* from anyone from whom he could have acquired information. But is this also meant equivocally, Alexander's solitary attempt at a jest?

P. 364, l. 408. **Simeon.** See *Luke* ii. 25 ff.

l. 418. **Milde Moses.** See note to p. 244, l. 424 above.

P. 366, l. 467. **dilate.** See note to p. 334, l. 425 above.

P. 367, l. 524. **By Vrim, Thummim,** etc. On these media by which God was consulted by the Hebrews, see Hastings, *Dict. of the Bible, sub nom.*

P. 368, l. 532. **along'st.** 'Alongst' is fairly common in the sixteenth century for 'along.' The form was originally 'alonges,' the *es* being the adverbial genitive suffix tacked on to 'along'; this was quickly corrupted to 'alongest,' 'alongst,' as if it were a superlative form.

l. 537. **Who try'd,** etc. The reference in this stanza is to Job.

P. 369, l. 568. **fear'd for wrath,** 'afraid of wrath.' See vol. i. p. 452, ll. 87-88.

P. 370, l. 595. **From all deformities,** etc. See *Leviticus* xxi. 16-23.

l. 611. **bright.** The colon obscures the sense, which runs straight on to the next line, at the beginning of which *nor* is the comparative conjunction. See p. 143, l. 19 above.

P. 371, l. 636. **lifes three kinds.** Probably the three heads or divisions of animal, as distinguished by Aristotle (*De Anima*, II. ii. 13) from vegetable life. They are intellect (νοῦς), sense perception (αἴσθησις), and power of local motion and resting (κίνησις καὶ στάσις).

l. 653. **Berinthia's haires above.** Clearly a mistake for 'Berenice's.' Berenice, wife of Ptolemy Euergetes, dedicated her hair in the temple of Arsinoe at Zephyrium for her husband's safe return from his Syrian expedition. It was said the hair became a constellation. Callimachus celebrated the event in a poem which exists in a few fragments only: but Catullus (lxvi.), *De coma Berenices*, translated it. For another reference to Berenice's hair see Sonnet xlviii. of Drummond (*Works*, ed. Kastner, i. 203).

P. 374, l. 744. **Minions.** See note to p. 241, l. 320 above.

P. 375, l. 784. **fear'd for,** 'afraid of.' See note to p. 369, l. 568 above.

P. 376, l. 807. **By Iohns example.** See *John* xiii. 23.

P. 377, l. 819. **wretches,** 'misers.' See note to p. 216, l. 481 above.

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A PARÆNESIS TO PRINCE HENRY.

P. 384, l. 78. **the square of reason.** See note to p. 306, l. 463 and illustrative quotation.

l. 79 C. **vndanger'd.** The word originally standing in the C version is given in the *N.E.D.*, but only two illustrations are cited—one *c.* 1400 and the other 1816.

l. 81. **wander,** clearly for 'wonder.'

l. 85. **So Scipio, Cyrus, Caesar, Alexander,** etc. The construction is: "So Scipio chose Cyrus, Caesar chose Alexander, and that great prince (Alexander) chose him whom Homer praised." For Scipio's choice of Cyrus as his pattern, see Cicero, *Epist. Ad Quintum fratrem*, I. i. 8. 23, where he relates that Scipio Africanus the younger always carried about with him a copy of Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*. That Caesar similarly chose Alexander as a pattern is mentioned in one way or another by Plutarch (*Life of Caesar*, ii.), Suetonius (*Life*, vii.), and Dion Cassius (xxxvii. 52, 2). What is common to all the accounts is the telling of Caesar's remorse that he had not achieved as much as did Alexander. For Alexander's own choice of Achilles as a pattern, see Plutarch (*Life of Alexander*, xv.), where he tells of the tributes Alexander paid at the tomb of Achilles.

l. 99. **to resemble Hercules,** etc. Plutarch (*Life of Antony*) gives the account, but does not mention the lion's skin. "Now it had been a speech of old time, that the family of the Antonii were descended from one Anton, the son of Hercules, whereof the family took name. This opinion did Antonius seek to confirm in all his doings, not only resembling him in the likeness of his body, as we have said before, but also in the wearing of his garments. For when he would openly show himself abroad before many people, he would always wear his cassock girt down low upon his hips, with a great sword hanging by his side, and upon that, some ill-favoured cloak." It would seem from the "lion's skin" that Alexander is confusing a tale told of the emperor Commodus: "In lieu of Commodus Antoninus sonne of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, he commaunded himselfe to bee called Hercules the sonne of Jupiter; and cladding himselfe over other rich attire in most ridiculous manner with the skin of a Lion, and with a clubbe or mace in his hand, as Hercules with his clubbe, and he so used to goe abroade" (Mexia's *Historie of all the Romane Emperors, ed. cit.* p. 178).

l. 101. **A brave Athenians sonne.** Plutarch (*Life of Alcibiades*, i.) tells the story of the son of Alcibiades: "And Archippus another poet also, mocking the son of Alcibiades, saith thus:

> 'Because he would be like his father every way,
> In his long trailing gown he would go jetting day by day.
> And counterfait his speech, his countenance and face:
> As though Dame Nature had him given therein a perfect grace.
> To lisp and look aside, and hold his head awry,
> Even as his father lookt and lispt, so would he prate and pry.'"

P. 387, l. 165. **Nor as the Persian Kings,** etc. Justinus (I. ix. 11) has, as an explanation of the relative ease with which a Persian king could be secretly killed, "quae res eo occultior fuit, quod apud Persas persona regis sub specie maiestatis occulitur." He had been recording how, after the death of Cambyses, his son Smerdis was murdered, and conspirators passed off Oropastes as Smerdis. Herodotus (iii. 61 ff.) also tells of the trick and of its discovery.

l. 176. **Iustinians toyls,** *i.e.* the *Corpus Iuris Civilis.*

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P. 388, l. 193. **Thunder-bolt of warre.** Lucretius calls Scipio (probably Africanus the elder) " belli fulmen, Carthaginis horror " (iii. 1034). Virgil (*Aen.* vi. 842) calls the two Scipios " duo fulmina belli," and Cicero (*Pro Balbo*, 15) refers to Gnaeus and Publius Scipio, who fell in the second Punic war, as *duo fulmina nostri imperii.*

l. 211. **even as he.** Alexander the Great; hence the reference to his tutor Aristotle in l. 215.

P. 392, l. 314. **Tarquin.** See Livy, i. chaps. 46-50 and 57.

l. 317. **he whose Father,** etc. Dionysius the younger, tyrant of Syracuse. His father had become king though humbly born, but the son was put down by Timoleon and exiled. See Plutarch, *Life of Timoleon.*

P. 393, l. 341. **brave Charles the last Burgundian Duke.** Charles the Bold enlarged the power of Burgundy by diplomatic leagues and martial victories; but was finally defeated by the Swiss at Granson and at Morat, and the next year (1477) he was killed in a fight with René II. of Lorraine, whom he had previously deprived of his duchy. Commines (bk. v. chap. viii.) heads the chapter describing the defeat and death of Charles—" How the Duke of Burgundy refusing the good counsell of divers of his men, was discomfited and slaine in the battell fought between him and the Duke of Lorraine neere to Nancy " (Danett's translation, ed. 1614, p. 155). In the following chapter he writes: " In mine opinion the greatest cause of Gods indignation against him, was, for that he attributed al his good successe, and al the great victoryes he obtained in this world to his own wisdome and vertue, and not to God."

l. 356. **Aristides.** The first sections of Plutarch's *Life of Aristides* deal with his disinterestedness and integrity in public affairs. " He was so stout and resolute, not only to resist favour and friendship, but to reject hate and anger also. For in case of justice, neither could friendship make him go away for his friends sake; nor envy could move him to do injustice, to his very enemy. . . . Another time, he being judge between two private men that pleaded before him, one of them said unto him: Aristides, this fellow, mine adversary here, hath done you great injury. My friend (quoth Aristides again) I pray thee tell me only the injury he hath done thee, for I am judge here to do thee right, and not myself."

P. 394, l. 360. **The partiall Pensioners of forreine States.** Alexander would certainly have heard of the wholesale bribery practised by the Spanish Ambassador at the court of King James shortly after his accession to the English throne. Gardiner (*Hist. of England*, i. chap. 5) gives many details.

l. 362 C. **glaunc'd.** The C version *glaunc'd*, 'shone,' is marked as a Scotticism by the *N.E.D.*

l. 376 C. **maniest.** This form of the superlative is a Scotticism.

P. 395, l. 401. **Great Empresse,** *i.e.* Justice.

l. 404. **with red array'd.** Probably Alexander is thinking of the justices' red robes.

l. 410. **meeting of Amphictyons.** Amphictionic meetings were congresses of confederates, institutions of prehistoric origin in the religious and political life of the Greeks.

P. 396, l. 414. **Solon or Lycurgus.** These, the law-givers of Athens and Sparta, are taken to stand for legislators in general.

l. 416. **And not the weake,** etc. Probably refers to the proverbial saying that

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laws are like spiders' webs: the strong break through them, but the weak are caught. It is a saying attributed by Plutarch (*Life of Solon*) to Anacharsis, as also by Valerius Maximus (vii. 2, Ext. 14). Diogenes Laertius (i. 2. 10. 58) attributes it to Solon.

l. 417. **Or not without great cause**, etc. Plutarch, *De Iside et Osiride* (355 A) says that at Egyptian Thebes there were images of judges without hands, and the image of the chief judge had its eyes closed to show that justice was impervious to bribery. Erasmus, *Adagia*, *sub* "Scarabaeus aquilam quaerit," repeats Plutarch's account, and adds that one of the images, that of the president of the court, had no eyes at all. For a similar notion in a witticism quoted by Johnson, see Boswell's *Life*, May 26, 1783.

l. 427. **The famous Syre**, etc. The reference is to a story of Philip of Macedon told by Plutarch in his *Regum et Imperatorum Apophthegmata* (sect. 24, 178 F). Philip was hearing the case of a certain Machaetas, and being half asleep, paid little attention to the justice of the plea, but gave the decision against him. The pleader cried out at once that he appealed against the verdict. Philip angrily said "To whom?" Machaetas replied, "To yourself, King, if you listen to my case wide awake." Later Philip realised that his decision had been wrong, but instead of annulling it, he himself paid the money to which he had rendered the pleader liable.

l. 430. **And whom a widow**, etc. This second story is also from Plutarch (*ibid.* sect. 31 (179 C)). A poor old woman begged to have her case heard before Philip and frequently importuned him. He told her he was not at leisure. She replied, "Then do not be King, either."

discharge, 'forbid'; see note to p. 23, l. 478.

l. 432. **Did lose his life**, etc. Philip was assassinated by Pausanias, who, having suffered outrage from Attalus, uncle to Philip's new wife Cleopatra, could obtain no redress from Philip. See Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*, chap. x. and Justinus, ix. 6.

l. 440 C. **suggested**, 'tempted.' It looks as if Alexander thought that this common Elizabethan sense was already becoming archaic.

P. 397, l. 447. **Once Socrates**, etc. The story is told by Seneca, *De ira*, I. xv. 3: "Nil minus quam irasci punientem decet, cum eo magis ad emendationem poena proficiat, si iudicio lata est. Inde est, quod Socrates servo ait: 'caederem te, nisi irascerer.' Admonitionem servi in tempus sanius distulit, illo tempore se admonuit." Variations of the story, attributing the remark to Plato, or to Archytas, occur in Diogenes Laertius, iii. 26, 39; Valerius Maximus, IV. i. 1, and Lactantius, *De ira Dei*, xviii., the last affording a curious commentary on Christian ethics.

l. 451. **Fierce Valentinian.** Valentinian I. died in A.D. 375. Gibbon, chap. xxv. gives an account of his death and cites the authorities. Alexander's source of information was probably Socrates, *Historia Ecclesiastica*, iv. 31, or Sozomenus, *Historia Ecclesiastica*, vi. 36, since in their accounts, but not in the others, the bursting of a vein is named. He could have read these in the Latin translation of Eusebius, Ruffinus, etc., published at Basel in 1611. He could have found the account by Socrates in Hanmer's translation of *The Ancient Ecclesiasticall Histories* frequently cited in these notes: "Valentinian was wonderfully incensed against them and brake out into vehement language. . . . He strained himself so much in exclaiming against them, that he opened every vein in his body, and brake arteries asunder. Whereof there gushed out such a stream of bloud that he died" (*ed. cit.* p. 335).

l. 453. **Theodosius**, etc. The reference (see note to p. 279, l. 551 above) is to the massacre at Thessalonica for which Ambrose reproved Theodosius. As a result, Theodosius promulgated an edict (*Codex Theodos.* IX. xl. leg. 13) to interpose thirty days between the passing of death sentences and their execution. See Gibbon, xxvii.

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l. 463. **Codrus.** Herodotus, v. 76, and Justinus, ii. 6, tell this story. Codrus, King of Athens, found his city attacked by the Dorians. The Dorians had been told by an oracle that they would be victorious if the life of the Athenian king was spared. Hearing this, Codrus resolved to sacrifice himself for the delivery of his kingdom. He went disguised into the camp of the Dorians and struck up a quarrel with the soldiers, who killed him, not knowing whom they were killing.

P. 398, l. 483. **To match Miltiades,** etc. The reference is to chap. iii. of Plutarch's *Life of Themistocles*: "They report of him that he was so inflamed with desire of glory, and to enterprise great matters, that being but a very young man at the battel of Marathon, where there was no talk but of the worthiness of Captain Miltiades that had won the battell: he was found many times solitary alone devising with himself: besides, they say he could then take no rest in the night, neither would go to plays in the daytime . . . he would tell them that wondred to see him so in his muses, and changed, and asked him what he ailed; that Miltiades' victory would not let him sleep: because others thought this overthrow at Marathon would have made an end of all wars." Alexander's parenthesis (a childe) is an error which suggests that he knew his Plutarch through Amyot or North rather than from the Greek. Neither source calls Themistocles a child in this context, but whereas Plutarch simply has *νέος ὢν ἔτι*, Amyot has "qu'estant encore bien ieune," and North faithfully renders the French, "being but a very young man."

l. 493. **be like him,** etc. Titus; see Suetonius, *Divus Titus*, viii. "Atque etiam recordatus quondam super cenam, quod nihil cuiquam toto die praestitisset, memorabilem illam meritoque laudatam vocem edidit: Amici, diem perdidi."

l. 496. **He was the worlds delight.** Also from Suetonius's *Divus Titus*, which begins: "Titus, cognomine paterno, amor ac deliciae generis humani." See note to p. 36, l. 829 above.

P. 399, l. 501. **Brave Scipio's Army,** etc. See Livy, xxviii. xxiv. ff. and Polybius xi. 25.

l. 505. **To guide his Coursers,** etc. Alexander is thinking of the directions given by the sun-god to his son Phaethon in Ovid, *Metamorph.* ii. 126 ff. Lines 507-508 recall ll. 135-137 in Ovid:

> "Nec preme nec summum molire per aethera currum!
> Altius egressus caelestia tecta cremabis,
> Inferius terras; medio tutissimus ibis."

And the moral principle he deduces, the doctrine of the golden mean, is of course the one Aristotle expounds in his *Nicomachean Ethics*, ii. 6 ff.

l. 515. **Too basely given,** etc. The C version, "As wretch'd Vespasian, etc.," shews that Alexander had in mind Suetonius, *Vespasian*, xvi.

l. 520. **as poore as Irus.** Irus (Ἶρος) the beggar in *Odyssey* (xviii.) became proverbial for a very poor man, as did Croesus for one very rich. Martial, v. 39. 8-10, has:

> "Croeso divitior licet fuissem,
> Iro pauperior forem, Charine,
> Si conchem totiens meam comesses."

P. 400, l. 525 C. **commoue.** Alexander removed this from his final version as a Scotticism. The *N.E.D.* marks the word as mainly Scots after 1500, and in the sense

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of 'to rouse to passion,' almost exclusively Scots after 1500. It notes, however, that the word has latterly been revived.

l. 528. **Who ought to die by smoke**, etc. In his *Adagia*, Erasmus explains *Fumos vendere* by telling the story of a punishment ordered by the Emperor Alexander Severus. The authority for it is Lampridius (*Life of Alex. Severus*, xxxvi. 2, in the *Augustan History*). A man called Turinus, who pretended to exercise great influence with the emperor and so received bribes, was sentenced to be bound to a stake and suffocated with the smoke of damp wood, while a herald cried out: "Fumo punitur qui vendidit fumum." The phrase seems just to have meant to spread false reports about the imperial court (Martial, IV. v. 7), and in this sense occurs in Lampridius (*ut supra* xxxiii. 8), where the emperor orders the execution of a man "qui de se fumum vendiderat et a quodam militari centum aureos acceperat." Reference to the phrase occurs in a sermon of Bishop Sanderson preached before the court at Greenwich in July 1638 (*Works*, ed. 1854, i. 183): "Or at leastwise, if we have but vanity for vanity, we a thing of nought from him, he a thing of nought from us: fumum accepit, fumum vendidit, as it is in the apophthegm." Petrus Crinitus (*De honesta disciplina*, xviii. xi.) tells the story of Turinus, amongst other examples of severe punishments, and, quoting the herald's phrase, adds: "Hi enim homines fumum vendere dicuntur, qui in officiis aulicis ementientes, Imperatoris autoritate abutuntur, eiusque famam et dignitatem infami ambitu dehonestant."

l. 537. **That beastly Monster**, etc. Sardanapalus. See Justin, I. iii. "Ad hunc videndum (quod nemini ante eum permissum fuerat) praefectus ipsius Medis praepositus, nomine Arbactus, cum admitti magna ambitione aegre obtinuisset, invenit eum inter scortorum greges purpuras colo nentem, et muliebri habitu, cum mollitia corporis et oculorum lascivia omnes feminas anteiret, pensa inter virgines partientem."

l. 540. **And ended that which Ninus**, etc. Justin says that Sardanapalus was the last king that reigned over the Assyrians; in I. i. he has named Ninus as the founder of the kingdom.

l. 541. **Faint hearted Xerxes**, etc. See Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*, v. 7. 20, "Nam Xerxes quidem refertus omnibus praemiis donisque fortunae, non equitatu, non pedestribus copiis, non navium multitudine, non infinito pondere auri contentus praemium proposuit, qui invenisset novam voluptatem; qua ipsa non fuit contentus; neque enim umquam finem inveniet libido." The same story is told of Xerxes by Valerius Maximus, IX. i. Ext. 3; Athenaeus, xii. 539 b, attributes the incident to Darius on the authority of Clearchus the historian, and elsewhere (iv. 144 E) cites Theophrastus as having attributed it generally to Persian kings.

l. 543. **Though back'd with worlds of men.** Alexander is thinking of the account given by Herodotus of the enormous Persian army which Xerxes brought to the battle of Salamis; and of Xerxes' own behaviour at the battle. He did not fight: "He placed himself on a marvellous steep high hill, from whence he might discern his whole fleet, and the ordering of his army by sea. . . . There Xerxes set up a throne of gold, and had about him many secretaries to write all that was done in the battell" (Plutarch in *Themistocles*).

P. 401, l. 553. **The valorous Persian.** Cyrus. The story is told by Xenophon, *Cyropaedia*, v. 1 (and later). Cyrus defeated the Assyrians and an ally of theirs, Abradatas, a Susian king. He took the latter's wife, Panthea, prisoner, but hearing of her beauty, refused to see her, on the ground that the desire to see her again would lead him to neglect his duty. His treatment of Panthea won Abradatas over to his side.

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l. 557. **The Macedonian Monarch**, etc. Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*, tells how Alexander treated the women folk of Darius with scrupulous honour: "They never heard word or as much as any suspicion that should make them afraid to be dishonoured or deflowered: but were privately among themselves unvisited or repaired unto by any man, but of their own, not as if they had been in a camp of their enemies, but as if they had been kept in some close monastery: although Darius' wife (as it is written) was passing fair, as Darius also was a goodly prince, and that his daughters likewise did resemble their father and mother. Alexander thinking it more princely for a king, as I suppose, to conquer himself than to overcome his enemies, did [not touch them]." Plutarch also tells at length of the incredulousness of Darius when he was informed of Alexander's chaste treatment of his wife and daughters. See also Q. Curtius, iii. 12. "He entertained the two Queens . . . so reverently, as if they had been his Sisters. He not only abstained from violation of *Darius* wife, which in beauty excelled all the women of her time but also took great care and diligence that none other should procure any dishonour to her" (ed. 1673).

l. 567. **Not like French Lewis**, etc. This remark of King Louis XI. became famous because it was thought to be so characteristic of him. Scott cites it in that sense in his *Quentin Durward*. Thomas Danett, who translated in 1596 *The Historie of Philip De Commines*, commenting on Commine's remark that Louis was reasonably well learned, adds a note, "I marvell if King Lewis were learned, hee would have his sonne to learne onely this lesson *Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*" (third edition, 1614, p. 54).

P. 402, l. 599. **Agesilaus said**, etc. Plutarch, *Apophthegmata Laconica*, No. 63, says that Agesilaus, hearing the King of Persia referred to as the great king, said "How, pray, is he greater than I, unless he is more just and temperate."

l. 603. **he who on Olympus**, etc. The story occurs in Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae*. He tells, on the authority of a lost book of Plutarch's, how Pythagoras calculated the height of Hercules (*the famous Theban*) by comparing the stadia of 600 feet with the stadium near the temple of Jupiter Olympia at Pisa near Olympia, which was supposed to have been measured by Hercules to six hundred of his feet. Whence the proverb *ex pede Herculem*. Alexander confuses the plains of Olympia in Elis with Mount Olympus in the north of Greece.

l. 605. **collect**, 'deduce.' The metaphor is retained in the now common word 'gather' in the same sense. 'Collect' was formerly of general use in this sense.

P. 403, l. 617. **A prudent Roman**, etc. See Plutarch's *Life of Cato* (*the Censor*), xxvii. The stanza seems to summarise Plutarch's report of the divergent opinions of Cato and Scipio. Cato was continually urging the danger from Carthage "not above three days' sailing from Rome" (is this the point of Alexander's "in some few houres"?), saying that the Carthaginians were fighting Massinissa merely to exercise themselves for a war on Rome. Scipio, on the contrary, thought that Rome should not seek to destroy Carthage; in Plutarch's opinion, so that the fear of Carthage might always bridle the insolency of the Roman people.

l. 632. **The Marble Chayre**. The sacred stone, alleged to have been the pillow of Jacob as angels ascended and descended on him, on which Scottish kings were crowned. It was removed from Scone to Westminster and enclosed by Edward I.'s orders in the coronation chair of England. Although it is of sandstone, it seems to have been regarded as marble: at least it is called *saxum marmoreum* by Buchanan (*Rerum Scot. Hist.* vi. and also vii. *sub anno* 1302).

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P. 404, l. 640. **The Lyon and the Leopard.** This alludes heraldically to the arms of Scotland and England. The royal arms of Scotland bore a lion rampant: those of England, three lions, known in heraldry, however, as three *lions leopardé*, or three leopards, not because they were in fact leopards, but because it was the heraldic custom to blazon *walking* lions as leopards.

l. 649. **But stay**, etc. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, iii. 3. 70, "Quo, Musa, tendis?"

JONATHAN.

P. 412, l. 93. **As Reeds**, etc. There appears to be no need for the comma.

P. 417, l. 253. **retires**, *i.e.* places of retirement or retreat; the *N.E.D.* marks the sense as rare, and quotes from Daniel, *Civil Wars*, III. xxi. (1595): "This sacred place our Aventine Retire, our holy Hill."

l. 261. **musicks conducts**, *i.e.* musical instruments. 'Conducts' or 'conduits,' used figuratively for the medium by which anything (here, music) is conveyed, is here used for a wind-instrument by a rather stiff metaphor.

P. 421, l. 377. **disguis'd**, 'dissembled.' This uncommon and now obsolete sense Alexander might have found in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 17, ed. 1622, where there is a play on its senses: "Zelmane . . . disguise not with me in words, as I know thou doest in apparell."

P. 422, l. 421. **An arch of Arrows**, etc. Alexander may have in mind the remark of Dieneces the Spartan as given in Herodotus, vii. 226: hearing a Trachinian say before they engaged with the Medes, that when the barbarians let fly their arrows, they would obscure the sun by the multitude of their shafts, he replied that in that case they would have to fight in the shade. See also Cicero, *Tusculan Disput.* I. xlii. 101.

P. 424, l. 481. **by commission**, *i.e.* as deputies, by authority delegated by the shooters of the arrows.

P. 430, l. 670. **marrish**, a not infrequent though now obsolete form of *marsh*: it may represent the rare O.F. *maresche*, the more common O.F. form *marris*, *mareis* giving the more regular M.E. *mareis*, *mares*.

P. 435, l. 819. **obdur'd**, obdurate, as in King James I.'s *Ess. Poesie*, "To ignorants obdurde, quhair wilful errour lyis." See note to p. 71, l. 837.

AVRORA.

P. 441. **Lady Agnes Dowglas.** The lady who was Countess of Argyle in 1604 was the wife of the seventh Earl, Archibald Campbell, who married her in 1592. The *D.N.B.* (*sub* Campbell, Archibald) calls her *Anne* Douglas, fifth daughter of William, first earl of Morton. But Agnes and Anne were clearly interchangeable names; for, whilst in the article mentioned, Archibald Campbell's mother is called Agnes, eldest daughter of William, fourth earl Marischal, in the article on the fourth earl Marischal, she is called Anne.

P. 443, Son. 1, l. 11. **conceitie**, fantastic, full of conceit, a Scotticism. The *N.E.D.* marks the former sense as obsolete, and neither is very common.

Son. 2, l. 2. **partner**; in early usage, the word had a wider application than now—anyone who participates in anything. Drummond (*Sextain*, I. l. 7) has the same phrase:

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" Why should I been a partner of the light " (he records that he read *Aurora* in 1606; see *Arch. Scot.* iv. 73).

l. 9. **takers**, 'charmers,' belonging to the one who has cast a spell. Jonson uses the verb in the same sense in his.

P. 444, Son. 3, l. 1. **That subtill Greeke**, etc. This story of Zeuxis is told by Cicero, *De Inventione*, ii. 1, and in a different form by Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* xxxv. 9, 64. Alexander appears to have Pliny's account in mind: " When he [Zeuxis] should make a table with a picture for the Agrigentines, to be set up in the temple of Juno Lacinia, at the charges of the city . . . he would needs see all the maidens of the citie, naked; and from all that companie hee chose five of the fairest to take out as from severall patterns, whatsoever he liked best in any of them, and of all the lovely parts of those five, to make one bodie of incomparable beautie " (Holland's translation).

Son. 3. The same central idea is contained in Sonnet 74 (" Si le pinceau pouvoit monstrer aux yeux ") of Du Bellay's *L'Olive*.

P. 445, Song 1, l. 21. **The deepest riuer**, etc. This is reminiscent of Seneca, *Phaedra*, 607,

" Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent."

l. 26. **pin'd**, 'tormented': the usual sense in Elizabethan English.

l. 47. **hart**. Shakespeare also plays on *hart* and *heart* (*Twelfth Night*, I. i. 16 ff.).

P. 446, l. 86. **recompt**. This obsolete variant of 'recount' was not uncommon in the sixteenth century.

P. 448, Son. 6, l. 10. **Imparadiz'd**. This word (either *im-* or *em-*) is not found before 1592, and the first two occurrences of it are in sonnet-sequences; it is formed on the Italian model.

P. 449, Elegie 1, l. 5. **the rarest Bird**, the Phoenix, rarest because there was never more than one at any given time. See note to p. 81, l. 225 above.

P. 450, l. 20. **the bloudie sisters**, the Danaides, who, having murdered their husbands at their father's behest, were punished in Hades by being compelled everlastingly to pour water in a vessel full of holes. See note above, p. 334, l. 409, for the sequence of the references here.

l. 38. **hooked heades**, *i.e.* the barbed arrow-heads of Love. Alexander has in mind the passage in Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, i. 467-474) which had given him the references in the lines immediately preceding.

Ovid names the *hamata tela* of Cupid (he uses *hamatus* in the same connexion in *Metam.* v. 384), and contrasts the arrow which is *hamatum* with the one which is *obtusum* and *habet sub arundine plumbum*. This is Alexander's " lumpe of lead," and his " dart of gold " is no doubt suggested by Ovid's *cuspide fulget acuta*. The whole passage in Ovid runs (it is the story of Apollo and Daphne):

" Impiger umbrosa Parnasi constitit arce
Eque sagittifera prompsit duo tela pharetra
Diversorum operum; fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
Quod facit, hamatum est et cuspide fulget acuta:
Quod fugat, obtusum est et habet sub arundine plumbum.
Hoc deus in nympha Peneide fixit: at illo
Laesit Apollineas traiecta per ossa medullas.
Protinus alter amat; fugit altera nomen amantis."

(*Metam.* i. 467 ff.)

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P. 451, l. 60. **disproue**, 'disapprove.'

ll. 76-78. **Was euer god**, etc. The closing lines of Guarini's Sonnet 18—

"Come può in odio haver celeste Dea
Quel tempio, ove s' adora il suo bel nome?"—

are probably the source of this conceit, though it may just as well have been suggested by two lines in Sonnet 42 of the *Delia* of Samuel Daniel, who drew liberally on Guarini's *Rime*:

"Thus ruins She, to satisfy her will,
The Temple, where her name was honoured still."

A similar conceit occurs in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, Son. xl.

P. 452, MADRIG. 1. The earliest madrigals in English literature are the two specimens in Sidney's *Arcadia*, followed by the four in Alexander's *Aurora*. The only English poet to favour this form was Drummond of Hawthornden, to whom we owe some threescore of them: "He was the first in this Isle that did celebrate a Mistress dead, and Englished the Madrigal" (p. v of the folio ed. of *The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden*, Edinburgh, 1711). The English madrigalists do not follow Petrarch, whose madrigals are short isometrical poems of eleven-syllabled verses, but the later developments of the madrigal form as practised by the Cinquecento and the Marinists. The twenty-six pieces in Barnabe Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenope* (1593), which are called madrigals, do not properly belong to that species.

l. 3. **Sweet hony**, etc. Cf. Plautus, *Cistellaria*, 69:

"Namque ecastor amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus."

SESTIN. 1. Originally invented by the troubadour Arnaut Daniel at the end of the twelfth century, the sestina passed into Italian literature with Dante, who, as he tells us (*De vulgari eloquentia*, ii. cap. 10), had borrowed its form from Daniel. Cultivated by Petrarch, Sannazar, Tasso, and later poets, it had a brilliant career in Italy. In England the sestina, like the madrigal, never really became acclimatised. The earliest specimen appears to be the one in the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney, who also wrote a double sestina. Besides the two in *Aurora*, there are two in Drummond's *Poems* (1616). It may be added that Daniel calls his piece "chanso," the name "sestina" having first been applied to the form by the Italians. The six "sestines" in Barnabe Barnes's collection mentioned above may be left out of account as they do not conform to the rules of the type.

l. 11. **are**, 'ever, e'er.' The *N.E.D.* does not record this variant of 'ever,' but it is given as a variant of 'ere'=before.

P. 453, l. 18. **flying Silla in Charibdis lost**. The most familiar form of this proverbial expression is in l. 301, Bk. V. of the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gualtier of Châtillon (*i.e. Gualterus ab Insulis*):

"Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim,"

where it describes figuratively how Darius, fleeing from Alexander after his defeat at Gaugamela 331 B.C., was assassinated by his own followers. Büchmann (*Geflügelte Worte*) points out that there is a Greek proverb to the same effect in Apostolius (fifteenth century) which may go back to early recollections of the *Odyssey*.

P. 454, SONG 2, l. 7. **thesaurize**, 'hoard as treasure.' The *N.E.D.* gives four illustrative quotations, all between 1594 and 1623. The 1594 one is from the sonnet-sequence *Zepheria*; two of the others are Scotch.

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mischiefe, 'woe, hard-plight': a common sense now obsolete.

l. 40. **indenized**, more commonly *endenize*, a seventeenth-century form of *endenizen*. Florio has "*patriare*, to endenize, or enfranchise into a countrie."

P. 455, l. 45. **As I at mine owne thoughts**, etc. Cf. Daniel, *Delia*, Sonnet 5, 9-12, and especially l. 12:

"My thoughts (like Houndes) pursue me to my death."

A less close parallel occurs in *Twelfth Night*, I. i.

l. 49. **concitizens**, 'fellow-citizens.' The *N.E.D.* quotes only four illustrations, the first from 1428, another from Knox (1572), a third from Florio (1603), and the one of the present text.

l. 55. **despight**. The verbal use of *despite*, to hold in scorn, was fairly common in Elizabethan English.

l. 56. **comport**, 'bear': also common in Elizabethan English.

l. 65. **repaire**, the art of restoring to a sound condition; cf. Shakespeare, *John* III. iv. 113:

"Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repaire and health,
The fit is strongest."

l. 76. **bray**, 'cry aloud.' This was formerly used indifferently of persons and animals, and even after its restriction to animals, it was used of horses, oxen, and deer before being confined to the noise made by the ass.

P. 457, Son. 11. This sonnet served as a model to Sonnet 6 of Drummond's *Urania* (ed. Kastner, ii. p. 224).

l. 2. **degener'd**. See vol. i. p. 456, l. 1140.

Son. 12, l. 6. **regrate**, an obsolete Scotticism, from O.F. *regrater*, which is a variant of *regreter*, *regretter*: lament, express grief.

P. 458, Son. 15, l. 1. **blubring**. Drummond also uses this (ed. Kastner, i. p. 207).

P. 459, Son. 16, l. 3. **imping**, 'grafting': a technical term in falconry for grafting feathers on to the wing of a bird. The image is common. Sidney has it in *Ast. and Stella*, Son. 75, and Drummond:

"While some new Homer imping Pennes to Fame,
Deafe Nilus Dwellers had made heare thy name."
(Ed. Kastner, i. 218.)

l. 14. **both Titans bowers**, *i.e.* both East and West. Drummond has the same image in ll. 61-63 of *Teares on the Death of Moeliades* (1613):

"A Youth more brave, pale Troy with trembling walles
Did never see, nor shee whose Name apalles
Both Titans golden Bowres."

P. 463, Song 3, l. 91. **That which in Candie once**, etc. As Minos, King of Crete, had refused to slaughter the bull given to him by Neptune for sacrifice, his wife Pasiphae was inflamed by the gods with an unnatural love for it. Minos hid the offspring of his wife and the bull, the Minotaur, in a labyrinth in Crete.

l. 105. **course**, *i.e.* curse.

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P. 464, l. 114. **Ariadnes part.** After Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, had given to Theseus, out of love for him, the string by which he extricated himself from the labyrinth, he broke the promises he had made to her.

P. 466, Son. 25. Alexander probably had in mind Sonnet 75 of Ronsard's *Amours*, i. (*Œuvres*, ed. Marty-Laveaux, i. p. 36):

" Je paragonne à vos yeux ce crystal,
Qui va mirer le meurtrier de mon ame:
Vive par l'air il esclate une flame,
Vos yeux un feu qui m'est saint et fatal.
Heureux miroër, tout ainsi que mon mal
Vient de trop voir la beauté qui m'enflame:
Comme je fay, de trop mirer ma Dame,
Tu languiras d'un sentiment égal.
Et toutes-fois, envieux, je t'admire,
D'aller mirer les beaux yeux où se mire
Amour, dont l'arc dedans est recelé.
Va donq' miroër, mais sage pren bien garde
Que par ses yeux Amour ne te regarde,
Brulant ta glace ainsi qu'il m'a brulé."

P. 467, l. 9. **he fils aboue**; *i.e.* Ganymede.

Son. 27. This expresses a favourite theme of the Renaissance sonneteers (see J. Vianey, *Le Pétrarquisme en France au XVIe siècle*, 1909, p. 199), of which the ultimate source is the two famous sonnets of Luigi Tansillo (1510–68), " Amor m' impenna l' ale " and " Poi che spiegal' ho l' ale." Though Tansillo's poems were not collected till much later, he was liberally represented in the Italian anthologies of the sixteenth century, particularly in that of Ruscelli, *I Fiori delle rime de' poeti illustri* (Venetia, 1558), and was well known to the French and English Petrarchists: cf. Sonnet 30 of Daniel's *Delia*, " And yet I cannot reprehend the flight."

l. 1. **disproue**, ' disapprove.'

l. 7. **And if I die**, etc. The ultimate source of this phrase is a passage in Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae*, xv. 6, where Gellius points out an error made by Cicero in his *De Gloria* (now lost). Gellius quotes Cicero as follows: " Apud eundem poetam [Homer] Aiax cum Hectore congrediens depugnandi causa agit, ut sepeliatur, si sit forte victus, declaratque, se velle, ut suum tumulum multis etiam post saeculis praetereuntes sic loquantur:

Hic situs est vitae iampridem lumina linquens,
Qui quondam Hectoreo perculsus concidit ense.
Fabitur haec aliquis, mea semper gloria vivet."

Gellius remarks that these lines of Homer [*Iliad*, vii. 89-91] translated by Cicero are not spoken by Ajax but by Hector, and Hector says them before he knows whether Ajax will meet him in single combat. Hector in a general challenge to the Achaeans has said that if he kills his opponent he will take the armour " but his corpse will I render back to the well-decked ships, that the flowing-haired Archaians may entomb him, and build him a barrow beside wide Hellespont. So shall one say even of men that be late born, as he saileth in his benched ship over the wine-dark sea: 'This is the barrow of a man that died in days of old, a champion whom glorious Hector slew.' So shall a man say hereafter, and thus my glory shall never die."

l. 13. **allow'd of fame.** The construction is probably 'allowed by or from fame,' and not ' allowed of ' in a use anticipating the modern sense ' taken [fame] into account.'

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P. 468, Son. 28, l. 2. **Chast Phoebe left her Church.** Presumably a reference to the holy place of Artemis at Delos. The use of 'church' for a heathen temple is well attested in sixteenth-century and earlier English. Surrey's *Aeneid* (1547) has 'Pallas church' (ii. 516), and Philemon Holland (*Livy*, ix. 12. 321) renders *pro aris ac focis*, "for their Church and chimney." Alexander is of course referring to the story of Diana and Endymion; the kiss was supposed to have been stolen whilst Endymion was asleep on Mount Latmos.

P. 469, Son. 30, l. 7. **the Center**, 'the middle of the earth': a usage common in the sixteenth century.

P. 470, Elegie 2, l. 44. **renuerst**, 'brought to confusion': both the literal and figurative senses are not uncommon in the sixteenth century. The word is of course from the French *renverser*, to overturn.

l. 50. **interdited**, 'forbidden.' There appears to be no authority for the use of 'to' to express the agent by whom the prohibition is authorised.

P. 471, l. 64. **denounc'd**, 'decreed.' Cf. p. 59, l. 512 above.

l. 69. **arrowze**, 'water,' from the French *arroser*, older forms of which are *arrouser*, *arouser*, *aroser*. The *N.E.D.* marks the word as common from Caxton to 1630.

l. 70. **Passe**: apparently in the sense defined by the *N.E.D.* as to undergo transition from one form or state to another, the eyes being invoked to cease to act as incendiaries in order to become 'arrowzers' of the breast.

P. 472, Song 4, l. 48. **ingine**, 'genius, intellect.' See p. 290, l. 902 above.

P. 476, Son. 35. This sonnet may be compared with Sonnet 28 of Du Bellay's *L'Olive*, "Ce que je sens, la langue ne refuse."

Son. 36, l. 1. **Loyr.** The reference, being to the "famous river" (l. 13), is to the *Loire*, not the Loir.

P. 477, l. 5. **as th' Astrologian dreames.** Alexander appears to be alluding to the Pythagorean doctrine expounded by Philolaus of Crotona. The enlivening principle of the universe was the 'central fire,' round which the heavenly bodies performed their circling dance. The light and the heat of the central fire are received by us mediately through the sun, which Philolaus describes as of a glassy nature, like a lens or a sieve. Aristotle also taught that the sun itself was neither hot nor cold (*De cælo*, ii. 7 (289^a 10 ff.)).

l. 10. This line reads in the original: "Who eye's indifferent, etc." The simplest emendation to make sense is to rend "Whose eye's indifferent," etc.

Son. 38, l. 2. **The liquide frame**, 'the waters enclosing the earth': cf. p. 472, l. 45, "this sea-environ'd ball."

Son. 39, l. 5. **I did not**, etc. Alexander is thinking of Ovid's account of the mourning for the death of Memnon, son of Eos (Aurora), as given in *Metamorph.* xiii. 576 ff. The common account makes Achilles slay Memnon in open fight, but Alexander's 'conspire' seems to allude to the version Diodorus gives (ii. 22), in which Memnon was ambushed by the Thessalians. The rest of the reference is all found in Ovid. 'Dew' is explained as being the tears shed by Aurora for her son:

> "Luctibus est Aurora suis intenta; piasque
> Nunc quoque dat lacrimas, et toto rorat in orbe" (ll. 621-622).

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The 'loving birds' are the Memnonides, followers of Memnon, changed to birds by the request of Aurora as a funeral honour to her son; they fought over the tomb of Memnon, the dead ones falling as a sacrifice to him. Pliny (*Natural History*, x. 26, in Holland's translation) repeats amplifications of the story: "Writers there bee who affirme, that every yeare certaine birds come flying out of Æthyopia to Ilium, and there, about the tombe or sepulchre of *Memnon*, skirmish and fight a battell. For which cause men call them Memnonides. And *Cremutius* avoucheth upon his owne knowledge that every fift yeare the same birds doe the like in Æthyopia, even before the roiall palace sometime of the said king Memnon."

P. 478, Son. 40, l. 5. **As he that others**, etc. 'He' is Perillus (Περίλαος) the founder in bronze, who made a brazen bull for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, the back of which opened so that criminals could be shut up in it and roasted alive by a fire kindled underneath. While they were thus tortured, their shrieks came through tubes in the bull's nostrils, arranged to give the effect of bellowing. Phalaris made Perillus himself the first victim to test the machine. The story is widely known and is given at length in Lucian, *Phalaris prior*, 11 and 12. See above, p. 90, l. 487.

l. 11. **I suffer**, etc. A recollection of Horace, *Epistles*, i. 2. 58-59:

"Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni
Maius tormentum."

P. 479, Son. 42. Possibly suggested by a sonnet, "Pour un Miroir," in the *Diverses Amours* of Desportes, a favourite with the English sonneteers, of which the last tercet runs:

"Mais a tort toutesfois je me plaindroy des cieux;
Car, bien que mon destin m'égare en divers lieux,
Tout par tout dans le cœur je porte vostre image."

P. 480, Son. 45, l. 1. **Procris.** The story of the love and the jealousy of Procris and Cephalus was familiar even to the mechanicals of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Son. 46, l. 4. **Latonas impe**, *i.e.* Diana the chaste. 'Impe' is common in the sixteenth century for 'offspring,' 'scion.' See notes to p. 244, l. 426, and p. 459, Son. 16, l. 3.

P. 481, Song 5, l. 1. **Alongst.** This form occurs as early as the fifteenth century. It is a corruption of *along* and the adverbial genitive *-es*.

l. 2. **Alexis.** This is the poetical name of Alexander. See our Vol. I. pp. 448-449.

l. 11. **eare**, 'plough.' See above, p. 16, l. 293.

P. 482, l. 31. **the wounded Deere.** See note, p. 89, l. 449 above.

l. 34. **scarre**, 'take fright.' This intransitive sense of 'scare' seems to have been common in Scotland. The *N.E.D.* cites four examples between 1470 and 1629, and they are all Scots.

l. 45. **I onely labour**, etc. Probably a reminiscence of

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes?"

one of a series of verses describing how creatures toil not for themselves, but for others, which Donatus in his *Life of Virgil* says that Virgil wrote and posted up when a poor poet had claimed a couplet which he himself had affixed to the Emperor Augustus's door.

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P. 484, Song 6, l. 23. **boast**, 'threaten, terrify': a common Scots sense.

l. 26. **shapher**. This is the reading of the original, but we do not understand it. From l. 42 below, it may not be too much to deduce that by *shapher* here Alexander means no more than *shaper*, that which determines the shape, or seems to determine it.

P. 486, Son. 49. **Cipris**, *i.e.* Venus, whose home in Cyprus Alexander imagines to have been desolated by the Turks. Selim II. conquered Cyprus in 1570.

Son. 50, l. 10. **maniest**, 'most,' a Scotticism. See also p. 394, l. 376.

l. 12. **come**. Alexander seldom uses this old form of the past tense; usually he has *comed*. In the second line of the next sonnet he has *came*.

Son. 51. Inspired by the following stanzas in the *Diane* of Desportes (*Œuvres*, ed. A. Michiels, p. 83):

" Celle que j'aime tant, lasse d'estre cruelle,
Est venue en songeant la nuict me consoler:
Ses yeux estoient rians, doux estoit son parler,
Et mille et mille amours voloient à l'entour d'elle.
Pressé de ma douleur, j'ay pris la hardiesse
De me plaindre à hauts cris de son cœur endurcy,
Et d'un œil larmoyant luy demander mercy,
Et que mort ou pitié mist fin à ma tristesse.
Ouvrant ce beau coral qui les baisers attire,
Me dist ce doux propos: Cesse de soupirer
Et de tes yeux meurtris tant de larmes tirer,
Celle qui t'a blessé peut guarir ton martyre.
. . . . .
Encore long-tans depuis, d'une ruse agreable,
Je tins les yeux fermez et feignois sommeiller;
Mais, le songe passé, je trouve au réveiller
Que ma joye estoit fausse et mon mal veritable."

Desportes, it has been shown (see F. Torraca, *Gl' imitatori stranieri di Jacopo Sannazaro*, Rome, 1882, p. 38), is merely echoing the twelfth canzone of Sannazaro, " Venuta era Madonna al mio languire." Alexander's version adopts some of Desportes' modifications; he was presumably the immediate model.

P. 487, Son. 53, l. 3. **Whom the great thunderer**, etc. The reference is to the story of Phaeton, who, unable to control the horses of the sun's chariot, was struck by a thunderbolt and hurled into the Po. Ovid tells the story in his *Metamorph.* ii. 304-324.

P. 488, Son. 54, l. 1. **Great God**, *i.e.* Neptune. The next lines refer to the story of Amymone, who appealed to Neptune to save her from a satyr. Having rescued her, Neptune ravished her and later (according to Ovid, *Metamorph.* ii. 240) changed her to a fountain. There are other and better-known versions of the story.

P. 489, Son. 58, l. 3. **Demophon**. Demophoon, son of Theseus, on returning from Troy, was driven by the winds to Thrace, and there won the love of Phyllis, daughter of the late king, who had inherited the throne. Demophoon promised to marry her, but sailed away and neglected his promise, thus " changing with the wind." The second epistle of Ovid's *Heroides* is from Phyllis to Demophoon.

P. 490, Son. 59, l. 9. **that wretched mirrour of mischiefe**, Niobe.

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P. 492, Son. 63, l. 3. **Times dayly change**, etc. A translation of the line

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis"

which occurs in Andreas Gartner's *Proverbialia Dicteria* (1566), sig. C 4.

l. 12. **the Poet**, *i.e.* Horace, whose line

"Caelum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt"

(*Epistles*, I. xi. 27) is paraphrased in the following lines.

Son. 64, l. 13. **extorse**, 'oppress'; an obsolete Scotticism. The *N.E.D.* cites this and a further example from *Doomes-day*, 4th Houre, lxxxix. (p. 133, l. 715 in this edition).

l. 14. **bost**, 'threaten.' See p. 484, Song 6, l. 23 above.

P. 495, Son. 66. This and the next sonnet in dialogue form have prototypes in the fifty-fifth sonnet of Petrarch's *Rime*, in which he holds discourse with his eyes ("Occhi, piangete"). The form was much favoured by the Italian quattrocentists, Serafino, Sasso, Tebaldeo, etc., and examples are found in the Italian, French, and English Petrarchists of the sixteenth century. The initials in Sonnet 66 are presumably for Body and Heart. In the 67th Sonnet A is Aurora.

P. 496, Son. 68. This is a version, with variations, of Petrarch's "Pace non trovo, e non o da far guerra."

l. 9. **bray**, 'cry aloud.' See note to p. 455, l. 76 above.

P. 498, Son. 73, l. 10. **transpare**, 'become transparent.' The *N.E.D.* cites only this and two other examples—one from *Aurora*, Sonnet 99, and the other from Blount's *Glossographia*, 1662.

P. 499, Son. 74. This recalls Sonnet 32 of Ronsard's *Amours*, i., "Quand au premier la dame que j'adore."

Son. 75, l. 10. **like th' Apes**. See note to p. 312, l. 652 above.

P. 501, Madr. 4, l. 4. **stented**, 'spread out': a Scotticism common from the fourteenth century to to-day.

l. 7. **boast**, 'threaten.' See note, p. 484, Song 6, l. 23 above. Alexander's fondness for the word in his *Aurora* is striking. It occurs again p. 504, l. 11; but in Son. 100, l. 8, its sense is nearer the modern one.

P. 503, Song 8. Such detailed description of the physical charms of the beloved, of which the starting-point is Anacreon's Ἄγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε, were much affected by Renaissance poets. Alexander is no doubt emulating a similar piece in Sidney's *Arcadia* (ed. Feuillerat, 1912, p. 218). Cf. Ronsard (*Œuvres*, ed. Marty-Laveaux, i. p. 119), Remi Belleau (ed. Marty-Laveaux, i. pp. 24 and 260), and Pontus de Tyard (ed. Marty-Laveaux, p. 126).

P. 505, l. 86. **Which Thetis staine**. Thetis was named 'silver-footed' by Homer, ἀργυρόπεζα. 'Stain' is 'to obscure the lustre of,' and occurs in the same sense in Sonnet 17 above.

P. 506, Son. 84, l. 3. **Nephewes**, 'descendants'; cf. note to p. 49, l. 234 above.

l. 10. **Which O**, etc. 'Try' appears to mean 'learn by experience,' like the Latin *experiri*, and the whole line 'I fear lest thou learn by bitter experience and regret.'

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P. 507, Song 9, l. 10. **Mearles**, 'blackbirds,' from French *merles*.

l. 11. **Memnon**. For the point of the allusion, see note to p. 477, Son. 39 above.

l. 15. **delates**; apparently 'dilates' for 'utters profusely.'

P. 509. An Eccho. For Echo poems, a frequent trick of Italian, French, and English Petrarchists, see Sir S. Lee, *Elizabethan Sonnets*, i. pp. 220-221, 273, 301, and ii. pp. 148 and 336; also Sidney's *Arcadia* (ed. Feuillerat), pp. 352-353.

l. 9. **disaguise**, an obsolete Scots form of *disguise*.

P. 511, Son. 90, l. 3. **And can a heauenly brest**, etc. From Virgil, *Aeneid*, i. 11, "Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?"

P. 512, Son. 91, l. 12. **It's shame**, etc. The phrase "to be in one's common" is Scots for "to be obliged to one."

Son. 92, l. 13. **redact'st**, 'reducest.' The *N.E.D.* marks this sense of 'redact,' 'to reduce to or into a certain state,' as an obsolete usage common in the seventeenth century, and particularly in Scotland.

P. 513, Son. 94. This may be compared with the second sonnet of Desportes' *Diane* (*Œuvres*, ed. A. Michiels, p. 14).

P. 515, Son. 98, l. 2. **ruslets**, 'streams.' Not given in the *N.E.D.* See our Vol. I. p. 453, l. 106.

l. 14. **transpares**. See note to Sonnet 73 above.

P. 516, Son. 101. This is modelled on the thirty-seventh sonnet of Daniel's *Delia* ("When men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass"), which itself is adapted from Tasso.

P. 517, l. 19. **upbraid**. See note to p. 56, l. 412.

P. 520, Son. 105, l. 9. **Ile tune**, etc. This determination to turn from love poetry to heroic themes seems to imply that *Aurora* preceded *Darius* and was Alexander's first poetical production. But see note at the foot of p. xxv.

Song 10, l. 17. **Since I in end**, etc. Alexander married Janet, daughter of Sir William Erskine, in or before 1603. See Vol. I. pp. 444-445.

P. 527. An Elegie. A full bibliography of the numerous pieces (forty-four in all) occasioned by the death of Prince Henry will be found in a paper by J. P. Edmond (*Elegies and Tracts issued on the Death of Henry, Prince of Wales*) published by the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society (1906). Of these, twenty are elegies in English by seventeen different writers, including Alexander, Drummond of Hawthornden, Sylvester, Wither, and Taylor the Water Poet, to name only a few of the best known.

P. 528, l. 40. **match'd**, 'united.' Alexander appears to allude to dissensions now healed by the common grief of all.

l. 51. **That Macedonian Syre**. See Justin, ix. cap. 6, for an account of the murder of Philip on the day of the marriage of his daughter Cleopatra with Alexander, King of Epirus.

l. 53. **French second Henrie**. Henry II. of France was accidentally killed in 1558 by splinters of a lance in a tilt with the Earl of Montgomery to celebrate the marriages of Henry's daughter and sister.

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l. 57. **That Goth.** Although Alexander says Goth, he is almost certainly thinking of Attila the Hun. George Meredith wrote a poem, "The Nuptials of Attila," on the incident to which Alexander here refers. The story is told by the historian Jordanis (Jornandes), *De origine actibusque Getarum*, cap. 49: "Qui [*i.e.* Attila], ut Priscus historicus refert, exitii sui tempore puellam Ildico nomine, decoram valde, sibi in matrimonio post innumerabiles uxores, ut mos erat gentis illius, socians eiusque in nuptiis hilaritate nimia resolutus, vino somnoque gravatus resupinus iaceret, redundans sanguis, qui ei solite de naribus effluebat, dum consultis meatibus impeditur, itinere ferali faucibus elapsus eum extinxit. Ita glorioso per bella regi temulentia pudendos exitus dedit. Sequenti vero luce, cum magna pars diei fuisset exempta, ministri regis triste aliquid suspicantes post clamores maximos fores effringunt inveniuntque Attilae sine ullo vulnere necem sanguinis effusione peractam, puellamque demisso vultu sub velamine lacrimantem."

l. 59. **The last yet first French King.** Henry IV., killed by the 'villain' Ravaillac.

P. 529, l. 85. **The fates [it may be]**, etc. Both Cicero and Velleius Paterculus, ii. 48. 2, mentioning the public rejoicings when Pompey recovered from a severe illness at Naples (50 B.C.), moralise on the misfortunes he would have escaped if his illness had proved fatal. Cicero's account is in his *Tusculan Disputations*, i. 35. 86; and Alexander is certain to have known it: but it seems likely that what was immediately in his mind was Juvenal's reminiscence of Cicero's account:

> "Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
> Optandas, sed multae urbes et publica vota
> Vicerunt, igitur Fortuna ipsius et urbis
> Servatum victo caput abstulit."
>
> (*Sat.* x. 283 ff.)

P. 531, l. 10. **eeke**, 'lengthen.'

A Short View. This is a free rendering of the opening sonnet of Marino's *Rime morali* (*Rime di Gio. Battista Marino*, Venetia, 1602, p. 175):

> "Apre l' huomo infelice allhor che nasce
> In questa vita di miseria piena
> Pria ch' al Sol, gli occhi al pianto; e nato a pena
> Và prigioner frà le tenaci fasce.
> Fanciullo poi, che non più latte il pasce,
> Sotto rigida sferza i giorni mena:
> Indi in età più ferma, e più serena
> Trà Fortuna ed amor more, e rinasce.
> Quante poscia sostien tristo, e mendico
> Fatiche, e morti infin che curuo, e lasso
> Appoggia a debil legno il fianco antico?
> Chiude alfin le sue spoglie angusto sasso
> Ratto cosl, che sospirando io dico,
> Da la cuna a la tomba è un breue passo."

It may be remembered that Marino had contributed a laudatory sonnet to James prefixed to the third edition of *The Monarchicke Tragedies* (1616). See our Vol. I. p. 453.

P. 536, l. 28. **thrist.** The metathesis is common in Scots.

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P. 538, To M. MICHAELL DRAYTON, l. 3. **spirits once spoyl'd.** The allusion is of course to the Pythagorean doctrine of metempsychosis.

P. 539. To THE AVTHOR, l. 4. **upbraides.** See note to p. 56, l. 412.
l. 11. **Whilst numbrous Power.** See note to p. 84, l. 321 above.

P. 539. To THE AVTHOR PARTHENIVS, l. 5. **Sleepe in Pasitheas Lap,** etc. Pasithea is the wife of Sleep, Ὕπνος. Alexander seems to be remembering an epigram of Antipater of Thessalonica (*Anthol. Palatina*, ix. 517). It is addressed to the flute-player Glaphyrus, and the poet says that "Sleep himself, lying in Pasithea's arms, would awake if he heard Glaphyrus . . ."

ἀφυπνώσαι κεν ἀκούων
αὐτὸς Πασιθέης Ὕπνος ἐν ἀγκαλίσιν.

Whereas Antipater says that sleep would awaken to hear Glaphyrus, Alexander says that sleep would fold his eyes at Drummond's songs. Étienne's *Thesaurus* (1572) authorises this sense of ἀφυπνόω, *obdormio*, which it bears in *Luke* viii. 23; but Liddell and Scott have it as 'wake' in the epigram cited.

l. 6. **fift,** the normal form of *fifth* and the common Scots one. The *h* in the modern form is due to analogy with *fourth*. The god of the fift spheare is Mars.

l. 9. **that once Nymphe, now Tree;** Daphne, daughter of the river-god Peneus, metamorphosed into a laurel-tree (δάφνη) in answer to her prayer to escape the pursuing Apollo.

l. 10. **Amphrisian Shepheard,** Apollo, who kept the flocks of King Admetus on the banks of the river Amphrysus.

P. 540. ALEXIS. See *Drummond's Works*, ed. Kastner, i. 135 and 242.
l. 4. **Relicts.** The superfluous *t* after *c*, *n*, *p*, *x* is not uncommon in Scots. See 'salmond,' p. 94, l. 583 above.
l. 7. **Bodotria,** the 'Firth of Forth.'
ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN MURRAY. See our Vol. I. p. 443.

P. 542. To . . . W. LITHGOW. Lithgow's life (1582–1645(?)) is summarised in the *D.N.B.* He published a short account of his travels in 1614 and a second edition of them in 1616. The first collected edition he issued in 1632 as *The Totall Discourse of the Rare Adventures and Painefull Peregrinations of long Nineteene Yeares Travayles, from Scotland to the most Famous Kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Affrica.* This was republished by Maclehose in 1906; in 1863 Dr. James Maidment published *The Poetical Remains of William Lithgow.*
l. 4. **regrates,** 'complaints,' lamentations. The *N.E.D.* marks this as an obsolete Scotticism, and gives examples from 1375 to 1671. See also p. 457, Son. 12, l. 6.

To . . . WALTER QUIN. See our Vol. I. p. 444.
l. 5. **Brave Bernard's valour.** One of Quin's publications was *The Memorie of Bernard Stuart, Lord d'Aubigni* (1619), a celebration of Bernard or Bérault Stuart, third seigneur of Aubigny (1447(?)–1508), grandson of Sir John Stuart of Darnley. He fought for Charles VIII. of France, and after gaining a victory over the King of Naples in 1495, by 1501 he had completely conquered Naples, and was appointed governor of it. He died suddenly in 1508 on a deputation to Scotland, where he had been royally welcomed and greeted by one of William Dunbar's poetical eulogies.

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l. 12. **By Frenchmen first, by Flemmings**, etc. Many Scots followed the example of Bernard Stuart, and served foreign kings as mercenary soldiers. The contending armies in the Netherlands had many Scots—and on both sides.

P. 543. On the Report of the Death of the Author. Written in 1620, in which year Drummond had a long and serious illness.

P. 544. To his deservedlie honored frend. This is Edward Alleyn (1566–1626) the actor, whose papers, including those of Henslowe his father-in-law, are the richest collection of material concerning the history of the Elizabethan stage. He founded Dulwich College, the "College of God's Gift," in 1619. The life of Alleyn in the *D.N.B.* gives a list of his charitable foundations at Dulwich; most of his fortune was made by acting and by theatrical undertakings. Alexander's poem to Alleyn is reproduced in facsimile of the MS. (omitting ll. 13-18) in the second instalment of W. W. Greg's *Literary Autographs* (1928). Mr. Greg adds a transcription. The differences between his text and the one printed by us from Collier are as follows (we omit from the record such details as the substitution of small for capital letters and minor variations in punctuation):

Master of the Colleige; Greg, "Master of the Colledge."
l. 3. sense not haveing; Greg, "(since not haveing)."
l. 10. moderns; Greg, "modernes."
l. 11. hir; Greg, "her."
l. 21. For; Greg indicates that 'for' is written in to replace an original *when*.
l. 22. then sonnes' more high; Greg, "then *some's* more high."

P. 545. **The Ciprian's smyling.** This poem seems to commemorate October 6, 1623, the day on which Prince Charles reached London on the return from the marriage-treaty escapade to Madrid. For an account of the rejoicings in London, bonfires, fireworks (Vulcan's, "her husband's lightning"(?)), see S. R. Gardiner, *History of England*, vol. v. pp. 128-129. The joy was due to the surmise (which as yet was but a surmise, hopes mingled with fears) that plans for the Spanish alliance had broken down.

P. 546. From the Bannatyne Manuscript. There seems to be no need to add linguistic notes on the Scots of these passages: the meaning of all of them is perfectly clear.

A Comparisone. The bramble and the cedar are selected presumably because of Jotham's parable in *Judges* ix. 8 ff. See especially v. 15.

THE END

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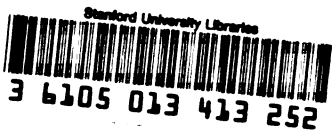

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